



EFFIGIES FRAN. QUARLES.



DIVINE POEMES

*Revised, and Corrected with Additions
By the Author Fra: Quarles.*

London Printed for B:T: and T: S. 1669.

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No. Crane

DIVINE POEMS,

Containing

The HISTORY of { JONAH,
ESTHER,
JOB,
SAMPSON.

Together with

SION'S { SONNETS,
ELEGIES,

Written and Augmented
By *FRANCIS QUARLES.*

The Fourth Edition.

Now Illustrated with Sculptures to the several
Histories, not in the former Editions.

L O N D O N :

Printed for George Sawbridge, at the Three
Flower-de-Luces in Little-Britain, 1714.

147. g. 212.



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TO THE
Sacred Majesty
OF
King CHARLES.

SIR,

When your Landed Subject
dies, and leaves none of
his blood to inherit, the
Laws of this your King-
dom find the King Heir : In this Vo-
lume are contained several Poems, lately
dedicated to divers of your Nobility,
whom they have out-liv'd ; So that the
Muses (who seldom or never give honour
for Lives) have found them all for the
King, which I have here gathered toge-
ther, and prostrated before the Feet of
A 2 your

The Epistle Dedicatory.

your Sacred Majesty. Indeed, one of them I formerly dedicated and presented to your self: So that now they are become double yours, both by Esteem, and as Survivor. And if you please to own me as your Servant, your Majesty hath another Title good, by which I desire they should be known Yours: I will not sin against the common good, so much as to expect your Majesties serious Eye upon them: If when your Crown shall be most favourable to your Princely Brows, you please to afford a gracious bearing, they will, with the help of some benevolous Reader, and your Royal acceptance (I hope) relish in your Sacred Ears, and receive honour from your accustomed Goodness, far above the merits, or the Expectation of

Your true-hearted

and loyal Liegeman,

Fran. Quarles.

TO THE
READER.

I List not to tire thy patient Ears
with unnecessary Language,
(the abuse of Compliment) My
Mouth's no Dictionary: It only
serves as the needful Interpreter of
my Heart.

I have sent thee the first Fruits of
an abortive Birth. It is a dainty Sub-
ject, not Fabulous, but Truth it self.

Wander not at the Title, (A Feast
for Worms) for it is a Song of
Mercy: What greater Feast, than
Mercy? And what are Men but
Worms?

To the Reader.

Moreover, I have gleaned some few
Meditations, obvious to the History;
Let me advise thee to keep the Taste
of the one, whilst thou readeſt the other,
and that will make the reliſh both the
better.

Understanding Reader, favour me:
Gently expound, when it is too late to
correct.

He leva le Golpe, Dios ſea corr
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Farewel.

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Proposition of this first Work.

TIS not the Record of Great Hector's Glory,
 Whose matchless Valour makes the World a Story;
 Nor yet the swelling of that Roman's Name,
 Who only Came, and Look'd and Overcame;
 Nor One, nor All of those brave Worthies Nine,
 (Whose Might was great, and Acts almost Divine,
 That liv'd like Gods, but di'd like Men; and gone)
 Shall give my Pen a Task to treat upon:
 I sing the Praises of the KING of KINGs,
 Out of whose mouth a two-edg'd Smiter springs,
 Whose Words are Mystery, whose Works are Wonder,
 Whose Eyes are Lightning, and whose Voice is Thunder;
 Who like a Curtain spreads the Heavens out,
 Spangled with Stars, in Glory round about:
 'Tis He that cleft the furious Waves in twain,
 Making a Highway-passage through the Main:
 'Tis He that turn'd the waters into Blood,
 And smote the Rocky-stone, and caus'd a Flood;
 'Tis He that's justly armed in his Ire,
 Behind with Plagues, before with flaming fire;
 More bright than mid-day Phœbus are his Eyes;
 And whosoever sees his Visage, dies.
 I sing the Praises of Great Judah's Lion.
 The fragrant Flower of Jesse, the Lamb of Sion.
 Whose Head is whiter than the driven Snow,
 Whose Visage doth, like Flames of Fire glow;
 His Loyns begirt with golden, Belt, his Eyne
 Like Titan, riding in his Southern Shine,

His Feet like burning Brass, and as the noise
Of surgy Neptune's roaring is his Voice,
This is that Paschal Lamb, whose dearest Blood
Is Sovereign Drink, whose Flesh is saving Food :
His precious Blood the Worthiest of the Earth
Did drink, (which though but born of mortal Birth)
Return'd them Deities : For, who drinks This,
Shall be receiv'd into Eternal Bliss ;
Himself's the Gift which He himself did give,
His Stripes heal us, and by His Death we live :
He atting God and Man, in double Nature,
Did reconcile Mankind, and Man's Creator.
I, here's a Task indeed ; if Mortals could
Not make a Vase, yet Rocks and Mountains would ;
The Hills shall dance, the Sun shall stop his Course,
Heaving the Subject of this high Discourse :
The Horse and Gryphin shall together sleep,
The Wolf shall fawn upon the silly Sheep.
The crafty Serpent, and the fearful Hart,
Shall join in Consort, and each bear a part,
And leap for joy, when my Urania sings,
She sings the Praises of the King of Kings.

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INTRODUCTION.

T Hat ancient Kingdom, that old *Affur* sway'd,
Shew'd two great Cities: Ah! but both decay'd:
Both mighty Great but of unequal growth;
Both Great in People, and in Building, both;
But ah! What hold is there of earthly good;
Now Grass grows there, where these brave Cities stood

The name of one, Great *Babylon* was hight,
Through which the rich *Euphrates* takes her flight
From high *Armenia* to the ruddy Seas,
And stores the Land with rich Commodities.

The other *Ninus*, *Niniveh* the Great;
So huge a Fabrick, and well-chosen Seat,
Don *Phobus* fiery Steeds (with Manes becur'd,
That circundates in twice twelve hours the World,
Né'r saw the like: By great King *Ninus* hand,
'Twas rais'd and builded in the *Assyrians* Land.

On one hand, *Lycus* wash't her fruitful sides,
On t'other, *Tygris* with her hasty tides.
Beginst she was with walls of wondrous might,
Creeping twice fifty foot in measur'd height.

Upon their breadth (if ought we may rely
On the report of Sage Antiquity)
Three Chariots fairly might themselves display.
And rank together in a Battle-ray:
The Circuit that her mighty Bulk embraces,
Contains the mete of sixty thousand paces:

The Introduction.

Within her well-fenc'd Walls you might discover
Five hundred stately Towers thrice told over;
Whereof the highest draweth up the Eye;
As well the low'st, an hundred Cubits high;
All rich in those things which to state belong,
For Beauty *brave*, and for Munition *strong*:
Duly and daily this *Great Work* was tended
With *ten Thousand Workmen*; begun and ended
In *eight years space*: How beautiful! how fair
Thy Buildings! and how foul thy *Vices* are!

Thou Land of *Affur* double then thy pride,
And let thy Wells of Joy be never dry'd,
Thou hast a *Palace*, that's renown'd so much
The like was never, is, nor will be such.

Thou Land of *Affur*, treble then thy *Woe*,
And let thy Tears do as thy Cups o'rflo'w:
For this thy *Palace* of so great renown,
Shall be destroy'd and sackt, and batter'd down.

But cheer up, *Niniveh*, thine inbred might
Hath means enough to quell thy *Foe-men's* spight:
Thy Bulwarks are like *Mountains*, and thy Wall
Disdains to stoop to thundring *Ordnance* call;
Thy watchful *Towers* mounted round about,
Keep thee in safety, and thy *Foe-men* out:
I, but thy *Bulwarks* aid cannot withstand
The direful stroke of the *Almighty's* hand;
Thy wafer-walls at dread *Jehovah's* blast
Shall quake, and quiver, and shall down be cast:
Thy watchful *Towers* shall asleep be found,
And nod their drowsy heads down to the ground:
Thy Bulwarks are not *Vengeance-proof*; thy Wall
When *Justice* brandisheth her Sword, must fall,
The lofty *Towers* shall be dumb and yield
To high *Revenge*; *Revenge* must win the field:
Vengeance cries loud from Heaven, she cannot stay
Her *Fury*, but (impatient of delay)
Hath brimm'd her *Viols* full of deadly *Bane*:
Thy *Palace* shall be burnt, thy *People* slain;
Thy *Heart* is hard as *Flint*, and swoln with pride,
Thy murth'rous *Hands* with guiltless *Blood* are di'd;
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The Introduction.

Thy silly *Babes* do starve for want of *Food* :
Whose tender *Mothers* thou hast drencht in *Blood* :
Women with Child, lye in the *Streets* about,
Whose *Brains* thy savage hands have dashed out ;
Distressed Widows weep, (but weep in vain)
For their dear *Husbands*, whom thy hands have slain.
By one man's *Force*, another man's devour'd ;
Thy *Wives* are raviisht, and thy *Maid*s deflowr'd ;
Where *Justice* should, there *Tort* and *Bribes* are plac'd,
Thy *Altars* defil'd, and *holy things* defac'd :
Thy *Lips* have tasted of proud *Babels Cup* ;
What thou hast left, thy *Children* have drunk up,
Thy bloody *sins*, thine *Abel's* guiltless blood,
Cries up to *Heaven* for vengeance, cries aloud ;
Thy *sins* are seiv, and ready for the fire,
Here rouz (my *Muse*) and for a space, respire.

TO

TO THE
Most High:

HIS

Humble Servant implores his favourable ASSISTANCE

O All sufficient God, great Lord of Light,
Without whose gracious aid and constant
No Labours prosper (howsoe'r begun.) & sprite.
But fly like Mists before the Morning Sun:
O raise my thoughts, and clear my apprehension,
Infuse thy Spirits into my weak Invention:
Reflect thy Beams upon my feeble Eyes,
Shew me the Mirrour of thy Mysteries;
My artless Hand, my humble Heart inspire,
Inflame my frozen Tongue with holy fire:
Ravish my stupid Senses with thy Glory;
Sweeten my Lips with sacred Oratory:
And thou (O First and Last) assist my Quill,
That First and Last I may perform thy Will:
My sole intent's to blazon forth thy Praise;
My ruder Pen expects no Crown of Bays.
Suffice it then, Thine Altar I have hight:
Crown me with Glory: Take the Bays that list.

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Jonah sent to Nineveh flees
by ^{his} cast into the Sea, and
swallowed by a Whale Jon: 1. 17.



Jonah at Nineveh preach-
eth, they repent, and God
also repenteth. Jon: 3. 10.



And the Lord spake unto y^e fish
and it vomited out Jonah upon
dry ground. Jon: 2. 10.



Jonah is angry for the
Gourd but is reproved by
that Type Jon: 4. 6. 10. 11.



this is how Jonah

A

Feast for WORMS.

THE ARGUMENT.

*The Word of God to Jonah came,
Commanded Jonah to proclaim
The Vengeance of his Majesty
Against the sins of Niniveh.*

SECT. I.

TH' Eternal Word of God, whose high Decree
Admits no change, and cannot frustrate be,
Came down to *Jonah*, from the Heavens above;
Came down to *Jonah*, Heavens anointed Dove,
Jonah, the flower of old *Amittay*'s youth,
Jonah, the Prophet, Son, and Heir to Truth;
The blessed Type of him that ransom'd us,
That Word came to him, and bespake him thus:

"Arise; truss up thy Loins, make all things meet,
"And put thy Sandals on thy hasty feet;
"Gird up thy Reins, and take thy Staff in hand,
"Make no delay, but go where I command;
"Me pleases not to send thee (*Jonah*) down
"To sweet Gath-Hepher, thy dear native Town,
"Whose tender Paps with plenty overflow;
"Nor yet unto thy Brethren shalt thou go:

"Amongst

A Feast for Worms

" Amongst the Hebrews, where thy spreaden fame
 " Fore-runs the welcome of thine honour'd name,
 " No, I'll not send thee hither: up, arise,
 " And go to **Nineveh**, where no Allies,
 " Nor consanguinity preserves thy blood,
 " To **Niniveh**, where strangers are withstood:
 " To **Nineveh**, a City far remov'd,
 " From thine acquaintance, where thou'rt not below'd:
 " I send thee to Mount **Sinai**, not Mount **Sion**,
 " Not to a gentle Lamb, but to a Lion:
 " Nor yet to **Lydia**, but to bloody **Pashur**,
 " Not to the Land of **Canaan**, but to **Ashur**,
 " Whose Language will be riddles to thine ears,
 " And thine again will be as strange to theirs:
 " I say, to **Niniveh**, the Worlds great Hall,
 " The Monarch's Seat, high Court Imperial.
 " But terrible Mount **Sinai** will affright thee,
 " And **Pashur's** heavy hand is bent to smite thee:
 " The Lions roar, the People's strong and stout,
 " The Bullwarks stand afloat to keep thee out.
 " Great **Ashur** menaces with whip in hand,
 " To entertain thee (welcome) to his Land.
 " What then? Arise, be gone; stay not to think:
 " Bad is the Cloth that will in wetting shrink.
 " What then, if cruel **Pashur** heaps on strokes?
 " Or **Sinai** blast thee with her sulph'rous smokes?
 " Or **Ashur** whip thee? or the Lions rent thee?
 " Pish, on with courage; I the Lord have sent thee:
 " Away, away, lay by thy foolish pity,
 " And go to **Niniveh**, that mighty City;
 " Cry loud against it, let thy dreadful voice
 " Make all the City Echo with the noise:
 " Not like a Dove, but like a Dragon go,
 " Pronounce my Judgment and denounce my Woe;
 " Make not thy head a fountain full of tears,
 " To weep in secret for her sins: Thine ears
 " Shall hear such things will make thine eyes run over,
 " Thine eyes shall smart with what they shall discover,
 " Spend not in private those thy zealous drops,
 " But hew, and hack; spare neither trunk nor lops;

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A Feast for Worms.

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- " Make Heaven and Earth rebound, when thou discharges,
" Plead not (like Paul) but roar (like Boanerges :)
" Nor let the beauty of the Buildings blear thee ;
" Let not the terrors of the Rampires fear thee ;
" Let no man bribe thy fist (I will advise thee)
" Nor foul means force thee, nor let fair entice thee ;
" Ram up thine ears : Thine heart of stone shall be :
" Be deaf to them, as they are deaf to me :
" Go, cry against it. If they ask thee, why ?
" Say, Heavens great Lord commanded thee to cry :
" My Altars cease to smoke ; their holy fires
" Are quencht ; and where Prayer should, there sin aspires :
" The fatness of their Fornication fries
" On Coals of raging Lust, and upward flies,
" And makes me sick : I hear the mournful groans,
" And heavy sighs of such, whose aking Bones
" Th' Oppressor grinds : Alas, their grief implores me,
" Their pray'rs, prefer'd with tears, plead loud before me :
" Behold, my Sons they have oppress'd and kill'd,
" And bath'd their hands within the Blood they spill'd :
" The stream of guiltless blood makes suit unto me,
" The voice of many bloods is mounted to me ;
" The vile prophane of my sacred Names,
" Ht'ears my titles, and my honour maims,
" Makes Rhet'rick of an Oath, swears and forswears,
" Recks not my mercy, nor my judgment fears :
" They eat, they drink, they sleep, they tire the night
" In wanton dalliance, and unclean delight.
" Heavens winged Herald Jonas, up and go,
" To mighty Niniveh denounce my woe.
" Advance thy voice, and when thou hast advanc'd it,
" Spare Shrub, nor Cedar ; but cry out against it :
" Hold out thy Trumpet, and with louder breath
" Proclaim my sudden coming, and their death.

The

The Author's APOLOGY.

IT was my morning Muse; A Muse whose spirit
 Transcends (I fear) the fortunes of her merit;
 Too bold a Muse, whose feathers (yet in blood)
 She never bath'd in the *Pyrenean Flood*;
 A Muse unbreath'd, unlikely to attain
 An easie honour by so stout a Train;
 Expect no lofty *Hazard*, that shall fly
 A lessning pitch to the deceived eye,
 If in her Downy Soreage She but ruff
 So strong a Dove, may it be thought enough:
 Bear with her; Time and Fortune may require
 Your patient sufferance with a fairer flight.

The general Application.

TO thee (*Malsido*) now I turn my Quill;
 That God is still that God, and will be still;
 The painful Pastors take up *Jonah's* room,
 And thou the Ninivite to whom they come.

Meditat. I.

HOW great's the love of God unto his creature?
 Or is his Wisdom, or his Mercy greater?
 I know not whether; O th' exceeding love
 Of highest God, that from his Throne above
 Will send the brightness of his Grace to those
 That grope in darkness, and his Grace oppose:
 He helps, provides, inspires, and freely gives,
 As pleas'd to see us ravel out our lives;
 He gives us from the heap, he measures not,
 Nor deals (like Manna) each his stinted lot,
 But daily sends the Doctors of his Spouse,
 (With such like Oyl as from the Widows Cruise

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Did issue forth) in fulness without waſting,
Where plenty ſtill was had, yet plenty laſting.
I, there is care in Heaven, and heavenly ſprights,
That guideth the World, and guards poor mortal wights:
There is; elſe were the miſerable ſtare

Of Man, more wretched and and unfortunate
Than ſavage Beaſts: But, O th' abounding love
Of higheſt God! whoſe Angels from above
Diſmount the Tower of Blifs, fly to and fro,
Aſſiſting wretched man, their deadly foe.

What thing is man, that God's regard is ſuch?
Or, why ſhould Heaven love wretched man ſo much?
Why? what are men, but quickned lumps of earth?

A Feaſt for Worms: A bubble full of breath;

A looking-glaſs for grief; a flaſh, a minute;

A painted Tomb, with putrefaction in it;

A map of death; a burthen of a Song:

A Winters duſt; a worm of five foot long;

Begot in ſin; in darkneſs nourish'd; born

In ſorrow, naked, ſhiftleſs, and forlorn:

His firſt voice (heard) is crying for relief:

Alas! he comes into a World of grief;

His Age is ſinful, and his Youth is vain,

His Life's a puniſhment, his Death's a pain;

His Life's an hour of Joy, a World of Sorrow;

His Death's a winters night, that finds no morrow:

Man's Life's an Hour-glaſs, which being run,

Concludes that hour of Joy, and ſo is done.

Jonah muſt go, nor is this charge confin'd

To *Jonah*, but to all the World enjoyn'd:

You Magiſtrates, ariſe, and take delight

In dealing Juſtice, and maintaining right;

There lies your *Niniveh*; Merchants, ariſe,

And mingle conſcience with your Merchandiſe;

Lawyers, ariſe, make not your righteous Laws

A trick for gain; Let Juſtice rule the cauſe;

Tradefmen, ariſe, and ply your thriving ſhops.

With truer hands, and eat your meat with drops:

Paul to thy Tents, and *Peter* to thy Net,

And all muſt go that courſe, which God hath ſet,

Great

Great God awake us in these drowzy times,
 Lest vengeance find us sleeping in our Crimes !
 Encrease succession in thy Prophets lieu,
 For lo, thy Harvest's great, and workmen few.

THE ARGUMENT.

*But Jonah toward Tharſis went,
 A Tempeſt doth his courſe prevent :
 The Mariners are ſore oppreſt,
 While Jonah ſleeps and takes his reſt.*

SECT. II.

BUT Jonah thus bethought ; *The City's great,
 And mighty Aſhur ſtands with deadly threat.
 Their hearts are hardened, that they cannot hear :
 Will green-Wood burn, when ſo ſharp's the fear ?
 Strange is the charge: Shall I go to a place
 Unknown and Foreign ? Ay me ! hard's the caſe,
 That righteous Iſr'el muſt be thus neglected,
 When Miſcreants and Gentiles are reſpected ?
 How might I hope my Words ſhould there ſucceed,
 Which thrive not with the Flocks I daily feed ?
 I know my God is gentle, and inclin'd
 To tender mercy, apt to change his mind.
 Upon the leaſt repentance : Then ſhall I
 Be deem'd, as falſe, and ſhame my Prophecy.*

*Oh heavy burthen of a doubtful mind !
 Where ſhall I go, or which way ſhall I wind ?
 My heart, like Janus, looketh to and fro :
 My Credit bids me, Stay ; my God bids, Go :
 If Go, my labour's loſt, my ſhame's at hand ;
 If ſtay, Lord ! I tranſgreſs my Lord's Command :
 If go, from bad eſtate to worſe I fall :
 If ſtay, I ſlide from bad, to worſt of all.*

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*My God bids Go, my Credit bids me Stay,
My guilty fear bids fly another way:*

So *Jonah* straight arose, himself bedight
With fit accoutrements for hasty flight:
Instead of staff, he took a Shipmans weed;
Instead of going, lo, he flies with speed.

Like as a hawk (that over-match'd with might),
Doing sad penance for th' unequal fight,
(Answ'ring the Falk'ners second shout) does flee
From fist, turns tail to fowl, and takes a tree:
So *Jonah* baulks the place where he was sent,
(To *Niniveh*) and down to *Jaffa* went:
He sought, enquir'd, and at last he found
A welcome Ship, that was to *Thorsis* bound,
Where he may lie the presence of the Lord:
He makes no stay, but straightway goes aboard,
His hasty purse for bargain finds no leisure,
(Where sin delights, there's no account of treasure)
Nor did he know, nor ask, how much his Fare:
He gave: They took: all parties pleased: are:
(How thriftless of our cost, and pains, are we,
Great God of Heaven and Earth, to flie from thee !)
Now have the Saylor's drunk their parting cup,
They go aboard, their Sails are hoysting up;
The Anchor's weigh'd: the Keel begins t' obey
Her gentle Rudder, leaves her quiet Key,
Divides the streams, and without Wind or Oar,
She easily glides along the moving shore;
Her swelling Canvas gives her nimbler motion,
Sh' outstrips the Tide, and hies her to the Ocean:
Forth to the Deep she launches, and out-braves
The prouder Billows, rides upon the Waves:
She pyles that course her Compass hath enjoyn'd her,
And soon hath left the lessened Land behind her;
By this the Breath of Heaven began to cease;
Calm were the Seas, the Waves were all at peace,
The flapping Main-sail slapt against her Yard,
The uselesse Compass, and the idle Chard

Were

Were both neglected : Upon every side
 The gamesome Porpoise tumbled on the Tide:
 Like as a Mastiff, when restrain'd a while,
 Is made more furious, and more apt for spoil :
 Or when the breath of Man being barr'd the Course,
 At length breaks forth with a far greater force ;
 Even so the milder breath of Heaven, at last,
 Lets fly more fierce, and blows a stronger Blast :
 All on a sudden darkned was the Skye
 With gloomy Clouds ; Heaven's more refulgent eye
 Was all obscur'd : The air grew damp and cold,
 And strong-mouth'd *Boreas* could no longer hold :
Eolus lets loose his uncontrouled breath,
 Whose language threatens nothing under death :
 The Rudder fails ; the Ship's at random driven ;
 The eye no object owns but Sea and Heaven :
 The Welkin storms and rages more and more ;
 The rain pours down ; the Heavens begin to roar,
 As they would split the massie Globe in sunder,
 From those that live above, to those live under ;
 The Pilot's frighted, knows not what to do ;
 His Art's amaz'd, in such a maze of wo ;
 Faces grow sad, Prayers and Complaints are rise,
 Each one's become an Orator for life :
 The winds above, the waters underneath,
 Joy in rebellion, and conspire death.
 The Sea-mans courage now begins to quail,
 Some ply the Pump, while others strike the Sail.
 Their hands are busie, while their hearts despair,
 Their fears and dangers move their lips to prayer :
 They pray'd, but wind did snatch their words away,
 And lets their pray'r not go to whom they pray :
 But still they pray, but still the wind and weather,
 Do turn both ship and pray'rs they know not whither.
 Their gods were deaf, their danger waxed greater ;
 They cast their wares out and yet ne'r the better :
 But all this while was *Jonah* drown'd in sleep,
 And in the lower Deck was buried deep.

Meditat. II.

BUT stay : This was a strange and uncouth word,
 Did *Jonah* fly the presence of the Lord ?
 What myster word is that ? He that repleats
 The mighty Universe, whose lofty Seat's
 Th' Imperial Heaven, whose foot-stool is the face
 Of massie Earth ; Can he from any place
 Be barr'd ? or yet by any means excluded,
 That is in all things ? (and yet not included)
 Could *Jonah* find a resting any where
 So void, or secret, that God was not there ?
 I stand amaz'd, and affrighted at this word :
 Did *Jonah* fly the presence of the Lord ?
 Mount up to Heaven, and there thou shalt discover
 The excellent glory of his Kingly power :
 Bestride the Earth beneath (with weary pace)
 And there he bears the Olive Branch of Grace :
 Dive down into th' extreme Abyss of Hell,
 And there in Justice doth th' Almighty dwell.
 What secret Cloister could there then afford
 A Screen 'twixt faithless *Jonah*, and his Lord ?
Jonah was charg'd to take a charge in hand ;
 But *Jonah* turn'd his back on God's command ;
 Shook off his yoke, and wilfully neglected,
 And what was strictly charg'd, he quite rejected :
 And so he fled the power of his Word ;
 And so he fled the presence of the Lord.
 Good God ! how poor a thing is wretched man ?
 So frail, that let him strive the best he can,
 With every little blast he's overdone.
 If mighty Cedars of great *Lebanon*,
 Cannot the danger of the Axe withstand,
 Lord ! how shall we, that are but Bushes, stand ?
 How fond, corrupt, how senseless is mankind ?
 How feigning deaf is he ? how willful blind ?

TO

A Feast for Worms.

He stops his ears, and sins ; he shuts his eyes,
And (blindfold) in the lap of danger flies :
He sins, despairs ; and then to stint his grief,
He chuseth death, to baulk the God of life.

Poor wretched sinner ! travel where thou wilt,
Thy travel shall be burthen'd with thy guilt :
Climb tops of Hills, that prospects may delight thee,
There will thy sins like Wolves and Bears affright thee
Fly to the Valleys, that those frights may shun thee,
And there like (Mountains) they will fall upon thee :
Or to the raging Seas (with *Jonah*) go ;
There will thy sins like stormy *Neptune* flow.
Poor shiftless man, what shall become of thee ?
Where-e'r thou fly'st, thy griping sin will flee.

But all this while, the Ship where *Jonah* sleeps,
Is tost, and torn, and batter'd on the Deeps,
And well-nigh split upon the threatening Rock,
With many a boisterous brush, and churly knock
God help all desp'rate Voyagers and keep
All such, as feel thy wonders in the deep.

THE ARGUMENT.

*The Pilot thumps on Jonah's breast,
And rouseth Jonah from his rest ;
They all cast Lots (being sore affrighted)
The sacred Lot on Jonah lighted.*

SECT. III.

THE amazed Pilot finding no success,
(But that the storm grew rather more, than less,
For all their toilsom pains, and needless prayers,
Despairing both of life and goods) repairs
To *Jonah's* drowzy Cabbin ; mainly calls ;
Calls, *Jonah, Jonah* ; and yet louder yauls ;

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Yet *Jonah* sleeps, and gives a shrug, or two,
And snores, (as greedy sleepers use to do.)
The woful Pilot jogs him, (but in vain)
(Perchance he dreams an idle word, or twain;)
At length he tugs and pulls his heavy coarse,
And thunders on his breast with all his force:
But (after many yawns) he did awake him,
And (being both affrighted) thus bespeak him:

"Arise, O Sleeper, O arise, and see,
"There's not a twiny thred 'twixt death and thee:
"This darksome place (thou measur'st) is thy Grave,
"And sudden death rides proud on yonder wave:
"Arise, O Sleeper, O arise, and pray;
"Perhaps thy God will hear, and not say Nay;
"Repair the loss of these our ill spent hours,
"Perchance thy God's more powerful than ours:
"Heaven's hand may cease, and have compassion on us,
"And turn away this mischief it hath done us.

The sturdy Saylor (weary of their pain)
Finding their bootless labour loss and vain,
Forbear their toilsom task, and wrought no more,
Expecting death, for which they lookt before:
They call a parley, and consult together,
They count their sins, (accusing one another)
That for his sin, or his, this ill was wrought:
In fine, they all prove guilty of the fault:
But yet the question was not ended so;
One says, 'Twas thine offence, but he says, No,
But 'twas for thy sake, that accuses me;
Rusht forth a third (the worser of the three)
And swore it was anothers, which (he hearing)
Deny'd it flat, and said, 'Twas thine, forswearing:
In comes a fifth, accusing all; (replying
But little else) they all chid him for lying;
One said it was, another said 'twas not,
So all agreed to stint the strife by Lot:
Then all was whist, and all to Prayer went;
(For such a business a fit complement)

The

The Lot was cast; 't pleas'd God by Lots to tell;
The Lot was cast; the Lot on *Jonah* fell.

Meditat. III.

O Sacred subject of a Meditation!
Thy Works (O Lord) are full of admiration;
Thy judgments are all just, severe, and sure,
They quite cut off, or else, by lancing cure
The festring sore of a rebellious heart,
Lest foul infection taint th' immortal part.
How deep a Lethargy doth this disease
Bring to the slumbring soul, through careless ease
Which once being wak'd, (as from a golden dream)
Looks up and sees her grief the more extream.
How seeming sweet's the quiet sleep of sin,
Which, when a wretched man's once muzzled in,
How soundly sleeps he, without fear or wit?
No sooner do his arms infolded knit
A drowzy knot upon his careless breast,
But there he snorts, and snoars in endless rest;
His eyes are closed fast, and deaf his ears,
And (like *Endymion*) sleeps himself in years;
His sense-bound heart relents not at the voice
Of gentle warning, neither does the noise
Of strong reproof awake his sleeping ear,
Nor louder threatnings thunder makes him hear:
So deaf's the sinners ear, so numb'd his sense,
That sin's no corrosive, breeds no offence;
For custom brings delight, deludes the heart,
Beguiles the sense, and takes away the smart,
But stay; did one of God's elected number,
(Whose eyes should never sleep, nor eye-lids slumber)
So much forget himself? did *Jonah* sleep,
That should be watchful, and the Tower keep?
Did *Jonah* (the selected mouth of God)
Instead of roaring Judgments, does he nod?

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Did *Jonah* sleep so sound? Could he sleep then,
When (with the sudden sight of death) the men
(So many men) with yelling shrieks and cries,
Made very Heaven report? Were *Jonah's* eyes
Still clos'd, and he, not of his life bereaven?
Hard must he wink that shuts his eyes from Heaven.
O righteous *Is'el*, where, O where art thou?
Where is thy Lamp? thy zealous Shepherd now?
Alas! the rav'nous Wolves will worr' thy Sheep;
Thy Shepherd's careless, and is fa'n asleep;
Thy wandring flocks are frighted from their fold,
The Shepherd's gone, and Foxes are too bold;
They, whose smooth-fac'd words become the Altar.
Their words dissent, and first begin to falter;
And they that should be Watch-lights in the Temple,
Are snuffs, and want the oyl of good example;
The chosen Watch-men that the Tow'r should keep,
Are waxen heavy-ey'd and fall asleep,

Lord, if thy Watch-men fall asleep, awake them;
Although they slumber, do not quite forsake them,
The flesh is weak, say not (if dulness seize
Their heavy eyes) sleep henceforth; take your ease:
And we poor weaklings, when we sleep in sin,
Knock at our drowzy hearts and never lin,
Till thou awake our sin-congealed eyes;
Lest (drown'd in sleep) we sink and never rise

THE ARGUMENT.

*They question Jonah whence he came,
His Country and his Peoples Name.
He makes reply: They moan their woe,
And ask his counsel what to do.*

SECT. IV.

AS when a Thief's apprehended on suspect,
And charg'd for some supposed malefact,

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A rude concourse of people straight accrues,
 Whose itching ears even smart to know the news:
 The guilty Pris'ner (to himself betray'd)
 He stands dejected, trembling, and afraid:
 So Jonah stood the Saylor's all among,
 Enclosed round amid the ruder throng.
 As in a Summer's evening you shall hear
 In Hives of Bees (if you lay close your ear)
 Confused buzzing, and seditious noise,
 Such was the murmur of the Saylor's voice.

- "What was thy sinful act, that causes this?
 " (Says one) wherein hast thou so done amiss?
 Tell us what is thine Art (another says)
 That thou profess'st? Speak man, whence away?
 From what Confines com'st thou? (a third replies)
 What is thy Country and of what allies?
 What art thou born a Jew? or Gentile? whether?
 E're he could lend an answer unto either;
 A Fourth demands, Where hast thy breeding been?

All what they ask; they all ask o'r agen.
 In fine, their ears (impatient of delay)
 Becalm'd their tongues, to hear what he could say
 So Jonah (humbly rearing up his eyes)
 Breaking his long-kept silence, thus replies:

- " I am an Hebrew, Son of Abraham,
 From whom my Land did first derive her name;
 Within the Land of Jewry was I born;
 My name is Jonah, wretchless and forlorn:
 I am a Prophet: ah! but woe is me,
 For, from before the face of God I flee;
 From whence, (through disobedience) I am driven,
 I fear JEHOVAH, the great God of Heav'n;
 I fear the Lord of Hosts, whose glorious hand
 Did make this stormy Sea, and massie Land.

So sad, their ears with double ravishment,
 Still hung upon his melting lips, attent,

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Whose dreadful words their heart so near impiere'd;
 That from themselves, themselves were quite divers'd.
 As in a foultry Summers evening Tide,
 (When lustful *Phæbus* re-salutes his Bride,
 And *Philomela* gins her caroling)
 A Herd of Deer are browsing in a Spring,
 With eager appetite, misdeeming nought,
 Nor in so deep a silence fearing ought ;
 A sudden crack, or some unthought of sound,
 Or bounce of Fowlers Piece, or yelp of Hound,
 Disturbs their quiet peace with strange amaze,
 Where (senseless half) through fear they stand at gaze:
 So stand the Sea-men, (as with Ghosts affrighted)
 Entraunch'd with what this man of God recited :
 Their tired limbs do now wax faint, and lister,
 Their hearts did yern, their knees did smite together :
 Congealed blood usurps their trembling hearts,
 And left a faintness in their feeble parts :
 Who (trembling out distracted language) thus :

- " *Why hast thou brought this mischief upon us ?*
- " *What humour led thee to a place unknown,*
- " *To seek out foreign Land and leave thine own ?*
- " *What faith hadst thou, by leaving thine abode,*
- " *To think to fly the presence of thy God ?*
- " *Why hast thou not obey'd (but thus transgress't)*
- " *The voice of God, whom thou acknowledgest ?*
- " *Art thou a Prophet ? and dost thou amiss ?*
- " *What is thy cause ? and why hast thou done this ?*
- " *What shall we do ? the Tempest lends no ear*
- " *To fruitless chat, nor do the Billows hear,*
- " *Or mark our Language : Waves are not attent :*
- " *Our goods they float, our needless pains are spent ;*
- " *Our Bark's not weather proof ; no Fort's so stout*
- " *To keep continual Siege and Battery out.*
- " *The Lot accuses thee, thy words condemn thee,*
- " *The waves (thy deaths-men) strive to overwhelm thee.*
- " *What shall we do ? Thou Prophet, speak, we pray thee*
- " *Thou fear'st the Lord ; Alas ! we may not fly thee.*

- " Or shall we save thee? No, for thou dost flee
 " The face of God, and so deserv'st to die.
 " Thou Prophet, speak, what shall be done to thee,
 " That angry Seas may calm and quiet be?

Meditat. IV.

GIVE leave a little to adjourn your Text,
 And ease my soul, my soul with doubts perplex.
 Can he be said to fear the Lord, that flies him?
 Can word confess him, when as deed denies him?
 My sacred Muse hath rounded in mine ear,
 And read the m'stry of a twofold fear:
 The first, a servile fear, for Judgments sake;
 And thus Hells Fire-brands do fear and quake.
 Thus *Adam* fear'd, and fled behind a Tree:
 And thus did bloody *Cain* both fear and flee.
 Unlike to this there is a second kind
 Of fear, extracted from a zealous mind,
 Full fraught with love, and with a conscience clear
 From base respects: It is a filial fear;
 A fear whose ground would just remain, and level,
 Were neither Heaven, nor Hell, nor God, nor Devil.
 Such was the fear that Princely *David* made,
 And thus our wretched *Jonah* fear'd and fled:
 He fled aham'd, because his sins were such;
 He fled aham'd, because his fear was much.
 He fear'd *Jehovah*, other fear'd he none:
 Him he acknowledg'd; him he fear'd alone:
 Unlike to those who being blind with error.
 Frame many gods, and multiply their terror.
 The Egyptians god *Apis* did implore,
 God *Assus* the Chaldeans did adore;
 Babel to the Devouring Dragon seeks;
 Th' *Arabians*, *Astaroth*; *Juno*, the *Greeks*;
 The name of *Belus* the *Assyrians* hallow;
 The *Trojans*, *Vesta*; *Corinth*, wise *Apollo*;
 Th' *Arginians* sacrifice unto the Sun;
 To light-foot *Mercury* bows *Macedon*:

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To god *Vulnus*, Lovers bend their Knee :
To *Parvor*, those that faint, and fearful be :
Who pray for health, and strength, to *Murcia* those,
And to *Victoria*, they that fear to lose :
To *Muta*, they that fear a womans tongue :
To great *Lucina*, women great with young :
To *Esculapius*, they that live oppress'd :
And such to *Quies*, who desire rest.

O blinded ignorance of antique Times;
How blent with error, and how stult with Crimes
Your Temples were ! And how adulterate !
How clogg'd with needless gods ! how obstinate !
How void of reason, order, how confuse !
How full of dangerous and foul abuse !
How sandy were thy grounds, and how unstable !
How many Deities ! yet how unable !

Implore these gods that list to howl and bark,
They bow to *Dagon*, *Dagon* to the Ark :
But he to whom the seal of mercy's given,
Adores *Jehovah* the great God of Heaven :
Upon the mention of whose sacred Name,
Meek Lambs grow fierce, and the fierce Lions tame
Bright *Sol* shall stop, and heav'n shall turn his course,
Mountains shall dance, and *Neptune* slack his force :
The Seas shall part, the fire want his flame,
Upon the mention of *Jehovah's* Name :

A Name that makes the roof of Heaven to shake :
The frame of Earth to quiver, Hell to quake :
A Name, to which all Angels blow their Trumps :
A Name, puts frolick man into his dumps,
(Though ne'r so blythe) A Name of high renown,
It mounts the meek, and beats the lofty down :
A Name divides the marrow in the Bone ;
A Name, which out of hard and flinty stone
Extracteth hearts of flesh, and makes relent
Those hearts that never knew what mercy meant.

O Lord ! how great's thy Name in all the Land !
How mighty are the wonders of thy hand !
How is thy glory plac'd above the Heaven !

To tender Mouths of Sucklings thou hast given

Coercive pow'r, and boldness to reprove,
 When elder men do what them not behove,
 O Lord! how great's the pow'r of thine hand!
 O God! how great's thy Name in all the Land!

THE ARGUMENT.

*The Prophet doth his fault discover,
 Perswades the men to cast him over:
 They row, and toil, but do no good,
 They pray to be excus'd from blood.*

SECT. V.

SO Jonah fram'd this Speech to their demand,
 "Not that I seek to traverse the Command
 "Of my dear Lord, and out of mind perverse,
 "To avoid the Ninivites, do I amerce
 "My self; nor that I ever heard you threat,
 "(Unless I went to Niniveh (the great)
 "And do the message sent her from the Lord)
 "That you would kill or cast me over-board
 "Do I do this; 'tis my deserved Fine:
 "You all are guiltless, and the fault is mine.
 "'Tis I, 'tis I alone, 'tis I am he;
 "The tempest comes from Heaven, the cause from me:
 "You shall not lose a hair from this my sin,
 "Nor perish for the fault that mine hath been;
 "Lo, I the man am here; Lo, I am he,
 "The root of all; end your revenge on me;
 "I fled th' Eternal God; O, let me then
 "(Because I fled my God) so flie from men:
 "Redeem your lives with mine; Ah, why should I
 "Not guiltless, live, and you not guilty, dye?
 "I am the man for whom these Billows dance,
 "My death shall purchase your deliverance;
 "Fear not to cease your fears, but throw me in
 "Alas! my Soul is burthen'd with my sin,

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- " And God is just, and bent to his Decree,
 " Which certain is, and cannot alter'd be :
 " I am proclaim'd a Traytor to the King
 " Of Heaven and Earth ; the winds with speedy wing
 " Acquaint the Seas ; The Seas mount up on high,
 " And cannot rest until the Traytor die ;
 " Oh, cast me in, and let my life be ended ;
 " Let death make Justice mends which life offended ;
 " O, let the Swelling Waters me embalm ;
 " So shall the waves be still, and Sea be calm.

So said, th' amazed Mariners grew sad,
 New love abstracted, what old fear did add ;
 Love called pity ; Fear call'd Vengeance in ;
 Love view'd the Sinner ; Fear beheld the Sin ;
 Love cry'd out, Hold ; for better sav'd than spill'd ;
 But fear cry'd, Kill ; O better kill than kill'd :
 Thus plung'd with Passions they distracted were
 Betwixt the hopes and doubts of Love and Fear ;
 Some cry'd out, Save ; if this foul deed we do,
 Vengeance that haunted him, will haunt us too :
 Others, cry'd No : May rather death befall
 To one (that hath deserv'd to die) than all :
 Save him (says one) Oh save the man that thus
 His dearest blood hath proffer'd to save us :
 No, (says another) Vengeance must have blood,
 And vengeance strikes most hard, when most with-
 In fine, (say all) Then let the Prophet die, (stood.
 And we shall live for Prophets cannot lie.
 Loth to be guilty of their own, yet loth
 To haste poor *Jonah's* death, with hope, that both
 Th' approaching evils might be at once prevented,
 With prayers, and pains re-utter'd, re-attended ;
 They try'd new ways, despairing of the old,
 Love quickens courage, makes the spirits bold :
 They strove, in vain, by toyl to win the shore,
 And wrought more hard than e'er they did before :
 But now, both hands and hearts begin to quail,
 (For bodies wanting rest, must faint and fail ;)

" And

The Seas are angry, and the waves arise,
 Appeas'd with nothing but a Sacrifice;
 God's vengeance stormeth like the raging Seas,
 Which nought but *Jonah* (dying) can appease:
 Fond is that labour, which attempts to free
 What Heaven hath bound by a Divine Decree:
Jonah must dye, Heaven hath decreed it so;
Jonah must dye, or else they all dye too;
Jonah must dye, that from his Lord did flie;
 The Lot determines, *Jonah* then must dye;
 His guilty word confirms the sacred Lot,
Jonah must die then, if they perish not.

- " If Justice then appoint (since he must dye
 " Said they) us Actors of his Tragedy,
 " We beg not (Lord) a warrant to offend.
 " O pardon blood shed, that we must intend;
 " Though not our hands, yet shall our hearts be clear,
 " Then let not stainless Consciences bear
 " The ponderous burthen of a Murders guilt,
 " Or pay the price of blood that must be spilt;
 " For lo, (Dear Lord) it is thine own Decree,
 " And we sad ministers of Justice be.

Meditat. V.

BUT stay a while; this thing would first be known
 Can *Jonah* give himself, and not his own?
 That part to God, and to his Country this
 Pertains, so that a slender third is his.
 Why then should *Jonah* do a double wrong,
 To deal himself away, that did belong
 The least unto himself? or how could he
 Teach this [Thou shalt not kill] if *Jonah* be
 His life's own Butcher? What, was this a deed
 That with the Calling he profess'd agreed;
 The purblind Age whose works (almost Divine)
 Did meerly with the Oyl of Nature shine,

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That knew no written Law, nor Grace nor God,
 To whip their Conscience with steely rod,
 How much did they abhor so foul a Fact?
 When (led by Natures glympse) they made an Act.
 Self-Murderers should be deny'd to have

The charitable honour of a Grave:
 Can such do so, when *Jonah* does amiss?
 What *Jonah*, *Is'rl's* Teacher, and do this?

The Law of Charity doth all forbid,
 In this thing to do that which *Jonah* did;
 Moreo'r, in Charity 'Tis thy behest,
 Of dying men to think and speak the best;
 The mighty *Sampson* did as much as this:
 And who dare say that *Sampson* did amiss,
 If Heavens high Spirit whisper'd in his ear
 Express command to do't? no wav'ring fear
 Drew back the righteous *Abram's* armed hand
 From *Isaac's* death, secur'd by Heav'n's command.

Sure is the knot that true Religion ties,
 And Love that's rightly grounded never dies;
 It seems a Paradox beyond belief,
 That men in trouble should prolong relief:
 That Pagans (to withstand a Strangers Fate)
 Should be neglective of their own estate.

Where is this love-become in later age?
 Alas! 'tis gone in endless pilgrimage
 From hence, and never to return (I doubt)
 Till revolution wheel those times about:
 Chill Breasts have starv'd her here, and she is driven
 Away; and with *Astrea* fled to Heaven.

Poor Charity, that naked Babe is gone,
 Her Honey's spent, and all her store is done;
 Her wingless Bees can find out ne'r a bloom,
 And crooked *Ate* doth usurp her room:

Nepenthe's dry, and love can get no drink,
 And curs'd *Ardenne* flows above the brink.
 Brave Mariners, the World your name shall hallow,
 Admiring that in you, that none dare follow:
 Your Friendship's rare, and your conversion strange
 From Pag'nism to Zeal a sudden change!

Those men do now the God of Heaven implore,
 That bow'd to Puppets but an hour before;
 Their Zeal is fervent, (though but new begun)
 Before their Egg-shells were done off, they ran.
 As when bright *Phabus* in a Summer Tide,
 (New risen from the bosome of his Bride)
 Enveloped with misty foggs, at length
 Breaks forth, displays the mist, with southern strength.
 Even so these Mariners (of peerless mirror)
 Their Faith being veil'd within the mist of error,
 At length their Zeal chac'd ignorance away,
 They left their puppets and began to pray.

Lord, how unlimited are thy Confines,
 That still pursu'st man in his good designs!
 Thy mercy's like the Dew of *Hermon* Hill,
 On the Ointment, dropping downward still:
 From *Aaron's* head to beard; from beard to foot;
 So do thy mercies drench us round about:
 Thy love is boundless; Thou art apt and free
 To turn to Man, when Man returns to thee.

THE ARGUMENT.

*They cast the Prophet over-board:
 The storm allay'd; they fear the Lord:
 A mighty Fish him quick devours,
 Where he remained many hours.*

S E C T. VI.

EVEN as a member, whose corrupted fore
 Infests, and rankles, eating more and more,
 Threatning the Bodies loss (if not prevented)
 The wise Chirurgeon (all fair means attempted)
 Cuts off, and with advised Skill doth chuse
 To lose a part, than all the Body lose;
 Even so the feeble Saylor (that address
 Their idle arms, where Heaven denies success)
 Forbear

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Forbear their thriveless labours, and devise
To root that evil, from whence their harms arise:
Treason is in their thoughts, and in their ears
Danger revives the old, and adds new fears:
Their hearts grow fierce, and every soul applies
To abandon mercy from his tender eyes.
They cease to attempt what Heav'n so long withstood;
And bent to kill, their thoughts are all on blood:
They whisper oft, each word is Death's Alarm;
They hoist him up, each lends a busie arm;
And with united powers they intomb
His out-cast Body in *Thetis* angry womb:
Whereat grim *Neptune* wip'd his foamy mouth,
Held his tridented Mace upon the South:
The winds were whist, the billows danc'd no more,
The Storm allay'd, the Heaven left off to roar
The waves (obedient to their pilgrimage)
Gave ready passage, and surceast their rage;
The Sky grew clear, and now the welcome light
Begins to put the gloomy Clouds to flight:
Thus all on a sudden was the Sea tranquil,
The Heav'ns were quiet, and the waves were still.

As when a friendly Creditor (to get
A long forborn, and much concerned debt)
Still plies his willing Debtor with entreats,
Importunes daily, daily thumps and beats
The batter'd port-holes of his tired ears
Bedeafing him with what he knows and hears;
The weary Debtor, to avoid the sight
He loaths, shifts here and there, and ev'ry night
Seeks out Protection of another Bed,
Yet ne'rtheless (pursu'd and followed)
His ears are still laid at with louder volly
Of harder Dialect; He melancholy
Sits down, and sighs, and after long fore-flowing,
(To avoid his presence) pays him what is owing;
The thankful Creditor is now pleas'd,
Takes leave, and goes away content and pleas'd:
Even so these angry waves, with restless rage
Accosted *Jonah* in his pilgrimage,

And

And thundred Judgment in his fearful ear,
 Presenting *Hubbubs* to his guilty fear:
 The waves rose discontent, the Surges beat,
 And every moment, death the billows threat:
 The weather-beaten Ship did every minute
 Await destruction, while he was in it;
 But when his (long expected Corps they threw
 Into the Deep, a debt, (through trespass, due)
 The Sea grew kind, and all her frowns abated,
 Her face was smooth to all that navigated.
 'Twas sinful *Jonah* made her storm and rage,
 'Twas sinful *Jonah* did her storm assuage.

With that the Mariners astonisht were,
 And fear'd *Jehovah* with a mighty fear,
 Off'ring up Sacrifice with one accord,
 And vowing solemn vows unto the Lord.
 But he whose Word can make the Earths Foundation
 Tremble, and with his Word can make cessation,
 Whose wrath doth mount the Waves, and toss the Seas
 And make 'em calm and smooth, when e'r he please:
 This God, (whose mercy runs on endless wheel,
 And pulls (like *Jacob*) Justice by the heel)
 Prepar'd a Fish, prepar'd a mighty Whale,
 Whose Belly was both prison-house and Bail,
 For wretchless *Jonah*. As the two leaf'd door
 Opens, to welcome home the fruitful store,
 Wherewith the harvest quits the Plowman's hope:
 Even so the *Leviathan* set ope
 His bear-like jaws, (prepar'd for such a boon)
 And at a morsel swallowed *Jonah* down,
 Till dewy cheek'd *Aurora's* purple die
 Thrice dappled had the ruddy morning Skie,
 And thrice had spread the Curtains of the Morn,
 To let in *Titan* when the Day was born,
Jonah was Tenant to his living Grave,
 Embowell'd deep in this stupendious Cave.

Meditat. VI.

LO, Death is now, as always it hath been,
 The just procured stipend of our sin:

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Sin is a golden Causey, and a Road,
 Garnisht with joys, whose paths are even and broad,
 But leads at length to death, and endless grief,
 To torments, and to pains without relief.
 Justice fears none, but maketh all afraid,
 And then falls hardest, when 'tis most delaid,
 But thou reply'st, thy sins are daily great,
 Yet thou sit'st uncontroul'd upon thy Seat;
 Thy Wheat doth flourish, and thy Barns do thrive,
 Thy Sheep encrease, thy Sons are all alive,
 And thou art buxom, and hast nothing scant;
 Finding no want of any thing, but want;
 Whilst others, whom the squint ey'd world counts
 Sit sadly drooping in a Melancholy, [holy,
 With brow dejected, and down-hanging head,
 Or take of alms, or poorly beg their bread:
 But young man, know there is a Day of doom,
 The Feast is good, until the Reck'ning come,
 The time runs fastest, where is least regard,
 The stone that's long in falling, falleth hard;
 There is a dying Day, (thou prosperous Fool)
 When all thy laughter shall be turn'd to Dole,
 Thy Robest to tort'ring plagues, and fell tormenting;
 Thy whoops of joy, to howls of sad lamenting;
 Thy tongue shall yell, and yawl, and never stop,
 And wish a World to give for one poor drop
 To flatter thine intolerable pain,
 The wealth of *Pluto* could not then obtain
 A minutes freedom from that hellish rout,
 Whose fire burns, and never goeth out:
 Nor house, nor land, nor measur'd heaps of wealth,
 Can render to a dying man his health:
 Our like on Earth is like a thred of Flax,
 That all may touch, and being toucht it cracks.
 As when an Archer shooteth for his sport,
 Sometimes his Shaft is gone, sometimes 'tis short,
 Sometimes o'th left hand wide, sometimes o'th right,
 At last (through often trial) hits the White!
 So Death sometimes with her uncertain Rover
 Hits our Superiours, and so shoots over:

Sometimes

Sometimes for change She strikes the meaner sort;
 Strikes our Inferiours (and then comes short)
 Sometimes upon the left hand wide she goes,
 And so (still wounding some) she strikes our Foes:
 And sometimes wide upon the right hand bends,
 There with Imperial wafts she strikes our Friends;
 At length (through often tryal) hits the White,
 And so strikes us into eternal night.

Death is a Kalender compos'd by Fate,
 Concerning all men, never out of date :
 Her Days Dominical are writ in blood :
 She shews more bad Daysthan She sheweth good :
 She tells when days, and months and terms expire,
 Meas'ring the lives of Mortals by her square.

Death is a Pursuivant with Eagles wings,
 That knocks at poor mens doors, and Gates of Kings.
 Worldling, beware betime, Death sculks behind thee.
 And as she leaves thee, so will Judgment find thee.

THE ARGUMENT.

*Within the Bowels of the Fish
 Jonah laments in great anguish ;
 God hear his Pray'r, at whose command
 The Fish disgorg'd him on the Land.*

SECT. VII.

Then *Jonah* turn'd his face to Heav'n. and pray'd
 Within the Bowels of the Whale, and said,

" I cry'd out of my baleful misery
 " Unto my God, and he hath heard my Cry ;
 " From out the paunch of Hell I made a noise,
 " And thou hast answer'd me, and heard my voice :
 " Into the Deep and bottom thou hast thrown me,
 " Thy Surges and thy Waves have past upon me.

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"Then Lord (said I) from thy refulgent sight
 "I am expell'd, I am forsaken quite;
 "Nay, the less, while these my wretched eyes remain,
 "Unto thy Temple will I look again.
 "The boistrous waters compass me about.
 "My body threatens to let her Pris'ner out;
 "The boundless depth enclos'd me, (almost dead)
 "The weeds are wrapt about my fainting head;
 "I live on earth rejected at thine hand;
 "And a perpetual Pris'ner in the Land;
 "Yet thou wilt cause my life t' ascend at length,
 "From out this Pit, O Lord, my God, my strength;
 "When as my Soul was overwhelm'd and faint,
 "I had recourse to thee, did thee acquaint
 "With the conditions of my woful case,
 "My cry came to thee in thine holy Place.
 "Whoso to vanities themselves betake,
 "Renounce thy mercies, and thy love forsake;
 "To thee I'll sacrifice in endless days;
 "With voice of thanks, and ever sounding praise,
 "I'll pay my vows, for all the world records
 "With one consent, Salvation is the Lord's.

But he (whose word's a deed, whose breath's a law,
 Whose just Command implies a dreadful awe,
 Whose Word prepar'd a Whale upon the Deep,
 To tend and wait for *Jonah's* fall, and keep
 His out-cast Body safe, and Soul secure)
 This very God (whose mercy must endure,
 When Heaven, and Earth, when Sea, and all things fail);
 Disclos'd his purpose, and bespake the Whale
 To re-deliver *Jonah* to his hand;
 Whereat the Whale disgorg'd him on the Land.

Meditat. VII.

I Well record a holy Father says,
 "He teaches to deny that faintly prays:

The

The suit surceases, when desire fails,
 But whoso prays with fervency, prevails;
 For pray'r's the Key that opes th' eternal gate,
 And finds admittance, whether earl' or late;
 It forces audience, it unlocks the ear
 Of Heavens great God, (though deaf) it makes him
 Upon a time, *Babel* (the Worlds fair Queen [hear.
 Made drunk with choler, and enrag'd with Spleen)
 Through fell disdain, derraigned war 'gainst them
 That tender'd homage to *Jerusalem*;
 A maiden fight it was, yet they were strong
 As men of War, the Battle lasted long,
 Much Blood was shed, and spilt on either side,
 That all the ground with purple gore was dy'd:
 In fine, a Soldier of *Jerusalem*,
Charissa hight (the Alm'ner of the Realm)
 Chill'd with an Ague, and unapt to fight,
 Into *Justitia's* Castle took her flight,
 Whereat great *Babel's* Queen commanded all
 To lay their Siege against the Castle wall;
 But poor *Tymissa* not with war acquainted,
 Fearing *Charissa's* death, fell down and fainted;
 Dauntless *Prudentia* rear'd her from the ground,
 Where she lay (pale and senseless) in a swoond;
 She rub'd her Temples, and at length awaking
 She gave her water of *Fidissa's* making,
 And said, Cheer up, (dear sister) though our foe
 Hath ta'n us Captives, thus besieg'd with woe,
 We have a King puissant, and of might,
 Will see us take no wrong, and do us right,
 If we possess him with our sad complaint:
 Cheer up, we'll send to him, and him acquaint.
Tymissa (new awak'd from sound) replies,
 Our Castle is begirt with enemies,
 And troops of armed men besiege our walls,
 Then surely death, or worse than death befalls
 To her, (who'er she) that stirs a foot,
 Or rashly dares attempt to venter out;
 Alas! what hope have we to find relief,
 And want the means that may divulge our grief?

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Within that place a jolly Matron dwell'd,
 Whose looks were fixt and sad; her left hand held
 A pair of equal Ballances; her right
 A two-edg'd Sword; her eyes were quick and bright;
 Not apt to squint, but nimble to discern;
 Her visage lovely was, yet bold and stern;
 Her name *Justitia*: to her they make.

Their moan, who well advis'd them thus bespake:

Fair maidens, more beloved than the light,
 I rue the suff'rance of your woful plight,
 But pity's fond alone, recures no grief,
 But fruitless falls, unless it yeild relief.
 Cheer up, I have a Messenger in store,
 Whose speed is much, but faithful trust is more;
 Whose nimble wings shall cleave the flitting skies,
 And scorn the terrour of your Enemies;
Oratio hight, well known unto your King,
 Your message she will do and tidings bring;
 Provided that *Fidissa* travel with her,
 And so (on Christ's Name) let them go together.

With that *Fidissa* having ta'n her errant,
 And good *Oratio* with *Justitia*'s warrant,
 In silence of the midnight took her flight,
 Arriving at the Court that very night;
 But they were both as flames of fire hot,
 For they did flee as swift as Cannon shot;
 But they (left sudden cold should do them harm)
 Together clung and kept each other warm:
 But now the Kingly Gates were sparr'd and lockt,
 They call'd, but none made answer; then they knockt
 Together joining both their force in one,
 The knockt again, yet answer there was none:
 But they that never learn'd to take denial,
 With importunity made further trial;
 The King heard well, although he list not speak,
 Till they with strokes the Gate did well-nigh break.
 In fine, the brazen Gates flew open wide:
Oratio mov'd her suit; The King replide,
Oratio was a fair and welcome Guest:
 So heard her suit, so granted her request.
 Frail man, observe; in thee the practice lies,
 Let sacred Meditation moralize:

Let

Let pray'r be fervent, and thy faith entire,
And Heav'n at last will grant thee thy desire.

THE ARGUMENT.

*The second time was Jonah sent
To Niniveh : now Jonah went,
Against her crying sins he cry'd,
And her destruction prophesi'd*

S E C T. VIII.

ONce more the voice of Heavens high Commander
(Like horrid claps of Heavens dividing thunder,
Or like the fall of waters breach (the noise
Being heard far distant off) such was the voice)
Came down from Heav'n to *Jonah*, new-born Man,
To re-baptized *Jonah*, and thus began :

- ' Am I a God ? or art thou ought but dust ?
- ' More than a man ? or are my Laws unjust ?
- ' Am I a God, and shall not I command ?
- ' Art thou a man, and dar'st my Laws withstand ?
- ' Shall I (the motion of whose breath shall make
- ' Both Earth, and Sea, and Hell, and Heaven quake)
- ' By thee (fond man) shall I be thus neglected,
- ' And thy presumption 'scape uncorrected ?
- ' Thy faith hath sav'd thee (*Jonah* :) Sin no more,
- ' Lest worst things happen after, than before.
- ' Arise ; let all thy assembled pow'rs agree
- ' To do th' Embassage I impose on thee ;
- ' Trifle no more ; and to avoid my sight,
- ' Think not to baulk me with a second flight,
- ' Arise, and go to *Niniveh* (the great)
- ' Where Broods of Gentiles have ta'n up their Seat :
- ' The great Queen Regent Mother of the Land,
- ' That multiplies in people like the sand ;
- ' Away with wings of time, (I'll not esjoin thee)
- ' Denounce these fiery judgments, I enjoyn thee.

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Like as a Youngling that to school is sent
 Scarce weaned from his Mothers blandishment,
 (Where he was cocker'd with a stroaking hand)
 With stubborn heart denies the just command
 His Tutor wills ; but being once corrected,
 His home-bred stomach's curb'd or quite ejected :
 His crooked natur's chang'd and mollifi'd,
 And humbly seeks what stoutly he deni'd :
 So *Jonah's* stout, perverse, and stubborn heart
 Was hardned once but when it felt the smart
 Of Heav'n's avenging wrath it straight dissolv'd ;
 And what it once avoided, now resolv'd
 T' effect with speed, and with a careful hand,
 Fully replenish'd with his Lords Command,
 To *Niniveh* he flieth like a Roe,
 Each step the other strives to overgo :
 And as an Arrow to the mark does flie,
 So (bent to flight) flies he to *Niniveh*.

Now *Niniveh* a mighty City was,
 Which all the Cities of the World did pass ;
 A City which o'r all the rest aspires
 Like midnight *Phaebe* 'mongst the lesser fires :
 A City which (altho' to men was given)
 Better beseem'd the Majesty of Heaven :
 A City great to God, whose ample Wall,
 Who undertakes to mete with paces, shall
 Bring *Phabus* thrice to Bed, e're it be done,
 (Although with dawning *Hesperus* begun.)

When *Jonas* hath approach'd the City Gate,
 He made no stay to rest, nor yet to bate,
 No supple Oyl his fainting head anoints,
 Stays not to bathe his weather-beaten Joynts,
 Nor smooth'd his Countenance, nor slick'd his Skin,
 Nor craved he the Hostage of an Inn,
 To ease his aking Bones (with travel sore ;)
 But went as speedy as he fled before :
 The Cities greatness made him not refuse
 To be the Trump of that unwelcome news
 Histongue was great with ; but (like thunder's noise)
 His mouth flew ope, and out there rusht a voice.

When

*When dewy-cheek'd Aurora shall display
Her golden locks and summon up the Day
Twice twenty times, and lift her drowsie head
Twice twenty night, in aged Tithons Bed,
Then Niniveh, this place of high renown,
Shall be destroy'd and sack'd and batter'd down.*

He sat not down to take deliberation.
What manner people were they, or what Nation,
Or, Gent', or Salvage; nor did he enquire
What place were most convenient for a Crier;
Nor like a sweet-lip'd Orator did steer,
Or tune his Language to the peoples ear;
But bold, and rough, yet full of Majesty,
Lift up his trumpet and began to cry,
*When forty times Don Phœbus shall fulfil
His Journal course upon th' Olympian Hill,
Then Niniveh (the Worlds great wonder) shall
Scuttle the Worlds Foundation with her Fall.*
The dismal Prophet stands not to admire
The Cities pomp, or peoples quaint attire;
Nor yet (with fond affection) doth he pity,
Th' approaching downfall of so brave a City,
But dauntless he his dreadful voice extends,
Respectless, whom this bolder cry offends;

*When forty days shall be expir'd, and run,
And that poor inch of time drawn out, and done,
Then Niniveh (the Worlds Imperial Throne)
Shall not be left a stone upon a stone.*

Meditat. VIII.

BUT stay! Is God like one of us? Can he,
When he hath said, it alter his Decree?
Can he that is the God of Truth dispense
With what he vow'd? or offer violence
Upon his sacred Justice? Can his mind
Revolt at all, or vary like the wind?
How comes this alteration then, that he
Thus limiting th' effect of his Decree

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Upon th' expiring date of forty days,
 He then performs it not? But still delays
 His plagues denounc'd, and judgment still forbears,
 And 'stead of forty days gives many years?
 Yet forty days and, *Niniveh* shall perish;
 Yet forty years, and *Niniveh* doth flourish;
 A change in man's infirm, in God 'tis strange;
 In God to change his Will, and will a Change,
 Are divers things: When he repents from ill,
 He wills a Change; he changes not his Will;
 The Subject's chang'd, which secret was to us,
 But not the mind that did dispose it thus;
 Denounced Judgment God doth oft prevent,
 But neither changes counsel, nor intent;
 The voice of Heaven doth seldom threat perdition,
 But with exprefs, or an impli'd Condition,
 So that, if *Niniveh* return from ill,
 God turns his hand, he doth not turn his Will,

The stint of *Niniveh* was forty days,
 To change the bias of her crooked ways;
 To some the time is large; to others small;
 To some 'tis many years; And not at all
 To others; Some an hour have, and some
 Have scarce a minute of their time to come:
 Thy span of life (*Malsido*) is thy space
 To call for mercy, and to cry for grace.

Lord! what is man, but like a Worm that crawls,
 Open to danger every foot that falls?
 Death creeps (unheard) and steals abroad (unseen,)
 Her Darts are sudden, and her Arrows keen;
 Uncertain when, but certain she will strike;
 Respecting King and Beggar both alike;
 The stroke is deadly, come it soon or late,
 Which once being struck, repenting's out of date;
 Death is a minute, full of sudden sorrow:
 "Then live to day, as thou may'st dye to morrow.

THE ARGUMENT.

*The Ninivites believe the word,
Their hearts return unto the Lord;
In him they put their only trust:
They mourn in Sackcloth, and in dust.*

SECT. IX.

SO said, the *Ninivites* believ'd the Word,
Believ'd *Jonah*, and believ'd the Lord;
They made no pause, nor jested at the news,
Nor sleighted it, because it was a Jew's
Denouncement: No, nor did their gazing eyes
(As taken captive with such novelties)
Admire the strangers garb, so quaint to theirs,
No idle chat possess'd their itching ears
The whilst he spake: nor were their tongues on fire
To rail upon, nor interrupt the Crier:
Nor did they question whether true the Message,
Or false the Prophet were, that brought th'Embassage.
But they gave faith to what he said; relented,
And (changing their mis-wandred ways) repented
Before the searching Air could cool his word,
Their hearts returned, and believ'd the Lord:
And they, whose dainty lips were cloy'd while-e'er
With cates, and viands, and with wanton chear,
Do now enjoyn their palates not to tast
The offal bread; (for they proclaim'd a Fast)
And they, whose looser Bodies once did lye
Wrapt up in Robes, and Silks of Princely Dye,
Lo now, instead of Robes, in rags they mourn,
And all their Silks do into Sackcloth turn:
They read themselves sad Lectures on the ground
Learning to want, as well as to abound,
The Prince was not exempted, nor the Peer,
Nor yet the richest, nor the poorest there;

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The old man was not freed, (whose hoary Age
Had ev'n almost outworn his Pilgrimage)
Nor yet the young, whose Glass (but new begun)
By course of Nature had an Age to run.

For when that Fatal Word came to the King,
(Convey'd with speed upon the nimble wing
Of flitting Fame) he straight dismounts his Throne,
Forſakes his Chair of State he ſate upon,
Diſrob'd his Body and his Head diſcrown'd,
In duſt and aſhes, grov'ling on the ground,
And when he rear'd his trembling Corps again,
(His hair all filthy with the duſt he lay in)
He clad in penſive Sackcloth did depoſe
Himſelf from State Imperial, and choſe
To live a Vaſſal, or a baſer thing,
Than to uſurp the Scepter of a King:
(Reſpectleſs of his pomp) he quite forgot
He was a Monarch, mindleſs of his State,
He neither ſought to rule, or be obey'd,
Not with his Sword, nor with the Scepter ſway'd.

Meditat. IX.

IS faſting then the thing that God requires?
Can faſting expiate, or ſlake thoſe fires
That ſin hath blown to ſuch a mighty flame?
Can Sackcloth clothe a fault, or hide a ſhame?
Can aſhes cleanſe thy blot? or purge thy offence?
Or do thy hands make Heaven a recompence,
By ſtrowing duſt upon thy briny face?
Are theſe the tricks to purchaſe heavenly Grace?
No, though thou pine thy ſelf with willing want;
Or face look thin, or Carcaſs ne'r ſo gaunt;
Although thou worſe weeds than Sackcloth wear,
Or naked go; or ſleep in ſhirts of hair;
Or though thou chuſe an Aſh-tub for thy Bed,
Or make a daily Dunghill on thy Head;
Thy labour is not pois'd with equal gains,
For thou haſt nought but labour for thy pains:

Such

Such holy madness God rejects, and loaths,
 That sinks no deeper than the skin or cloaths :
 'Tis not thine eyes which (taught to weep by art)
 Look red with tears, (not guilty of thy heart)
 'Tis not the holding of thy hands so high,
 Nor yet the purer squinting of thine eye ;
 'Tis not your mimick mouth, your antick faces,
 Your Scripture phrases, or affected Graces,
 Your prodigal up-banding of your eyes,
 Whose gassful Balls do seem to pelt the skies ;
 'Tis not the strict reforming of your hair
 So close, that all the neighbouring skull is bare :
 'Tis not the drooping of thy head so low,
 Nor yet the lowring of thy sullen brow,
 Nor wolvisb howling that disturbs the Air,
 Nor repetitions, or your tedious prayer ;
 No, no, tis none of this that God regards ;
 Such sort of fools their own applause rewards,
 Such puppet-playsto Heaven are strange and quaint,
 Their service is unsweet, and foully taint ;
 Their words fall fruitless from their idle brain,
 But true repentance runs in other strain :
 Where sad contrition harbours there the heart
 Is truly acquainted with the secret smart
 Of past Offences, hates the bosom sin
 The most, which most the Soul took pleasure in
 No crime unfitted, no sin unrepresented
 Can lurk unseen, and seen none unlamented ;
 The troubled Soul's amaz'd with dire aspects
 Of lesser sins committed and detests
 The wounded Conscience ; it cries amain
 For mercy, mercy, cries, and cries again ;
 It sadly grieves, and soberly laments ;
 It yerns for grace, reforms, returns, repents,
 I, this is incense whose accepted favour
 Mounts up the Heavenly Throne, and findest favour ;
 I, this is it, whose valour never fails,
 With God it stoutly wrestles and prevails :
 I, this is it that pierces Heaven above,
 Never returning home (like Noah's Dove)

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But brings an olive leaf, or some encrease,
That works Salvation, and Eternal Peace.

THE ARGUMENT.

*The Prince and People fasts, and prays:
God heard, accepted, lik'd their ways;
Upon their timely true repentance,
God revers't, and chang'd his Sentence.*

SECT. X.

THen suddenly with holy Zeal inflam'd,
He caus'd a general Act to be proclaim'd,
By sage advice, and counsel of his Peers;
' Let neither man, or child, of youth, or years,
' From greatest in the City, to the least,
' Nor Hord, nor pining Flock, nor hungry Beast,
' Nor any thing that draweth Air, or Breath,
' On forfeiture of life, or present death,
' Presume to taste of nourishment, or food,
' Or move their hungry lips to chew the cud;
' From out their eyes let Springs of water burst,
' With tears (or nothing) let them slake their thirst:
' Moreo'er, let every man (what e'er he be)
' Of higher quality, or low degree,
' D' off all they wear, (excepting but the same
' That Nature craves, and that which covers shame)
' Their nakedness with Sackcloth let them hide,
' And mue the Vestments of their silken ride;
' And let the brave carrying Horse of War,
' (Whose rich Caparisons, and Trappings are
' The glorious Wardrobe of a Victor's show)
' Let him disrobe, and put on Sackcloth too;
' The Ox (ordain'd for yoke) the Ass (for load)
' The Horse (as well for Race, as for the Road)

' The burthen-bearing Camel (strong and great)
 ' The fruitful Kine, and every kind of Neat,
 ' Let all put Sackcloth on, and spare no voice,
 ' But cry aloud to Heaven with mighty noise;
 ' Let all men turn the Biass of their ways,
 ' And change their fiercer hands to force of praise:
 ' For who can tell if God (whose angry face
 ' Hath long been waining from us) will embrace
 ' This slender pittance of our best endeavour ?
 ' Who knows if God will his intent persevere ?
 ' Or who can tell, if he (whose tender love)
 ' Transcends his sharper Justice) will remove
 ' And change his high Decree, and turn his Sentence
 ' Upon a timely and unfeign'd repentance ?
 ' And who can tell, if Heaven will change the Lot,
 ' That we and ours may live, and perish not ?
 So God perceiv'd their works, and saw their ways
 Approv'd the faith, that in their works did blaze,
 Approv'd their faith, approv'd their works the rather
 Because their faith and works went both together
 He saw their faith, because their faith abounded;
 He saw their works, because on faith they grounded
 He saw their faith, their works, and so relented;
 H' approv'd their works, their faith, and so repented
 Repented of the plagues they apprehended;
 Repented of the evil that he intended;
 So God the Vengeance of his hand withdrew,
 He took no forfeiture, although 'twere due,
 The evil, that once he meant, he now forgot,
 Cancell'd the forfeit Bond, and did it not.

Meditat. X.

SEE, into what an ebb of low estate
 The Soul that seeks to be regenerate
 Must first descend, before the Ball rebound,
 It must be thrown with force against the ground;
 The seed encreases not in fruitful ears,
 Nor can she rear the goodly stalk she bears,

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Unless bestrow'd upon a mould of earth,
 And made more glorious by a second birth;
 So man, before his wisdom can bring forth
 The brave exploits of truly noble worth,
 Or hope the granting of his sins remission,
 He must be humbl'd first in sad contrition.
 The plant (through want of skill, or by neglect)
 If it be planted from the Suns reflect,
 Or lack the dew of seasonable showers,
 Decays, and beareth neither fruits nor flowers:
 So wretched man, if his repentance hath
 No quickning Sun-shine of a lively Faith,
 Or not bedew'd with show'rs of timely tears,
 Or works of mercy, (wherein) Faith appears,
 His prayers, and deeds, and all his forced groans;
 Are like the howls of Dogs, and works of Drones.
 The wise Chirurgeon, (first by letting blood)
 Weakens his Patient e're he does him good
 Before the Soul can a true comfort find,
 The Body must be prostrate; and the mind
 Truly repentive, and contrite within,
 And loath the fawning of a bosom sin.

But Lord! Can man deserve? Or can his best
 Do Justice equal right, which he transgresseth?
 When Dust and Ashes mortally offends,
 Can Dust and Ashes make eternal mends?
 Is Heaven unjust? Must not the recompence
 Be full equivalent to the offence?
 What mends by mortal Man can then be given
 To the offended Majesty of Heaven?

O Mercy! Mercy! on thee my Soul relies,
 On thee we build our faith, we bend our eyes;
 Thou fill'st my empty strain, thou fill'st my tongue;
 Thou art the subject of my Swan-like Song;
 Like pinion'd pris'ners at the dying Tree,
 Our lingring hopes attend and wait on thee;
 (Arraign'd at Justice Bar) prevent our doom;
 To thee with joyful hearts we chearly come;
 Thou art our Clergy; Thou that dearest Book,
 Wherein our fainting eyes desire to look;

In thee, we trust to read (what will release us)
In bloody Characters, that Name of J E S U S.

What shall we then return the God of Heaven
Where nothing is (Lord) nothing can be given;
Our Souls, our Bodies, strength, and all our pow'
(Alas !) were all too little, were they ours :
Or shall we burn (until our life expires)
An endless Sacrifice in holy fires ?
My Sacrifice shall be my heart intire,
My Christ the Altar, and my zeal the Fire.

THE ARGUMENT.

*The Prophet discontented prays
To God, that he would end his days;
God blames his wrath so unrepent,
Reproves his unadvis'd request.*

SECT. XI.

BUT this displeasing was in *Jonah's* eyes,
His heart grew hot, his blood began to rise,
His eyes did sparkle, and his teeth struck fire,
His veins did boil, his heart was full of ire ;
At last brake forth into a strange request,
These words he pray'd, and mumbld out the rest
' Was not, O was not this my thought (O Lord
' Before I fled ? Nay, was not this my word,
' The very word my jealous language vented,
' When this mishap might well have been prevented
' Was there, O was there not a just suspect,
' My preaching would procure this effect ?
' For Lord I knew of old, thy tender love ;
' I knew the pow'r, thou gav'st my tongue, would move
' Their adamantine hearts ; I knew 'twould thaw
' Their frozen spirits, and breed relenting awe
' I knew (great God) upon their true repentance
' That thou determin'dst to reverse thy sentence

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' For well I knew thou wert a gracious God,
 ' Of long forbearance, slow to use the Rod;
 ' I knew, the power of thy Mercies bent
 ' The strength of all thy other works outwent;
 ' I knew thy tender kindness, and how loth
 ' Thou wert to punish, and how slow to wrath:
 ' Turning thy Judgments, and thy Plagues preven-
 ' Thy mind reversing, and of ev'l repenting; (ting.
 ' Therefore (O therefore) upon this perswasion
 ' I fled to *Tarshish*, there to make evasion,
 ' To save thy credit (*Lord*) to save mine own:
 ' For when this blast of zeal is overblown,
 ' And Sackcloth left, and they surcease to mourn,
 ' When they (like dogs) shall to their vomit turn.
 ' They'll vilipend thy sacred Word, and scoff it,
 ' Saying, was that a God, or this a Prophet? (spise.
 ' They'll scorn thy Judgments, and thy threats de-
 ' And call thy Prophets, Messengers of lies.
 ' Now therefore (*Lord*) bow down attentive ear,
 ' For ah! my burthen's more than flesh can bear:
 ' Make speed (*O Lord*) and banish all delays
 ' T' extinguisht now the Taper of my days:
 ' Let not the minutes of my time extend,
 ' But let my stretched hours find an end:
 ' Let not my fainting spirit longer stay
 ' In this frail Mansion of distemper'd Clay;
 ' The thred's but weak my life depends upon,
 ' O cut that thred, and let my life be done:
 ' My breast stands fair, strike then, and strike again;
 ' For nought but dying can assuage my pain:
 ' O may I rather die than live in shame;
 ' Better it is to leave, and yield the game,
 ' Than toil, for what, at length, must needs be lost;
 ' O kill me, for my heart is so'e imboist:
 ' This latter boon unto thy servant give,
 ' For better 'tis for me to die than live,
 ' So wretched *Tonah*. But *Jehovah* thus:
 ' What boots it so to storm outrageous?
 ' Becomes it thus my Servant's heart to swell?
 ' Can anger help thee, *Tonah* dost thou well?

Meditat. XI.

HOW poor a thing is Man! How vain's his mind
 How strange! how base! and wav'ring like the wind
 How uncouth are his ways! how full of danger! [wind
 How to himself, is he himself a stranger!
 His heart's corrupt, and all his thoughts are vain;
 His actions sinful, and all his words prophane;
 His will's deprav'd, his senses are beguil'd,
 His reason's dark, his members all defil'd.
 His hasty feet are swift and prone to ill;
 His guilty hands are ever bent to kill;
 His tongue's a sponge of venome, (or of worse)
 His practice is to swear, his skill to curse;
 His eyes are fire-balls of lustful fire,
 And outward helps to inward foul desire;
 His Body is a well erected station,
 Out full of folly and corrupted passion:
 Fond love, and raging lust, and foolish fears;
 Griefs overwhelmed with immoderate tears;
 Excessive joy; prodigious desire;
 Unholy anger, red and hot as fire;
 These daily clog the Soul, that's fast in prison,
 From whose encrease this luckless brood is risen,
 Respectless Pride, and lustful idleness,
 Base ribauld talk, and loathsom Drunkenness,
 Faithless Despair and vain Curiosity:
 Both false, yet double-tongu'd Hypocrisie;
 Soft flattery, and haughty-ey'd Ambition;
 Heart-gnawing hatred, and squint-ey'd Suspicion
 Self-e-ting Envy, envious Detraction,
 Hopeless distrust, and too too sad Dejection;
 Revengful Malice, hellish Blasphemy,
 Idolatry, and light Inconstancy;
 Daring Presumption, wry-mouth'd Derision,
 Damned Apostasie, fond Superstition.
 What heedful watch? Ah what continual ward:
 How great respect, and hourly regard

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Strands man in hand to have ; when such a brood
Of furious hell-hounds seek to suck his blood ?
Day, night, and hour, they rebel and wrastle ;
And never cease, till they subdue the Castle.

How slight a thing is man ? how frail and brittle ?
How seeming great is he ? how truly little ?
Within the bosom of his holiest works,
Some hidden Embers of old *Adam* lurks,
Which oftentimes in men of purest ways,
Burst out in flame, and for a season blaze.

Lord teach our hearts, and give our souls directions,
Subdue our passions, curb our stout affections ;
Nip thou the Bud before the bloom begins ;
Lord shield thy servants from presumptuous sins.

THE ARGUMENT.

*A Booth for shelter Jonah made ;
God sent a Gourd for better shade ;
But by the next approaching light,
God sent a Worm consum'd it quite.*

SECT. XII.

SO *Jonah* (sore oppress'd and heavy-hearted)
From out the Cities Circuit straight departed.
Departed to the Eastern Borders of it,
Where sick with anguish sat this sullen Prophet,
He built a Booth, and in the Booth he sate,
(Until some few Days had expir'd their date,
With over-tedious pace) where he might see
What would betide to threatned *Niniveh*.

A trunk that wanteth sap, is soon decay'd ;
The slender Booth of Boughs and Branches made,
Soon yielding to the Suns consuming Ray,
Crumbled to dust, and early dry'd away :
Whereat the great *Jehovah* spake the word,
And over *Jonah*'s head there sprang a Gourd,

Whose roots were fixt within the quickning Earth,
Which gave it nourishment as well as Birth:
God raised up a Gourd, a Gourd should last,
Let Wind, or scorching Sun, or blow or blast:

As Coals of fire, rak'd up in embers, lye
Obscure and undiscerned by the eye;
But being stirr'd, regain a glimm'ring light,
Revive, and glow, burning afresh, and bright:
So *Jonah* 'gen to cheer through this relief,
And joyf'ul was, devoided all his grief,
He joy'd to see that God had not forgot
His drooping servant, and forsook him not;
He joy'd, in hope the Gourd strange wonder, will
Perswade the People he's a Prophet still:
The fresh aspect did much refresh his sight;
The herbal flavour gave his sense delight:
'Thus *Jonah* much delighted in his Gourd,
Enjoy'd the pleasures that it did afford.

But, Lord! What earthly thing can long remain?
How momentary are they! and how vain!
How vain is Earth, that man delighted in it!
Her pleasures rise and vanish in a minute:
How fleeting are the joys we find below,
Whose tides (uncertain) oftner ebb, than flow!
For see! this Gourd (that was so fair and sound)
Is quite consum'd and eaten to the ground;
No sooner *Titan* had up-heav'd his head
From off the pillow of his saffron bed,
But Heaven prepar'd a silly, silly worm,
(Perchance brought thither by an Eastern storm)
The worm that must obey and well know how,
Consum'd the Gourd, nor left it root nor bough;
Consum'd it straight within a minute's space,
Left nought, but (sleeping) *Jonah* in the place.

Meditat. XII.

THE pleasures of the World (which soon abate)
Are lively Emblems of our own estate,
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Which (like a Banquet at a Fun'ral show)
 But sweeten grief, and serve to flatter wo.
 Pleasure is fleeting still, and makes no stay,
 It lends a smile or twain, and steals away.
 Man's life is fickle, full of winged haste,
 It mocks the sense with joy, and soon doe waste :
 Pleasure does crown thy youth, and lull thy wants;
 But (fullen age approaching) straight avants.
 Man's life is joy, and sorrow seeks to banish,
 It doth lament and mourn in Age, and vanish.
 The time of pleasure's like the life of Man ;
 Both joyful both contained in a span ;
 Both highly priz'd, and both on sudden lost ;
 When most we trust them, they deceive us most.
 What fit of madness makes us love them thus ?
 We leave our lives, and pleasure leaveth us :
 Why, what is pleasure ? but a golden dream,
 Which (waking) makes our wants the more extream.
 And what is life ? A bubble full of care,
 Which (prick'd by death) straight enters into Air :
 The flowers (clad in a far more rich array,
 Than e'er was *Solomon*) do soon decay ;
 What thing more sweet, or fairer than a flower ?
 And yet it blooms and fades within an hour :
 What greater pleasure than a rising Sun ?
 Yet is this pleasure every Evening done :
 But thou art Heir to *Craesus*, and thy treasure
 Being great and endless, endless is thy pleasure :
 But thou (thou *Craesus* Heir) consider must,
 Thy wealth, and thou, came from, and goes to dust :
 Another's noble and his Name is great,
 And takes his place upon a lofty Seat ;
 True 'tis, but yet his many wants are such,
 That better 'twere he were not known so much.
 Another binds his Soul in *Hymens* knot,
 His spouse is chaste, unblemish'd with a spot ;
 But yet his comfort is bedasht and done,
 His grounds are stockt, and now he wants a Son.
 How fickle and unconstant's man's estate !
 Man fain would have, but then he knows not what :

And having, rightly knows not how to prize it,
 But like that foolish Dunghil-Cock, employs it.
 But who desires to live a life content,
 Wherein his Cruise of joy shall ne'er be spent.
 With fierce pursuit let him that good desire,
 Whose date no change, no fortune can expire.
 For that's not worth the craving to obtain
 A happiness that must be lost again.
 Nor that, which most do covet most, is best;
 Best are the goods, mixt with contented rest.
 Gasp not for honour, wish no blazing glory,
 For these will perish in an Ages Story;
 Nor yet for power; power may be carv'd
 To fools, as well as thee, that hast deserv'd:
 Thirst not for Lands nor Money; wish for none;
 For wealth is neither lasting, nor our own:
 Riches are fair enticements to deceive us,
 They flatter, while we live, and dying, leave us.

THE ARGUMENT.

*Jonah desires to dye, the Lord
 Rebukes him, he maintains his word:
 His anger he doth justifie,
 God pleads the cause for Niniveh.*

SECT. XIII.

WHen ruddy *Phabus* had with morning light
 Subdu'd the East, and put the Stars to flight.
 Heav'n's hand prepar'd a fervent Eastern wind,
 Whose drougt together with the Sun combin'd,
 The one as Bellows blowing t'others fire,
 With strong united force did both conspire

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To make assault upon the fainting head
Of helpless *Jonah*, that was well-nigh dead,
Who turning oft, and tossing to and fro,
(As they that are in torment use to do)
And (restless) finding no success of ease,
But rather that his tortures still encrease;
His secret passion to his Soul betray'd,
Craving no sweeter boon than death, and said,
'O kill me (Lord) or lo my heart will rive,
'For better 'tis for me to die, than live.

So said, the Lord did interrupt his passion,
And said, 'How now, is this a seemly fashion?
'Doth it become my servant's heart to swell?
'Can anger help thee? *Jonah*, dost thou well?
'Is this a fit speech? or a well plac'd word?
'What art thou angry (*Jonah*) for a Gourd?
'What if th' *Arabians* with their ruder train,
'Had kill'd thine Oxen, and thy Cattel slain?
'What if consuming fire (fall'n from Heaven)
'Had all thy servants of their lives bereaven,
'And burnt thy sheep? What if by strong oppression
'The *Chaldees* had usurp'd unjust possession
'Upon thy Camels? Or had *Beris* blown
'His full-mouth'd blast and cast thy houses down,
'And slain thy Sons amidst their jollities?
'Or hast thou lost thy Vineyard full of trees?
'Hadst thou been ravish'd of thine only sheep,
'That in thy tender bosom us'd to sleep?
'How would thy hasty spirit then been stirr'd,
'If thou art angry, *Jonah*, for a Gourd?

'To which thus *Jonah* vents his idle breath,
'Lord, I do well to vex unto the death;
'I fear not to acknowledge and profess;
'Deserved rage, I'm angry, I confess:
'T would make a spirit that is thorow frozen,
'To blaze like flaming pitch, and fry like Rozen:
'Why dost thou ask that thing that thou canst tell?
'Thou know'st I'm angry, and 't beseems me well.

So

- ' So said, the Lord to *Jonah* thus bespake ;
 ' Dost thou bemoan, and such compassion take
 ' Upon a Gourd ; whose seed thou didst not sow,
 ' Nor move thy busie hands to make it grow :
 ' Whose beauty small, and value was but slight,
 ' Which sprang, as also perisht in a night ?
 ' Hadst thou (O dust and ashes) such a care,
 ' Such imbred-pity a trifling plant to spare ?
 ' Hadst thou (O hard and uncompassionate,
 ' To wish the razing of so brave a State)
 ' Hadst thou (I say) compassion to bewail
 ' The extirpation of a Gourd so frail ?
 ' And shall not I (that am the Lord of Lords)
 ' Whose Fountain's never dry, but still affords
 ' Sweet streams of mercy, with a fresh supply,
 ' To those that thirst for grace : What shall not I
 ' That am the God of mercy, and have sworn
 ' To pardon Sinners whensoever they turn ?
 ' (I say) shall I disclaim my wonted pity,
 ' And bring to ruine such a goodly City,
 ' Whose hearts (so truly penitent) implore me,
 ' Who day and night pour forth their souls before
 ' Shall I destroy the mighty *Niniveh*, [me ?
 ' Whose people are like Sands about the Sea ?
 ' 'Mong which are sixscore thousand Babes (at least)
 ' That hang upon their tender Mothers-breast,
 ' Whose pretty smiles could never yet descry
 ' The dear affection of their Mothers eye ?
 ' Shall I subvert, and bring to desolation
 ' A City (nay, more aptly term'd a Nation)
 ' Whose walls boast less their beauty than their might ?
 ' Whose hearts are sorrowful, and souls contrite ?
 ' Whose Infants are in number so amounting ?
 ' And beasts, and cattel endless, without counting ?
 ' What, *Jonah*, shall a Gourd so move thy pity ?
 ' And shall not I spare such a goodly City ?

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Meditatio ultima.

MY heart is full, my vent is too too strait.
 My tongue's too trusty to my poor conceit;
 My mind's in labour, and finds no redress;
 My heart conceives, my lips cannot express:
 My Organs suffer through a main defect;
 Alas! I want a proper Dialect
 To blazon forth the tithe of what I muse;
 The more I meditate, the more accrues;
 Burlo, my faultring tongue must say no more,
 Unless she step where she hath trod before.
 What? shall I then be silent? No, I'll speak
 (Till tongue be tired, and my lungs be weak)
 Of dearest mercy, in as sweet a strain,
 As it should please my Muse to lend a Vein:
 And when my voice shall stop within her source,
 And speech shall falter in this high discourse;
 My tired tongue (unsham'd) shall thus extend
 Only to name, Dear Mercy, and so end.

O high Imperial King, Heavens Architect,
 Is Man a thing, besitting thy respect?
 Lord, thou art Wisdom, and thy Ways are holy,
 But Man's polluted, full of filth, and folly;
 Yet is he (Lord) the fabrick of thy hand,
 And in his Soul he bears thy glorious brand,
 Howe'r defaced with the rust of sin,
 Which hath abus'd thy stamp, and eaten in;
 'Tis not the frailty of Man's corrupted nature;
 Makes thee asham'd t'acknowledge man thy creature;
 But like a tender Father, here on earth,
 (Whose child by nature, or abortive birth.
 Doth want that sweet and favourable relish,
 Wherewith her Creatures Nature doth imbellish)
 Respects

Respects him ne'rtheless; even so thy grace
 (Great God) extends to Man; though sin deface
 The glorious pourtraicture that Man doth bear,
 Whereby he loath'd and ugly doth appear,
 Yet thou (within whose tender Bowels are
 Deep gulfs of Mercy, sweet beyond compare)
 Regard'st, and lov'st (with rev'rence be it said)
 Nay, seem'st to dote on Man; when he hath straid
 Lord, thou hast brought him to his fold again;
 When he was lost, thou didst not then disdain
 To think upon a Vagabond, and give
 Thy dearest Son to die, that he might live.
 How poor a Mite art thou content withal,
 That Man might 'scape his down approaching fall;
 Though base we are, yet thou dost not abhor us,
 But (as our Story speaks) art pleading for us,
 To save us harmless from our Fo-mans jaws
 As thou turn'd Orator to plead our Cause!

How are thy mercies full of admiration!
 How sovereign! how sweet's their application!
 Patning the Soul with sweetness, and repairing
 The rotten ruines of a Soul despairing.
 Lo here (*Mafdo*) is a Feast prepar'd;
 Fall to with courage, and let nought bespar'd;
 Taste freely of it, Here's no Mifers Feast;
 Eat what thou can'st, and pocket up the rest:
 These precious Viands are Restorative,
 Eat then; and if the sweetness make thee dry,
 Drink large carouses out of Mercies Cup,
 The best lies in the bottom, Drink all up;
 These Cates are sweet Ambrosia to the Soul;
 And that which fills the brim of mercies Bowl,
 It's dainty Nectar; eat and drink thy fill;
 Spare not the one, not yet the other spill;
 Provide in time: Thy Banquet is begun,
 Lay up in store against the Feast be done:
 For lo, the time of banquetting is short,
 And once being done, the World cannot restor't;

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Misc

A Feast for Worms.

51

It is a Feast of Mercy, and of Grace:
It is a Feast for all, or high, or base:
A Feast for him that begs upon the way,
As well for him that does the Scepter sway:
A Feast for him that hourly bemoans
His dearest sins, with sighs, and tears, and groans;
A Feast for him, whose gentle heart reforms;
A Feast for Men; and so *A Feast for Worms.*

‘ Dear liefeſt Lord, that feaſt’ſt the World with
[grace,
‘ Extend thy bounteous hand, thy glorious face.
‘ Bid joyful welcome to thy hungry gueſt,
‘ That we may praise the Maſter of the Feaſt;
‘ And in thy mercy grant this boon to me,
‘ That I may die to ſin, and live to thee.

F I N I S.

St AMBROSE.

Miſericordia eſt plenitudo omnium virtutum,

The general use of this History.

When as the ancient World did all imbarke,
 Within the compass of good *Noah's Ark*,
 Forth to the new-washt earth a Dove was sent,
 Who in her mouth return'd an Olive plant,
 Which in a silent language this related,
 How that the waters were at length abated.
 Those swelling waters is the wrath of God,
 And like the Dove, are Prophets sent abroad;
 The Olive leaf's a joyful type of peace,
 A faithful sign Gods vengeance doth decrease;
 They salve the wounded heart, and make it whole,
 They bring glad tidings to the drooping soul,
 Proclaiming grace to them that thirst for grace,
 Mercy to those that Mercy will embrace.

Misfit, thou, in whose distrustful breast
 Despair hath brought in sticks to build her nest.
 Where she may safely lodge her luckless brood,
 To feed upon thy heart, and suck thy blood,
 Beware betimes, lest custom and permission
 Prescribe a title, and so claim possession.

Despairing man, whose burthen makes thee stoop
 Under the terrour of thy sins, and droop
 Through dull despair, whose too too fullen grief
 Makes Heav'n unable to apply relief;
 Whose ears are dull'd with noise of whips and chains,
 And yells of damned Souls, through tort'ed pains:
 Come here, and rouse thy self, unsettle those eyes,
 Which sad Despair clos'd up; Arise, Arise,
 And go to *Niniveh*, the Worlds great Palace,
 Earths mighty wonder, and behold the Ballace
 And burthen of her bulk, is nought but sin,
 Which (wilful) she commits and wallows in;
 Behold her Images, her Fornications,
 Her crying sins her, vile abominations:
 Behold the guiltless blood that she did spill
 Like Spring-tides in the Streets and reeking still:
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53 *The general use of this History.*

Behold her scorching lusts and taint desire
Like sulph'rous *Ætna* blaze, and blaze up higher;
She rapes, and rends, and thieves, and there is none
Can justly call the thing he hath his own:
That sacred Name of God, that Name of wonder,
Instead of Worshiping she tears in sunder;
She's not inthrall'd to this sin or another,
But like a Leper's all infected over;
Not only sinful, but in sins subjection;
She's not infected, but a mere infection.

No sooner had the Prophet (Heav'n's great Spy)
Begun an Onset to his louder Cry,
But she repented, sigh'd, and wept, and tore
Her curious hair, and garments that she wore:
She sate in ashes, and with sackcloth clad her,
All drencht in brine, that grief cannot be sadder;
She calls a Fast, proclaims a prohibition
To Man and Beast sad Tokens of contrition.)

No sooner pray'd, but heard; No sooner groan'd,
But pitied; No sooner griev'd, but moan'd;
Timely repentance speedy grace procur'd,
The sore that's salv'd in time is easily cur'd,
No sooner had her trickling tears o'rsown
Her blubber'd cheeks, but heav'n was apt to moan
Her pensive heart, wip'd her suffused eyes,
And gently stroak'd her cheeks, and bid her rise;
No faults were seen, as if no fault had been,
Dear Mercy made a Quittance for her sin.

Malsdo, rouse thy leaden Spirit, bestir thee,
Hold up thy drouzy head, here's comfort for thee:
What if thy zeal be frozen hard? what then?
Thy Saviour's blood will thaw thy frost agen:
Thy pray'rs, that should be fervent, hot as fire,
Proceed but coldly, from a dull desire;
What then? Grieve only, but do not dismay,
Who hears thy pray'rs, will give thee strength to pray;
Though left a while, thou art not quite giv'n o're,
Where sin abounds, there Grace aboundeth more.
This, this is all the good that I can do thee.
To ease thy grief; I here commend unto thee

A little Book, but a great Mystery,
 A great delight, a little History;
 A little branch split from a living Tree,
 But bearing fruit as great as great might be;
 A small abridgment of thy Lord's great love;
 A message sent from Heaven by a Dove,
 It is a heavenly Lecture, that relates
 To Princes, Pastors, People, all Estates
 Their severall Duties.
 Peruse it well, and bind it to thy Breast,
 There rests the cause of thy defect of rest:
 But read it often, or else read it not,
 Once read is not observ'd, and soon forgot!
 Nor is't enough to read, but understand,
 Or else thy tongue for want of wit's prophand,
 Nor is't enough to purchase knowledge by it,
 Salve heals no sore unless the party apply it;
 Apply it then, which if thy flesh refrains.
 Strive what thou canst, and pray for what remains.

The particular Application.

THOU then that art oppress'd with sad despair,
 Here shalt thou see the strong effect of pray'r;
 Then pray with faith, and (servent) without ceasing:
 (Like Jacob) wrestle, till thou get a Blessing.

Here shalt thou see the type of Christ thy Saviour;
 Then let thy suits be through his Name and favour.

Here shalt thou find repentance, and true grief
 Of sinners like thy self, and their belief;
 Then suit thy grief to theirs, and let thy soul
 Cry mightily, until her wounds be whole.
 Here shalt thou see the meekness of thy God,
 Who on Repentance turns, and burns the Rod!
 Repents of what he purpos'd, and is sorry;
 Here may ye hear him stoutly pleading for ye;
 Then thus shall be thy meed, if thou repent
 Instead of plagues and direful punishment,
 Thou shalt find mercy, love, and Heav'n's applause,
 And God of Heaven himself shall plead thy cause.
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Here hast thou then compil'd within this treasure,
First, the Almighty's high and just displeasure
Against foul sin, and such as sinful be,
Or Prince. or poor, or high, or low degree.

Here is descry'd the beaten Road to Faith:

Here mayst thou see the force that preaching hath:

Here is describ'd in brief, but full expression,
The nature of a Convert, and his passion:

His sober diet, which is thin and spare:

His cloathing which is Sackcloth: and his pray'r

Not faintly sent to Heaven, nor sparingly,

But piercing, fervent, and a mighty Cry.

Here mayst thou see how pray'r and true repentance
Do strive with God, prevail, and turn his sentence
From strokes to stroaking, and from plagues infernal,
To boundless Mercies, and to life Eternal.

Till Zephyr lend my Bark a second Gale,
I slip mine Anchor, and I strike my Sall

F I N I S.

*O dulcis Salvator Mundi! ultima verba quæ tu dixisti in
Cruce, sint ultima mea verba in Luce; & quando am-
plius effari non possum, exaudi tu cordis mei desiderium.*

A HYMN to GOD.

WHO gives me then an adamantine quill?
 A marble table? and a *David's* skill?
 To blazon forth the praise of my dear Lord
 In deep grav'n Characters upon record,
 To last, for times, eternal process, sure,
 So long as Sun, and Moon, and Stars endure.
 Had I as many mouths as sands there are,
 Had I a nimble tongue for every Star,
 And every word I speak a Character,
 And ev'ry minutes time-ten ages were,
 To chaunt forth all thy praise, twou'd nought avail;
 For tongues, and words, and times and all would fail:
 Much less can I, poor weakling, tune my tongue,
 To take a task befits an Angel Song:
 Sing what thou canst, when thou canst sing no more
 Weep then as fast, that thou canst sing no more;
 Be-blur thy Book with tears, and go thy ways,
 For every blur will prove a Book of praise.
 Thine eyes that view the moving Spheres above,
 Let it give praise to him that makes them move:
 Thou riches hast, thy *hands* that hold, and have them,
 Let them give praise to him that freely gave them:
 Thine *arms* defend thee; then for recompence,
 Let them praise him that gave thee such defence;
 Thy *tongue* was given to praise thy Lord the Giver;
 Then let thy *tongue* praise highest God for ever:
 Faith comes by hearing, and thy Faith will save thee,
 Then let thine *ears* praise him that hearing gave thee:
 Thy heart is begg'd by him whose hands did make it:
 My Son, give me thy heart; Lord, freely take it:
Eyes, hands, and arms, tongues, ears and hearts of men
 Sing praise, and let the people say, *Amen.*
 Tune you your Instruments, and let them vary,
 Praise him upon them in his Sanctuary:

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Praise him within the highest Firmament,
Which shews his Power, and his Government ;
Praise him, for all his mighty Acts are known,
And suit thy praises to his high Renown :
Praise him with Trump victorious, shrill and sharp;
With Psaltry loud, and many stringed Harp ;
With sounding Timbrel, and the warbling Flute :
With (Musicks full Interpreter) the Lute ;
Praise him upon the Maiden Virginals,
Upon the Clerick Organs, and Cymbals,
Upon the sweet Majestick Viols touch,
Double your joys, and let your praise be such :
Let all, in whom is life and breath, give praise
To heav'ns eternal God, in endless days :
Let every Soul, to whom a voice is given,
Sing holy, holy, holy, Lord God of Heaven ;
For lo, a Lamb is found, that undertook
To break the seven-fold Seal, and ope the BOOK.
O let my life add number to my days,
To shew thy glory, and to sing thy praise :
Let every minute in thy praise be spent ;
Let every head be bare, and knee be bent
To thee (dear Lamb ;) Who e're thy praises hide,
Clos'd be his lips, and tongue for ever ti'd.

Hallelujah.

Gloria DEO in excelsis.

ELEVEN

ELEVEN

Pious Meditations

I.

Within the holy Legend I discover
 Three special Attributes of God: his *Power*,
 His *Justice*, and his *Mercy*; all uncreated,
 Eternal, all, and all unseparated
 From God's pure Essence, and from thence proceeding:
 All very God, All perfect, All exceeding:
 And from that self same Text three Names I gather,
 Of great *Jehovah*; *Lord*, and *God*, and *Father*;
 The first denotes him mounted on his Throne,
 In Power, Majesty, Dominion;
 The second shews him on his Kingly Bench,
 Rewarding Evil with equal punishments;
 The third describes him on his Mercy-seat,
 Full great in Grace; and in his Mercy, great;
 All three I worship, and before all three
 My heart shall humbly prostrate with my knee;
 But in my private choice, I fancy rather,
 Then call him *Lord*, or *God*, to call him *Father*.

II.

In Hell no *Life*, in Heaven no *Death* there is;
 In Earth both *Life* and *Death*, both *Bale* and *Bliss*;
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In Heaven's all *Life*, no end, nor new supplying;
In Hell's all *Death*, and yet there is no dying
Earth (like a partial Ambodexter) doth
Prepare for *Death*, or *Life*, prepares for both:
Who lives to sin in Hell his portion's given,
Who dies to sin, shall after live in Heaven.

Tho' Earth my *Nurse* be, Heaven, be thou my *Father*;
Ten thousand deaths let me endure rather
Within my *Nurse's* arms, than *One* to *Thee*;
Earth's honour with thy frowns is dath to me:
I live on Earth, on a *Stage* of sorrow;
Lord, if thou pleasest, end the *Play* to-morrow
I live on Earth, as in a *Dream* of pleasure,
Awake me when thou wilt, I wait thy leisure:
I live on Earth, but as of life bereaven,
My life's with thee, for (Lord) thou art in Heaven.

III.

Nothing that 'twas made, was made for nothing,
Beasts for thy food, their *skins* were for thy cloath-
Flowers for thy smell, and *Herbs* for cure good. (ing:
Trees for thy shade; their *Fruit* for pleasing food.
The *Showers* fall upon the fruitful ground,
Whose kindly *Dew* makes tender *Grass* abound;
The *Grass* springs forth for beasts to feed upon,
And *Beasts* are food for *Man*; but *Man* alone
Is made to serve his *Lord* in all his ways,
And be the Trumpet of his Makers praise.

Let *Heav'n* be then to me obdure as brass,
The *Earth* as iron unapt for grain or grass,
Then let my *Flocks* consume and never stead me,
Let pinching *Famine* want wherewith to feed me,
When I forget to honour thee, (my Lord)
Thy glorious Attributes, thy *Works*, thy *Word*.
O let the Trump of thine eternal Fame
Teach us to answer, *Hallow'd be thy Name*.

IV. GOD

IV.

GOD built the world, and all that therein is
 He framed, yet how poor a part is his?
 Quarter the Earth, and see how small a room
 Is stiled with the name of *Christendom*:
 The rest (through blinded ignorance) rebels,
 O'er-run with *Pagans, Turks, and Infidels*:
 Nor yet is this little quarter his,
 For (though all know him) half know him am^{ts},
 Professing Christ for lucre (as they list)
 And serve the triple Crown of *Antichrist*:
 Yet this little handful much made lesser,
 There's many *Libertines* for one *Professor*:
 Nor do Professors all profess aright,
 'Mong whom there often lurks an *Hypocrite*.
 O where, and what's thy Kingdom (blessed God?)
 Where is thy *Scepter*? where's thine *Iron Rod*?
 Reduce thy reck'nings to their total sum,
 O let thy Power, and thy Kingdom come.

V.

MAN in himself's a little *World*, Alone,
 His *Soul's* the Court, or high Imperial throne
 Wherein as *Empress* sits the *Understanding*,
 Gently directing, yet with awe Commanding:
 Her Handmaid's *Will*: *Affections*, Maids of Honour
 All following close, and duly waiting on her:
 But *Envy*, that always envi'd man's Condition,
 Within this Kingdom raised up *Division*,
 Withdrawn the *Will*, and brib'd the false *Affection*,
 That *Thy's*, no other hath; nor *Thy's*, Election;
 The *Will* proves traytor to the *Understanding*;
 Reason hath lost her power, and left commanding.

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She's quite depos'd, and put to foul disgrace,
And tyrant *Passion* now usurps her place.
Vouchsafe (Lord) in this little *World* of mine
To reign, that I may reign with *Thee* in thine :
And since my *Will* is quite of good bereaven,
Thy will be done on Earth, as 'tis in Heaven.

VI.

WHO live to sin, are all but *thieves* to Heaven
And Earth; they steal from God, and take un-
Good men they *rob*, and such as live upright, [given ;
And (being bastards) share the Freemens right ;
They'r all as owners, in the owners stead ;
And (like to *Dogs*) devour the childrens bread ;
They have, and lack, and want what they possess ;
Unhappy most, in their most happiness :
They are not *goods*, but riches that they waste ;
And not be'ng goods, to *ev'ls* they turn. at'last.
(Lord) what I have, let me enjoy in *thee*,
And *thee* in it, or else take it from me ;
My *store* or *want*, make thou, or *fade*, or *flourish*,
So shall my comforts neither change, nor perish ;
That little I enjoy, (Lord) make it mine,
In making me (that am a Sinner) *thine* :
'Tis thou or none that shalt supply my need,
Great God, Give us *this day our daily bread.*

V.

THE quick conceited *School-men* do approve
A difference 'twixt *Charity* and *Love* :
Love is a virtue, whereby we explain
Our selves to *God*, and *God* to us again :
But *Charity's* imparted to our Brother,
Whereby we traffick, *one man with another* :
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The first extends to God; the last belongs
To man, in giving right, and bearing wrongs:
In number they are twain; in vertue one:
For one not truly being, 't others none.

In loving God, if I neglect my Neighbour,
My love hath lost his proof, and I my labour.
My Zeal, my Faith, my Hope, that never fails me,
(If Charity be wanting) nought avails me.

(Lord) in my soul, a Spirit of Love create me,
And I will love my Brother, if he hate me:
In nought but love, let me envy my betters;
And then, Forgive my debts, as I my Debtors.

VIII.

I Find a true resemblance in the growth
Of Sin and Man; Alike in breeding, both;
The Soul's the Mother, and the Devil, Syre;
Who lusting long in mutual desire,
Enjoy their Wills, and joyn in Copulation;
The Seed that fills her Womb, is foul Tentation;
The sins Conception, is the Souls Consent;
And then it quickens, when it breeds content;
The birth of Sin is finisht in the action,
And Custom brings it to its full perfection.

O let my fruitless Soul be barren rather,
Than bring forth such a Child for such a Father:
Or if my Soul breeds Sin (not being wary)
Let not her womb bring forth, or else miscarry;
She is thy Spouse (O Lord) do thou advise her,
Keep thou her chaste; Let not the Fiend entice her;
Try thou my heart, thy Tryals bring Salvation,
But let me not be led into Temptation.

IX.

Fortune (that blind supposed Goddess) is
Still rated at, if ought succeed amiss:

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'Tis she (the vain abuse of Providence)
 That bears the blame, when others make th' offence;
 When this man's *barr* finds not her wonted *store*,
Fortune's condemn'd, because she sent no more;
 If this man die, or that man live too long,
Fortune's accus'd, and she hath done the wrong;
 Ah foolish *Dolts* and (like your *Goddeſs*) blind!
 You made the *fault*, and call your *Saint* unkind;
 For when the cause of *Ev'l* begins in *Man*,
 Th' effect ensues from whence the cause began;
 Then know the reason of thy discontent,
 The ev'l of *ſin*, makes the ev'l of *puniſhment*,
 (Lord) hold me up, or ſpur me when I fall;
 So ſhall my *Ev'l* be *juſt*, or not at all;
 Defend me from the *World*. the *Fleſh*, the *Devil*,
 And ſo thou ſhalt deliver me from *evil*.

X.

THE Princely *ſhirts* of *Aaron's* holy Coat
 I kiſs, and to my morning *Muſe* devote :
 Had ever *King* in any Age, or Nation
 Such glorious *Robes*, ſet forth in ſuch a faſhion,
 With *Gold*, and *Gemms*, and *Silks* of Princely Dye,
 And *ſtones* befitting more than *Majeſty*?
 The *Perſian Sophies*, and rich *Sheba's* Queen
 Had ne'r the like, nor e'r the like had ſeen:
 Upon the *ſhirts* (in order as they fell)
 Firſt, a *Pomegranat* was, and then a *Bell*;
 By each *Pomegranat* did a *Bell* appear;
 Many *Pomegranats*, many *Bells* there were:
Pomegranates nourish, *Bell* do make a ſound;
 As *Bleſſings* fall, *Thankſgiving* muſt rebound.
 If thou wilt clothe my heart with *Aaron's* tire,
 My tongue ſhall praife, as well as heart deſire.
 My tongue and pen ſhall dwell upon thy *Story*,
 (Great God) for thine is *Kingdom*, *Power*, *Glory*.

IX.

THE antient *Sophists*, that were so precise,
 (And oftentimes (perchance) too *curious* nice
 Ayer, that *Nature* hath bestow'd on Man,
 Three perfect Souls; when this I truly scan,
 Methinks their *Learning* swath'd in Error lies;
 They were not *wise* enough, and yet too *wise*;
 Too *curious* wise; because they mention more
 Than one; Not *wise* enough, because not four;
Nature, not *Grace*, is Mistress of their Schools;
Grace counts them *wisest*, that are veriest *Fools*:
 Three Souls in man, *Grace* doth a fourth allow,
 The Soul of *Faith*: But this is *Greek* to you.
 'Tis *Faith* that makes man truly *wise*: 'Tis *Faith*
 Makes him possess that thing he never hath.

This Glorious Soul of *Faith* bestow on me,
 (O Lord) or else take thou the other three:
 Both makes Men less than Children, more than Men
 It makes the Soul cry *Abba*, and *Amen*.

THE END.

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Pentelogia.

*Mors tua, Mors Christi, Fraus Mundi, Gloria Caeli,
Et Dolor Inferni, sunt meditanda tibi.*

Thy Death, the Death of Christ, the Worlds Tentation,
Heavens Joy, Hells Torment, be thy Meditation.

Mors Tua.

[1.]

Methinks I see the nimble-aged fire
Pass swiftly by, with feet unapt to tire
Upon his head an *Hour-glass* he wears,
And in his wrinkled hand a *Sycke* he bears;
(Both *Instruments* to take the lives from Men)
Th' one shews with *what*, the other sheweth *when*
Methinks I hear the doleful *Passing-bell*,
Setting an *onset* on his louder *knell*;
(This moody musick of impartial *Death*
Who dances after, dances out of *breath*)
Methinks I see my dearest friends *lament*,
With *sighs*, and *tears*, and woful *dryrimment*,
My tender *Wife*, and *Children* standing by,
Dewing the *Death-bed*, whereupon I lie,
Methinks I hear a *voice* (in secret) say,
Thy *glass* is run. and thou must die to day,

D 3

Mors

Mors Christi.

[2.]

AND am I here, and my Redeemer gone?
 Can He be dead, and is not my life done?
 Was he tormented in excess of measure?
 And do I live yet? and yet live in pleasure?
 Alas! could sinners find out ne'r a one,
 More fit than Thee, for them to spit upon;
 Did thy Cheeks entertain a Traytors lips?
 Was thy dear Body scourg'd, and torn with Whips?
 So that the guiltless Blood came trickling after?
 And did thy fainting brows sweat blood and water?
 Wert thou (Lord) hang'd upon the Cursed Tree?
 O world of grief! And was all this for me?
 Burst forth, my tears, into a world of sorrow,
 And let my nights of grief find ne'r a morrow;
 Since thou art dead (Lord) grant thy servant room,
 Within his heart, to build thy heart a Tomb.

Fraus Mundi.

[3.]

WHAT is the World? a great Exchange of ware,
 Wherein all sorts, and sexes, cheapning are:
 The Flesh, the Devil sit, and cry, What lack ye?
 When most they fawn, they most intend to rack ye:
 Thy wares are cups of Joy, and beds of Pleasure,
 There's goodly choice, down weight, and flowing measure:
 A souls the price, but they give time to pay, [sure,
 Upon the Death-bed, on the dying day.

Hard is the bargain, and unjust the measure.
 Whenas the price so much out-lasts the pleasure;
 The joys that are on Earth, are counterfeits;
 If ought be true, 'tis this, Th' are true deceits:
 They flatter, fawn, and (like the Crocodile)
 Kill where they laugh, and murder where they smile:
 They daily dip within thy Dish, and cry,
 Who hath betray'd thee? Master Is it I?

Gloria

Gloria Celi.

[4]

When I behold, and well advise upon
 The wisemans speech, *There's nought beneath*
But vanity, my soul rebels within, [*the Sun*
 And loaths the dunghil-prison she is in:
 But when I look to New Jerusalem,
 Wherein's reserv'd my Crown, my Diadem,
 O what a Heaven of bliss my soul enjoys,
 On sudden rapt into that Heaven of joys!
 Where raviſht (in the depth of meditation)
 She well discerns, with eyes of contemplation,
 The glory of God, in his Imperial Seat,
 Full ſtrong in Might, in Maieſty compleat,
 Where troops of Powers, Vertues Cherubims,
 Angels, Archangels, Saints, and Seraphims,
 Are chaunting praises to their Heavenly King,
 Where Hallelujah they for ever ſing.

Dolor Inferni

[5.]

LET Poets pleaſe to torture *Tantalus*,
 Let griping Vultures gnaw *Prometheus*,
 And let poor *Ixion* turn his endless wheel,
 Let *Nemesis* torment with whips of ſteel;
 They far come ſhort, t'expres the pains of thoſe
 That rage in Hell, enwrapt in endless woes:
 Where Time no end, and Plagues find no exemption;
 Where Cries admit no help, nor Place redemption;
 Where fire lacks no Flame, the flame no Heat,
 To make their Torments ſharp, and Plagues complete;
 Where wretched Souls to Tortures bound ſhall be,
 Serving a World of years, and not be Free;
 Where nothing's heard but Yells, and ſudden Cries;
 Where Fire never ſlakes, nor Worm e'r dies.
 But where this Hell is plac'd my muſe ſtop there;
 Lord, ſhew me what it is, but never where.

D 4

Mors

Mors Tua.

[1.]

CAN he be *fair*, that withers at a blast ?
 Or he be *strong*, that airy breath can cast ;
 Can he be *wise*, that knows not how to live ?
 Or he be *rich*, that nothing hath to give ?
 Can he be *young*, that's feeble, weak and wan ?

So *fair*, *strong*, *wise*, so *rich*, so *young* is *Man*.
 So *fair* is *Man*, that *Death* (a parting blast)
 Blasts his fair flow'r, and makes him *Earth* at last ;
 So *strong* is *Man*, that with a gasping *Breath*
 He totters, and bequeaths his *strength* to *Death* ;
 So *wise* is *Man*, that if with *Death* he strive,
 His wisdom cannot teach him how to live ;
 So *rich* is *Man*, that (all his *Debts* b'ing paid)
 His wealth's the winding-sheet wherein he's laid ;
 So *young* is *Man*, that (broke with *Care* and *sorrow*)
 He's old enough to day, to die to-morrow :
 Why bragg'st thou then, thou worm of five-foot long ?
 Th'art neither *fair*, nor *strong*, nor *wise*, nor *rich*, nor
 [*young*.]

Mors Christi.

[2.]

I Thirst, and who shall quench this eager Thirst ?
 I grieve, and with my grief my heart will burst ;
 I grieve, because I thirst without relief ;
 I thirst, because my soul is burnt with grief ;
 I thirst, and (dry'd with grief) my heart will die ;
 I grieve, and thirst the more, for sorrow's dry :
 The more I grieve, the more my thirst appears :
 Would God I had not griev'd out all my tears :
 I thirst, and yet my griefs have made a Flood :
 But tears are salt ; I grieve, and thirst for blood :
 I grieve for blood, for blood must send relief :
 I thirst for blood, for blood must ease my grief :

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I thirst for sacred blood of a dear Lamb;
 I grieve to think from whence that dear blood came:
 'Twas shed for me, O let me drink my fill,
 Although my grief remain entire still:
 O sovereign pow'r of that Vermillion Spring,
 Whose vertue; neither heart conceives, nor tongue
 [can sing.]

Frans Mundi.

[3.]

I Love the World (as Clients love the Laws)
 To manage the uprightness of my cause:
 The World loves me, as Shepherds do their flocks,
 To rob and spoil them of their fleecy locks,
 I love the World, and use it as mine hen,
 To bait, and rest my tired Carcasses in:
 The World loves me: For what? To make her game
 For filthy sin, she sells me timely shame:
 She's like the Basilisk, by whose sharp eyes
 The living object first discover'd dies;
 Forth from her eyes enpoys'ned beams do burst;
 Dies like a Basilisk, discerned first;
 We live at jays, as forward Gamesters do,
 Still guarding, not regarding others foe;
 I love the World, to serve my turn, and leave her,
 'Tis no deceit to cozen a deceiver;
 She'll not miss me; I, less the world shall miss,
 To lose a world of grief, & enjoy a world of bliss.

Gloria Celi.

[4.]

Earth stands immov'd, and fixt; her scituation
 Admits no local change, no alteration:
 Heaven alway moves, renewing still his place,
 And ever sees us with another Face:
 Earth standeth fixt, yet there I live oppress:
 Heaven always moves, yet there is all my rest:
 Enlarge thy self, my Soul, with meditation;
 Mount there, and there bespeak thy habitation;

D 5

Where

Where joys are full, and pure, not mixt with mourn-
 All endless, and from which is no returning: [ing,
 No theft, no cruel murder harbours there,
 No hoary-headed-Care, no sudden fear,
 No pinching want, no (gripping fast) oppression,
 Nor Death, the stipend of our first transgression:
 But dearest Friendship, Love, and lasting Pleasure,
 Still there abides, without, or stint, or measure:
 Fulness of Riches, comfort sempiternal,
 Excess without a surfeiting, and Life Eternal.

Dolor Inferni.

[5.]

THe Trump shall blow, the Dead (awak'd) shall rise,
 And to the Clouds shall turn their wondring Eyes;
 The Heav'ns shall ope, the Bridegroom forth shall come
 To judge the World, and give the World her doom:
 Joy to the Just, to others endless smart;
 To those the voice bids, Come; to these, Depart:
 Depart from Life, yet (dying) live for ever;
 For ever dying be, and yet die never:
 Depart like Dogs, with Devils take your lot;
 Depart like Devils, for I know you not.
 Like Dogs, like Devils go, Go howl, and bark,
 Depart in darkness, for your deeds were dark:
 Let roaring be your Musick, and your Food
 Be flesh of Vipers, and your drink, their blood;
 Let Fends afflict you with Reproach and Shame,
 Depart, depart into Eternal flame:
 If Hell the Guardian then of Sinners be,
 Lord give me Hell on Earth, (Lord) give me Hea-
 [ven with thee.

Jam. define Tibia versus.

FINIS.

Hadassa.

HORAT. Ode 6.

*Conamur tenues, grandia; nec pudor,
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By *FR A. QUARLES.*

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R E A D E R.

A Sober vein best suites Theology: If therefore thou expectest such Elegancy as takes the Times, affect some subject as will bear it. Had I laboured with over-abundance of Fictions or Flourishes, perhaps they had exposed me censurable, and disappointed this sacred Subject: Therefore I rest more sparing in either kind.

Two things I would treat of: First, the matter; secondly, the manner of this History.

As for the matter, (so far as I have dealt) it is Canonical, and indicted by the Holy Spirit of GOD, not liable to errour, and needs no blanching.

In it Theology sits as Queen, attended by her Handmaid Philosophy; both concurring to make the understanding Reader a good Divine, and a wise Moralist.

A.

The Epistle to the Reader.

As for the Divinity, it discovers the Almighty in his two great Attributes; in his Mercy, delivering his Church; in his Justice, confounding her Enemies.

As for the Morality, it offers to us the whole practick part of Philosophy, dealt out into Ethics, Politicks and Oeconomicks.

1. The Ethical part (the object whereof is the manners of a private Man) ranges through the whole Book, and empties it self into the Catalogue of Moral Virtues; either those that govern the Body, as Fortitude, chap. 9. 2. and Temperance, chap. 1. 8. or those which direct the Soul, either in outward things, as Liberality, chap. 1. 3. Magnificence, chap. 1. 6. Magnanimity, chap. 2. 20. and Modesty, chap. 6. 12. or in Conversation, as Justice, chap. 7. 9. Mansuetude, chap. 5. 2. &c.

2. The Political part (the object whereof is publick society) instructs, First, in the behaviour of a Prince to his Subject, in punishing his Vice, chap. 7. 10. in rewarding of Virtues, chap. 8. 2, 15. Secondly, in the behaviour of the Subject to his Prince, in observing his Laws, and discovering his Enemies, chap. 2. 22. Thirdly, the behaviour of a Subject to a Subject, in mutuality of love, chap. 4. 7. in propagation of Peace, chap. 10. 3.

3. The Oeconomical part (the object whereof is private Society) teaches, First, the carriage of a Wife to her Husband in obeying, chap. 1. 22.

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The Epistle to the Reader.

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of the Husband to his Wife in ruling, chap. 1. 22. Secondly, of a Father to his Child in advising, chap. 2. 7, 10. of a Child to his Father in observing, chap. 2. 20. Thirdly, of a Master to his Servant in commanding, chap. 4. 5. of a Servant to his Master in effecting his command, chap. 4. 6.

Furthermore, in this History the two principal faculties of the Soul are (not in vain) imployed.

First, The Intellect, whose proper object is Truth. Secondly, the Will, whose proper object is good, whether Philosophical, which the great Master of Philosophy calls Wisdom: Or Theological, which we point at now, hoping to enjoy hereafter.

Who the Penman of this sacred History was, or why the Name of God (as in few other parts of the Bible) is unmentioned in this, it is immaterial and doubtful. For the first, it is enough for an uncurious Questioner to know, it was indited by the Spirit of God: For the second, let it suffice, that that Spirit will'd not here to reveal his Name.

As for the Manner of this History, (consisting in the Periphrast, the adjournment of the Story, and interposition of Meditation) I hope it hath not injured the Matter: For in this I was not the least careful to use the light of the best Expositors, not daring to go unled for fear of stumbling. Some say, Divinity in Verse is incongruous and displeasing; such I refer to the Psalms of

of David, or the Song of his Son Solomon, to be corrected. But in these lewd times, the salt and soul of a Verse, is obscene scurrility, without which it seems dull and lifeless: And though the sacred History needs not (as humane do) Poetry, to perpetuate the remembrance, (being by God's own Mouth blest with Eternity) yet Verse (working so near upon the soul and spirit) will oft-times draw those to have a History in familiarity, who (perchance) before scarce knew there was such a Book.

Reader, Be more than my hasty Pen styles thee. Read me with advice, and thereafter judge me, and in that judgment censure me. If I jangle, think my intent thereby, is to toll better Ringers in.

Farewel.

T.H.E

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THE INTRODUCTION.

When Zedekiah (he whose hapless hand
Once held the Scepter of great Juda's Land)
Went up the Palace of proud Babylon
(The Prince Serajab him attending on)
A dreadful Prophet, (from whose blasting breath
Came sudden death, and nothing else but death)
Into Serajab's peaceful hand betook
The sad Contents of a more dismal Book.

Break ope the leaves, those leaves so full of dread.

Read (Son of Thunder) said the Prophet, read;

Say thus, say freely thus, The Lord hath spoke it;

'Tis done, the World's unable to revoke it:

Wo, wo, and heavy woes ten thousand more

Betide great Babylon, that painted Whore;

Thy Buildings, and thy fenced Towers shall

Flame on a sudden, and to Cinders fall;

None shall be left to wail thy griefs with howls:

Thy Streets shall peopl'd be with Bats and Owls:

None shall remain to call thy places void,

None to possess, nor ought to be enjoy'd;

Naught shall be left for thee to term thine own,

But helpless ruins of a hapless Town.

Said then the Prophet, when thy language hath

Empti'd thy cheeks of this thy borrow'd breath,

Close then the Book, and bind a stone unto it,

That done, into the swift Euphrates throw it;

And let this following Speech explain withal

The Hieroglyphick of proud Babel's fall:

Thus,

Thus, thus shall Babel, thus shall Babel's glory;
 Of her destruction leave a Tragick Story:
 Thus, thus shall Babel fall, and none relieve her,
 Thus, thus shall Babel sink, thus sink for ever.
 And fal'n she is. Thus after times made good
 That sacred Prophecy confirm'd in blood.
 Great Royal Dreamer, where is now that thing
 Thou so much vauntedst of? where, O Sovereign
 In that great *Babel*, that was rais'd so high (King,
 To shew the highness of thy Majesty?
 Where is thy Royal Off-spring to succeed
 Thy Throne, and to preserve thy Princely seed,
 Till this time? Sleeping how couldst thou foresee
 That thing, which waking, thou thoughtst ne'r would
 And thou *Belshazzar*, (full of youthful fire, (be.
 Unlucky Grandchild to a luckless Sire)
 On thee the sacred Oracles attended,
 For with thy life great *Babel's* Kingdom ended:
 What made thy spirit tremble, and thy hair
 Bolt up? What made thee (fainting) gasp for Air?
 A simple word upon a painted Wall?
 What's that to thee? If ought, what harm at all?
 Could words affright thee? O preposterous wit,
 To fear the writing, not the hand that writ!
 The hand that writ, it self (unseen) did shroud
 Within the gloomy bosom of a Cloud;
 The hand that writ was bent, (not bent in vain)
 To part the Kingdom, and the King in twain:
 The hand that writ, did write the sentence down,
 And now stands armed to depose the Crown:
 The hand that writ, did threaten to translate
 Thy Kingdom *Babel*, to the Persian State;
 Th' effect whereof did brook no long delays,
 For when *Belshazzar* had spun out his days,
 (Soon cut by that Avengers fatal Knife)
 Proud *Babel's* Empire ended with his life.

As when that rare *Arabian* Bird doth rest
 Her bid-rid Carcass in her Spicy nest,
 The quick-devouring fire of Heaven consumes
 The willing Sacrifice in sweet perfumes,

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From whose sad Cinders (balm'd in fun'ral Spices)-
 A second *Phoenix* (like the first) arises :
 So from the ruins of great *Babel's* Seat,
 The *Medes* and *Persians* Monarchy grew great.
 For when *Belshazzar*, last of *Babel's* Kings,
 Yielded to death, (the sum of mortal things)
 Like earth-amazing thunder from above,
 And lightning from the house of angry *Jove*,
 Or like to billows in th' *Eubœan* Seas,
 Whose swelling nought but shipwreck can appease,
 So bravely came the fierce *Darius* on,
 Marching with *Cyrus* into *Babylon* ;
 Two Armies Royal stoutly following,
 The one was *Medes*, the other *Persia's* King.
 As when the Harvester with bubbling brow,
 (Reaping the interest of his painful Plough)
 With crooked Sickle now a shock doth shear,
 A handful here, and then a handful there ;
 Not leaving, till he nought but stubble leave:
 Here lies a new falln rank ; and there a sheave ;
 Even so the Persian Host it self bestir'd,
 So fell great *Babel* by the Persian Sword. (br'd,
 Which, warm with slaughter, and with blood im-
 Ne'r sheath'd, till wounded *Babel* fell subdu'd.
 But see : These brave jointenants that surviv'd
 To see a little world of Men unliv'd,
 Must now be parted : Great *Darius* dies,
 And *Cyrus* shares alone the new-got prize :
 He fights for Heaven, Heavens foemen he subdues :
 He builds the Temple ; he restores the Jews.
 By him was *Zedekiah's* force disjointed,
 Unknown to God he was, yet God's anointed.
 But mark the malice of a wayward Fate ;
 He whom success crown'd always fortunate,
 He that was strong to achieve, bold to attempt,
 Wise to foresee, and wary to prevent,
 Valiant in War, successful to obtain,
 Must now be slain, and by a Woman slain.
 Accursed be thy sacrilegious hand,
 That of her Patron rob'd the Holy Land ;
 Curs'd

Curs'd be thy dying life, thy living death,
And curs'd be all things proud *Tomiris* hath.

O worst that Death can do, to take a life
Which (lost) leaves Kingdoms to a Tyrant's Knife:
For now, alas! degenerate *Cambyſes*, vices,
(Whose hand was fill'd with Blood, whose heart with
Sits crowned King to vex the Persian State
With heavy burthens, and with sore regrate.

O *Cyrus*, more unhappy in thy Son,
Than in that stroke wherewith thy life was done!
Cambyſes now sits King, now Tyrant (rather :)
(Unlucky Son of a renowned Father !)

Blood cries for Blood: Himself revenged hath
His bloody Tyranny with his own death;
That cruel Sword on his own flesh doth feed,
Which made so many loyal Persians bleed.
Whose woful choice made an indiff'rent thing.
To leave their lives, or lose their Tyrant King:
Cambyſes dead, with him the latest drop
Of *Cyrus* blood was spilt, his death did stop
The infant source of his brave Sire's worth,
E're after-times could spend his Rivers forth.

Tyrant *Cambyſes* being dead and gone,
On the reversion of his empty Throne
Mounts up a *Magus* with dissembled right,
Forging the name of him whose greedy night
Too early did perpetuate her own,
And silent death had snatcht away unknown.
But when the tidings of this Royal Cheat
Times loyal Trump had fram'd, th' usurped Seat
Grew too too hot, and longer could not bear
So proud a burthen on so proud a Chair:
The Nobles sought their freedom to regain,
Not resting till the *Magi* all were slain;
And so renowned was that happy slaughter,
That it solemniz'd was for ever after;
So that what Pen shall write the Persian story,
Shall treat that Triumph, and write that days glory;
For to this time the Persians (as they say)
Observe a Feast, and keep it holy day;

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Now Persia lacks a King, and now the State
 Labours as much in want, as it of late
 Did in abundance ; Too great Calms do harm
 Sometimes as much the Seamen, as the storm :
 One while they think t'ereft a Monarchy,
 But that (corrupted) breeds a Tyranny,
 And dead *Cambyses* fresh before their Eyes,
 Affrights them with their new-scap'd miseries ;
 Some to the Nobles would commit the State,
 In change of Rule, expecting change of Fate ;
 Others cry'd no, More Kings than one, incumber :
 Better admit one Tyrant, than a number ;
 The rule of many doth disquiet bring,
 One Monarch is enough, one Lord, one King :
 One says, Let's rule our selves ; let's all be Kings ;
 No, says another, that confusion brings :
 Thus modern danger bred a careful trouble,
 Double their care is, as their fear is double ;
 And doubtful to resolve of what conclusion,
 To bar confusion, thus they bred confusion ;
 At last (and well advis'd) they put their choice
 Upon the Verdict of a Juries voice :
 Seven his perfect number, then by seven
 Be Persia's Royal Crown and Scepter given :
 ' Now Persia, do thy plagues or joys commence ;
 ' God give thy Jury sacred evidence.

Fearful to chuse, and faithless in their choice,
 (Since weal or wo depended on their voice)
 A few from many they extracted forth,
 Whose even-pois'd valour, and like equal worth
 Had set a *Non-plus* on their doubtful Tongues,
 Unweeting where the most reward belongs,
 They this agreed, and thus (advis'd) bespake :

*Since purblind mortals, of themselves, can make
 No difference 'twixt good and evil, nor know
 A good, from what is only good in show ;
 But with unconstant frailty, doth vary
 From what is good, to what is clean contrary :
 And since it lies not in the brain of Man,
 To make his drooping state more happy, than*

His unpropitious stars allot, much less
 To lend another, or a State success;
 In vain you therefore shall expect this thing,
 That we should give you fortune with a King,
 Since you have made us means to propagate
 The joyful welfare of our headless State,
 (Bound by the tender service that we bear
 Our native Soil, far, than our lives, more dear,)
 We sisted here, and bolted from the rest,
 Whose worst admits no badness, and whose best
 Cannot be better'd.

When Chanticlear (the Bell-man of the morn)
 Shall summon twilight, with his Bugle horn,
 Let these brave Heroes dress'd in warlike wise,
 And richly mounted on their Palseries,
 Attend our rising Sun-god's ruddy face,
 Within the limit of our Royal place.

And he, whose lusty Stallion first shall neigh,
 To him be given the doubtful Monarchy:
 The choice of Kings lies not in mortals' breast;
 This we; the gods and fortune do the rest.

So said, the People tickled with the motion,
 Some tost their caps, some fell to their devotion,
 Some clap their joyful hands, some shout, some sing
 And all at once cry'd out, a King, a King.

When Phœbus Harbinger had chas'd the night,
 And tedious Phosphor brought the breaking light,
 Compleat in Arms, and glorious in their train,
 Came these brave Heroes prancing o'er the Plain.
 With mighty Streamers came these blazing Stars,
 Portending Wars, (and nothing else but Wars;)
 Into the Royal Palace now they come; (Drum;
 There sounds the Martial Trump, here beats the
 There stands a Steed, and champs his frothy steel,
 This strokes the ground, that scorns it with his heel:
 One snorts, another puffs o'er angry wind;
 This mounts before; and that curvetts behind.

By this, the roamy Sreeds of Phaeton
 Puff too, and spurn the Eastern Horizon:

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Whereat the Nobles prostrate to the ground,
 Ador'd their god, (their god was early found.)
 Forthwith from-out the thickest of the Croud,
 In depth of silence there was heard the loud
 And lustful language of *Darius* Horse,
 Who in a Dialect of his Discourse,
 Proclaim'd his Rider King ; whereat the rest
 (Patient to bear what cannot be redrest)
 Dismount their lofty Steeds, and prostrate bring
 Their humbled Bodies to their happy King ;
God save the King, they jointly say ; God bless
 Thy prosp'rous Actions with a due success ;
 The People clap their sweaty palms, and shout ;
 The Bonfires smoke, the Bells ring round about,
 The Minstrels play ; the Parrots learn to sing,
 (Perchance as well as they) *God save the King*.

Assuerus now's invested in the Throne,
 And *Persia's* rul'd by him, and him alone ;
 Prove happy *Persia* : Great *Assuerus* prove
 As equal happy in thy Peoples love.

Enough ; and let this broken Breviate
 Suffice to shadow forth thy downfal state,
 O mighty *Babel*, and the Conquest made
 By the fierce *Medes* and *Persians* conqu'ring blade ;
 Whose just succession we have traced down,
 Till great *Assuerus* wear the Persian Crown ;
 Him have we sought, and having found him, rest ;
 To-morrow go we to his Royal Feast.

TO

TO THE
HIGHEST:

His humble Servant implores His
GRACIOUS AID.

THou great Director of the Hearts of Men,
From whence I propagate whate'r is mine
Still my unquiet thoughts; Direct my Pen,
No more my own, if thou adopt it thine;
O be thy Spirit All in All to me,
That will implore no Aid, no Muse, but Thee.

Be thou the Load star to my wandring mind,
New rigg'd, and bound upon a new Adventure
O fill my Canvass with a prosp'rous wind:
Unlock my Soul, and let thy Spirit enter:
So bless my Talent with a fruitful Lene,
That it, at least, may render two for one.

Unworthy I, to take so high a Task;
Unworthy I, to crave so great a Boon;
Almost unseason'd is my slender Cask,
My Winters day bath scarcely seen her Noon.
But if the Childrens Bread must be deny'd.
Yet let me lick the Crums that fall beside.

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And the King loved Esther
so that he set the Royall crown
upon her head. *Est. 2. 17.*



So the King and Haman
came to banquet to Esther
the Queene. *Est. 7. 1. etc.*



And the King took his ring
from his hand and gave it
unto Haman. *Est. 3. 10. etc.*



Then the King held out the
Golden Scepter to Esther
Esther. 8. 4. etc. to 15.



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THE HISTORY OF ESTHER.

THE ARGUMENT.

*The King Assuerus makes two Feasts,
Invites his great and meaner Guests:
He makes a Statute to repress
The loathsome sin of Drunkenness.*

SECT. I.

When great *Assuerus* (under whose Command
The worlds most part did in subjection stand,
Whose Kingdom was to East and West confin'd,
And stretcht from *Ethiopia* unto *Ind*)
When this brave Monarch had with two years pow'r,
Confin'd himself the Persian Emperor;
The peoples patience nilling to sustain
The hard oppression of a third years Reign,
Softly began to grumble, sore to vex,
Feeling such tribute on their servile necks;
Which when the King (as he did quickly) hears
(For Kings have tender, and the nimblest ears)
Partly to blow the coals of old affection,
Which now are dying through a forc'd subjection:
Partly to make his Princely Might appear,
To make them fear for love, or love for fear,

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He made a Feast: he made a Royal Feast,
Fit for himself, had he himself been Guest:
To which he calls the Princes of his Land,
Who (paying tribute) by his power stand;
To which he calls his Servants of Estate,
His Captains, and his Rulers of the State:
That he may show the glory of his store,
The like unseen by any Prince before;
That he may boast his Kingdoms beauty forth,
His servant Princes, and their Princely worth.
That he may shew the Type of Sov'reignty,
Eulfill'd in th' honour of his Majesty;
He made a Feast, whose Date should not expire
Until seven Moons had lost and gain'd their fire.
When as this Royal tedious Feast was ended,
(For good, more common 'tis, 'tis more commended)
For meaner sort he made a second Feast;
His Guests were from the greatest to the least
In *Susa's* place: Seven days they did resort
To feast i'th' Palace Garden of the Court:
Where, in the midst, the house of *Eccabus* stands,
To entertain, when Bounty claps her hands:
The Tap'stry Hangings were of divers hue,
Pure white, and youthful green, and joyful blue:
The main supporting Pillars of the Place,
Were perfect Marble of the purest race;
The Beds were rich, right Princely to behold,
Of beaten Silver, and of burnisht Gold.
The Pavement was discolour'd Porphyry,
And during Marble, colour'd diversly:
In lavish Cups of oft refined Gold,
Came wine unwisht, drink what the People would:
The golden Vessels did in numbers pass;
Great choice of Cups, great choice of wine there was
And since Abuse attends upon Excess,
Leading sweet Mirth to loathsome Drunkenness,
A temperate Law was made, that no Man might
Inforce an undispos'd Appetite:
So that a sober mind may use his pleasure,
And measure drinking, though not drink by measure.

Meditat.

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Meditat. I.

NO man is born unto himself alone ;
 Who lives unto himself, he lives to none :
 The world's a Body, each Man a Member is,
 To add some measure to the publick Bliss :
 Where much is giv'n, there much shall be requir'd ;
 Where little, less ; for riches are but hir'd ;
 Wisdom is sold for sweat, pleasure for pain ;
 Who lives unto himself, he lives in vain :
 To be a Monarch is a glorious thing ;
 Who lives not full of care, he lives no King :
 The boundless glory of a King is such,
 To sweeten Care, because his Care is much.
 The Sun (whose radiant Beams reflect so bright)
 Comforts and warms, as well as it gives light ;
 By whose example *Phæbe* (though more dim)
 Does counterfeit his Beams, and shines from him ;
 So mighty Kings are not ordain'd alone
 To preach in glory on the Princely Throne,
 But to direct in Peace, command in War
 Those subjects, for whose sakes they only are ;
 So loyal Subjects must adopt them to
 Such vertuous actions as their Princes do ;
 So shall his People, even as well as He,
 Princes (though in a lesser Volume) be.
 So often as I fix my serious eye
 Upon *Assuero's* Feast, methinks, I spy
 The Temple dance, methinks my ravish'd ear,
 (Rapt with the secret musick that I hear)
 Attends the warble of an Angels tongue,
 Resounding forth this sense-bereaving song ;
 Valhti shall fall, and Esther rise,
 Sion shall thrive, when Haman dies,
 Blest are the Meetings, and the Banquets blest,
 Where Angels carol musick to the Feast.
 How do our wretched time degenerate
 From former ages ! How intemperate

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Hath lavish custom made our bed-rid Age,
 Acting obscene Scenes on her drunken Stage !
 Our times are guided by a lewder lot,
 As if that world another world begot :
 Their friendly Feasts were fill'd with sweet sobriety,
 Ours, with unclean delights, and base ebriety :
 Theirs, the unvalued price of Love, intended ;
 Ours seek the cause whereby our Love is ended :
 How in so blind an Age could these men see !
 And in a seeing Age, how blind are we !

THE ARGUMENT.

*The King sends for the Queen ; the Queen
 Denies to come ; His hasty spleen
 Inflames ; unto the Persian Laws
 He leaves the censure of his cause.*

SECT. II.

TO add more honour to this Royal Feast,
 That Glory may with Glory be encreast,
Vashti the Queen (the fairest Queen on Earth)
 She made a Feast, and put on jolly mirth,
 To bid welcome with her Princely cheer
 To all her Guests ; her guests all, women were.
 By this, the Royal bounty of the King
 Hath well-nigh spent the seven days banquetting.
 Six jovial days have run their hours out,
 And now the seventh revolves the week about,
 Upon which day (the Queens unlucky day)
 The King with jollity entic'd away,
 And gently having slipt the stricter reins
 Of temperance (that over mirth restrains)
 Rose up, commanded that without delay,
 (Howe'r the *Persian* custom do gain say
 That men and married wives should feast together)
 That fair Queen *Vashti* be conducted thither,

For

The History of Queen ESTHER. 89

For him to show the sweetness of her face,
And peerless beauty mixt with Princely grace :
To wound their wanton hearts, and to surprise
The Princes with the Artillery of her eyes.

But fairest *Vashti* (in whose scornful eyes
More haughty pride, than Heavenly beauty lies)
With bold denial of a flinty breast,
Answer'd the longing of the King's request ;
And (fill'd with scorn) return'd this Message home :
Queen Vashti cannot, Vashti will not come.

Whereat, as *Boreas* with his blustering,
(When sturdy *Aries* ushers in the Spring)
Here fells an aged Oke, there cleaves a Tree,
Now holds his full mouth'd blast, now lets it flee,
So forms the King ; now pale, now fiery red,
His colour comes and goes, his angry head
He sternly shakes, spits his enraged spleen.
Now on the messenger, now on the Queen :
One while he deeply weighs the soul contempt,
And then his passion bids his wrath attempt
A quick revenge ; now creep into his thought
Such things as aggravate the peevish fault ;
The place, the persons present, and the time,
Increase his wrath, increase his Ladies Crime.

But soon as passion had restor'd the Rein
To righteous Reason's government again ;
The King (unfit to judge his proper Cause)
Referr'd the trial to the Persian Laws :
He calls his learned Council, and display'd
The nature of his Grievance thus, and said :

By vertue of a Husband, and a King ;
(To make compleat our Royal Banqueting)
We gave command, We gave a strict commend.
That by the Office of our Eunuchs Band,
Queen *Vashti* should in state attended be
Into the presence of our Majesty :

But in contempt she stacks our dread behest,
Neglects performance of our dear Request,
And (though disdain) disloyally deny'd,
Like a false subject, and a faithless Bride :

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*Say then, my Lords, for you (being truly wise)
Have brains to judge, and judgments to advise;
Say boldly, say, What do the Laws assign?
What punishment? or what deserved Fine?
Assuerus bids, the mighty King commands;
Vashti denies, the scornful Queen withstands.*

Meditat. II.

EVilmanners breed good Laws; and that's the best
That e'r was made of bad: the Persian Feast
(Finding the mischief that was grown so ripe)
Admitted not with men a married wife.
How careful were they in preserving that,
Which we so watchful are to violate!
O Chastity, the flower of the soul,
How is thy perfect fairness turn'd to foul!
How are thy Blossoms blasted all to dust,
By sudden Lightning of untamed Lust!
How hast thou thus defil'd thy Iv'ry feet!
Thy sweetness that was once, how far from sweet!
Where are thy maiden smiles, thy blushing cheek!
Thy Lamb-like countenance, so fair, so meek?
Where is that spotless flower, that while ere
Within thy Lilly bosom thou didst wear?
Has wanton Cupid snatch'd it? Hath his Dart
Sent courtly tokens to thy simple heart?
Where do'st thou bide? the Country half disclaims
The City wonders when a body names thee: [thou;
Or have the rural Woods engross'd thee there,
And thus forestall'd our empty Markets here?
Sure th'art not, or kept where no man shows thee;
Or chang'd so much, scarce man or woman knows
Our Grandame Eve, before it was forbid, [thou
Desired not the fruit she after did:
Had not the custom of those times ordain'd
That women from mens feasts should be restrain'd,
Perhaps (*Assuerus*) *Vashti* might have died
Unsent for, and thy self been undenied:

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The History of Queen ESTHER. 95

Such are the fruits of mirth's and wine's abuse,
Customs must crack, and love must break his truce;
Conjugal bands must loose, and sullen Hate
Ensues the Feast, where wine's immoderate.

More difficult it is, and greater skill
To bear a mischief than prevent an ill:
Passion is natural, but to bridle passion,
Is more divine, and virtuous operation:
To do amiss is nature's Act: to err,
Is but a wretched mortals Character;
But to prevent the danger of the ill,
Is more than man, surpassing humane skill:
Who plays a happy game with crafty slight,
Confirms himself but Fortunes Favourite:
But he that husbands well, an ill-dealt game,
Deserves the credit of a Gamesters name,
Lord, If my Cards be bad, yet lend me skill
To play them wisely, and make the best of ill.

THE ARGUMENT.

*The learned Council plead the Case;
The Queen degrad'd from her place:
Decrees are sent throughout the Land,
That Wives obey, and Men command.*

SECT. III.

THE righteous Council (having heard the cause)
Advis'd a while, with respite of a pause,
Till Memucan (the first that silence brake)
Unseal'd his serious lips, and thus bespake:
*The great Assuerus Sovereign Lord and King,
(To grace the period of his Banquetting)
Hath sent to Vashti, Vashti would not come,
And now it rests in us to give the doom.
But lest that too much rashness violate
The sacred Justice of our happy State,*

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*We first propound the height of her offence,
Next, the succeeding inconvenience,
Which through the circumstances does augment,
And so descend to th' equal punishment.*
The offence propounded, now we must relate
Such circumstances that might aggravate,
And first the place, (the Palace of the King)
And next the time, (the Time of Banquetting)
Lastly, the Persons, (Princes of the Land)
Which witness the contempt of the command;
The Places, the Persons present, and the Time,
Make foul the fault, make foul the Ladies crime:
Ner was her fault unto the King alone,
But to the Princes, and to every one:
For when this speech abroad divulg'd shall be,
Vashti the Queen withstood the Kings Decree,
Women (that soon can an advantage take
Of things, which for their private ends do make)
Shall scorn their coward Husbands, and despise
Their dear requests within their scornful eyes,
And say, if you deny your bests, then blame not,
Assuerus sent for Vashti, but she came not:
By Vashties pattern others will be taught;
Thus her example's fouler than her fault:
Now therefore if it like our gracious King,
(Since he refers to us the censuring)
Let him proclaim, which untransgressed be,
His Royal Edict, and his just Decree,
That Vashti come no more before his face,
But leaves the titles of her Princely place:
Let firm divorce unloose the Nuptial Knot,
And let the name of Queen be quite forgot:
Let her Estate, and Princely dignity,
Her Royal Crown, and seat assigned be
To one whose sacred vertue shall attain
As high perfection, as her bold disdain:
So when this Royal Edict shall be fam'd,
And through the several Provinces proclaim'd,
Disdainful Wives shall learn, by Vashties fall,
To answer gently to their Husbands call.

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Thus ended *Memedan*, the King was pleas'd
(His blustering passion now at length appeas'd).
And soon apply'd himself to undertake,
To put in practice what his Council spake :
So into every Province of the Land,
He sent his speedy Letters, with command
That Husbands rule their Wives, and bear the sway,
And by subjection teach their Wives to obey.

Meditat. III.

WHEN God with sacred breath did first inspire
The new made earth, with quick and holy fire;
He, well advising what a goodly creature
He builded had, so like himself in feature,
Forthwith concluded by his preservation
To eternize that great work of Mans creation;
Into a sleep he cast this living clay,
Lockt up his sense with drouzy *Morpheus* key,
Opened his fruitful flank, and from his side
He drew the substance of his helpful Bride,
Flesh of his flesh, and bone made of his bone,
He framed woman, making two of one,
Thus broke in two, he did a new ordain
That these same two, should be made one again,
Till singling Death this sacred knot undo,
And part this new made our Once more in two.

Since of a Rib first framed was a wife,
Let Ribs be Hi'roglyphicks of their life:
Ribs coast the heart, and guard it round about,
And like a tender watch keep danger out:
So tender wives should loyally impart
Their watchful care, to fence their spouses heart.
All members else from out their places rove,
But Ribs are firmly fixt, and seldom move:
Women, like Ribs, must keep their wonted home.
And not, like *Dinah* that was ravish't, come:
If Ribs be over-bent, or handled rough,
They break; If let alone, they bend enough:

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Women must, unconstrain'd, be pliant still,
And gently bending to their Husbands will :
The sacred Academy of man's life,
Is holy wedlock in a happy wife.

It was a wise man's speech, *Could never they
Know to command, that know not first to obey :*
Where's then that high command ? that ample fame
Your sex, to glorifie their honour'd name,
Your noble sex in former days achiev'd ?
Whose sounding praise no after-times out-liv'd.
What brave exploits, what well-deserving glory,
The subject of an everlasting story, [then
Their hands achiev'd ? they thrust their Scepters
As well in Kingdoms, as in hearts of men :
And sweet obedience was the lowly stair,
Mounted their steps to that commanding chair.

A Womans rule should be in such a fashion,
Only to guide her household, and her passion :
And her obedience never's out of season,
So long as either Husband lasts, or Reason :
Ill thrives the hapless Family, that shows
A Cock that's silent, and a Hen that crows :
I know not which live more unnatural lives,
Obeying Husbands, or commanding Wives.

THE ARGUMENT.

*Assuerus pleas'd; his servants motion
Propound'd, gains his approbation.
Esters descant, her Jewish race,
Her beauties, and her perfect grace.*

SECT. IV.

When Time, that endeth all things, did assuage
The burning Fever of *Assuerus* rage,
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And quiet satisfaction had assign'd
 Delightful Julips to his troubled mind,
 He call'd his old remembrance to account
 Of *Vashti*, and her crimes that did amount
 To th' sum of her divorcement; In his thought
 He weigh'd the censure of her heedless fault:
 His fawning servants willing to prevent him,
 Lest too much thought should make his love repent
 Said thus: (If it should please our gracious Lord [him,
 To crown with audience his servants word)
 Let strict inquest, and careful inquiry
 In all the Realm be made, and quick provision
 Throughout the Medes and Persians all along
 For comely Virgins, beautiful and young,
 Which curiously selected, let them bring,
 Into the Royal Palace of the King:
 And let the Eunuchs of the King take care
 For Princely Robes, and Vesture, and prepare
 Sweet Odours, choice Perfumes, and all things meet,
 To add a greater sweetness to their sweet:
 And she, whose perfect beams shall best delight,
 And seem most gracious in his Princely sight;
 To her be given the conquest of her face,
 And be enthron'd in scornful *Vashties* place.
 The Project pleas'd the King, who straight requires
 That strict performance second their desires.
 Within the walls of *Susa* dwelt there one,
 By breeding, and by birth a Jew, and known
 By th' name of *Mordakai*, of mighty kin,
 Descended from the Tribe of Benjamin:
 (Whose neck was subject to the slavish yoke,
 When *Jechonia* was surpriz'd and took,
 And carried captive into *Babels* Land,
 With strength of mighty *Neb'chadnezzars* hand)
 Within his house abode a Virgin bright,
 Whose name was *Esther*, or *Hadaßs* high;
 His brothers daughter, whom, her Parents dead,
 This Jew did foster in her Fathers stead;
 She wanted none, though father she had none,
 Her Uncles love assum'd her for his own:

Bright

Bright beams of beauty streamed from her eye,
 And in her cheek sat maiden modesty ;
 Which peerless beauty lent so kind a relish
 To modest virtue, that they did imbellish
 Each other excellence, with a full assent,
 In her to boast their perfect complement.

S E C T. I V.

TH E strongest Arteries that knit and tie
 The members of a mixed Monarchy,
 Are learned Counsels, timely Consultations,
 Rip'n'd Advice, and sage Deliberations :
 And if those Kingdoms be but ill be-blest,
 Whose rule's committed to a young man's breast :
 Then such Estates are more unhappy far,
 Whose choicest Councillors but Children are :
 How many Kingdoms blest with high renown,
 (In all things happy else) have plac'd their Crown
 Upon the Temples of a childish head,
 Until with ruine, King, or State be sped ;
 What Massacres (begun by factious jars,
 And ended by the spoil of civil Wars)
 Have made brave Monarchies unfortunate,
 And raz'd the glory of many a mighty state ?
 How many hopeful Princes (ill advis'd
 By young and smoth-fac'd Council) have despis'd
 The sacred Oracles of riper years,
 Till dear Repentance wash the Land with tears ?
 Witness thou luckless, and succeeding Son
 Of, Wisdoms Favorite, great *Solomon* ;
 How did thy rash and beardless Council bring
 Thy fortunes subject to a stranger King ?
 And laying burthens to thy peoples neck,
 The weight hung sadly on thy bended back.
 Then second *Richard*, once our *Britain* King,
 (Whose *Syre's* and *Grandfir's* fame the world did ring)

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How was thy gentle nature led aside
By green advilements which thy state did guide,
Until the title of the Crown did crack,
And fortunes, as thy Fathers name, were black ?

Now glorious *Britain*, clap thy hands, and bless
Thy sacred Fortunes ; for thy happiness,
(As doth thy Island) does it self divide,
And sequesters from all the world beside ;
Blest are thy open Gates with joyful peace,
Blest are thy fruitful Barns with sweet increase,
Blest in thy Council, whose industrious skill
Is but to make thy fortunes happy still :
In all things blest, that to a state pertain ;
Thrice happy in my dreaded Sovereign,
My sacred Sov'reign in whose only breast
A wise Assembl' or Privy Councils rest,
Who conquers with his Princely heart as far
By peace, as *Alexander* did by war ;
And with his Olive branch more hearts did board,
Than daring *Cesar* did, with *Cesars* sword :
Long may'st thou hold within thy Royal hand
The peaceful Scepter of our happy Land :
Great *Judah's* Lion, and the Flow'r of *Jesse*,
Preserve thy Lions, and thy Flowers blest.

THE ARGUMENT.

*Pair Virgins brought to Hege's hand,
The custom of the Persian Land :
Esthers neglect of rich attire,
To whet the wanton Kings desire.*

Meditat. V.

AND when the lustful Kings Decree was read
In every ear, and shire proclaim'd and spread,

Forth-

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Forthwith unto the Eunuch *Hega's* hand,
 The Bevy came, the pride of beauties band,
 Armed with joy, and warring with their eyes,
 To gain the Conquest of a Princely prize:
 But none in peerless beauty shin'd so bright
 As lovely *Esther* did in *Hega's* sight:
 In loyal service he observed her;
 He sent for costly Oiles, and fragrant Myrrhe,
 To fit her for the Presence of the King:
 Rich Tires, and change of Vesture did he bring;
 Seven comely maids he gave to tend upon her,
 To shew his service, and increase her honour:
 But she was watchful of her lips, and wise,
 Disclosing not her kindred, or allies,
 For trusty *Mordochai's* tender care
 Gave hopeful *Esther* Items to beware
 To blaze her kin, or make her People known,
 Lest for their sakes her hopes be overthrown.
 Before the Gates he to and fro did pass,
 Wherein inclos'd the Courtly *Esther* was,
 To understand how *Esther* did behave her,
 And how she kept her in the Eunuchs favour.
 Now when as time had fitted every thing,
 By course these Virgins came before the King.
 Such was the custome of the Persian soil,
 Six months the Virgins bath'd in Myrrh and Oil,
 Six months perfum'd in change of odours sweet,
 That perfect lust, and great excess may meet;
 What costly robes, rare Jewels, rich attire,
 Or curious fare, these Virgins did desire,
 'Twas given, and freely granted, when they bring
 Their bodies to be prostrate to the King:
 Each Virgin keeps her turn, and all the night
 They lewdly lavish in the Kings delight:
 As soon as morning shall restore the day,
 They in their bosoms bear black night away,
 And (in their guilty breasts, as do their sins,
 Close prisoners, in the house of Concubins
 Remain, until the satiate King shall please
 To lend their pamper'd bodies a release.

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Now when the turn of *Esther* was at hand,
To satisfy the wanton King's command,
She sought not, as the rest, with brave attire
To lend a needless spur 't unchaste desire,
Nor yet endeavors with a whorish Grace,
T' adulterate the beauty of her face ;
Nothing she sought to make her glory braver,
But simply took what gentle *Hebe* gave her :
Her sober visage daily wan her honour :
Each wandering eye inflam'd, that lookt upon her

Midiat. 7.

WHEN God had with his All-producing Blast
Blown up the bubble of the world, and plac'd
In order to that, which he had made in measure,
As well for necessary use, as pleasure :
Then out of earthly mould he fram'd a creature,
Far more Divine, and of more glorious feature,
Than erst he made, indu'd with understanding,
With strength, victorious, and with awe commanding
With reason, wit, repleat with Majesty,
With heavenly Knowledge, and Capacity,
True embleme of his maker : Him he made
The Sov'reign Lord of all : Him all obey'd ;
Yielding their lives as tribute to their King :
Both Fish and Bird, and Beast, and every thing :
His body's rear'd upright, and in his eye
Stand radiant beams of awful sov'reignty ;
All creatures else poe downward to the ground,
Man looks to Heaven and all his thoughts rebound,
Upon the Earth, where tides of pleasures meet,
He treads and daily treads with his feet ;
Which reads sweet Lectures to his wandering eyes,
And teach his just heart to moralize :
Naked he liv'd, naked to the world he came ;
For he had then no fault to hide, nor shame :

His

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His state was level, and he had free-will
 To stand or fall, unforc'd to good or ill:
 Man had, (such state he was created in)
 Within his pow'r, a pow'r not to sin:
 But Man was tempted, yielded, sinn'd, and fell,
 Abus'd his free-will, lost it, then beset
 A worse succeeding state; who was created
 Compleat, is now become poor, blind, and naked:
 He's drawn with head-strong bias unto ill,
 Bereft of active pow'r *to will, or nill*;
 A blessed Saint's become a baleful Devil,
 His freer-will's only stinted now to evil:
 Pleasure's his Lord, and in his Ladies eyes
 His Crystal Temple of Devotion lies:
 Pleasure's the white, whereat he takes the level,
 Which, too much wronged with the name of evil)
 With best of blessings takes her lofty seat,
 Greatest of goods, and seeming best of great;
 What's good, like Iron, rusts for want of use,
 And what is bad, is worsed with abuse;
 Pleasure, whose apt, and right ordained end
 Is but to sweeten labour, and attend
 The frailty of man, is now preferr'd so high,
 To be his Lord, and bear the Sov'reignty,
 Ruling his lavish thoughts, ignoble actions,
 And gains the conquest of his best affections,
 Sparing no cost to bolster up delight,
 But force vain pleasures to unwonted height.
 Who adds excess unto a lustful heart,
 Commits a costly sin, with greater Art.

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THE ARGUMENT.

*Esther's belov'd, wedded, crown'd ;
A Treason, Mordecai betrayed ;
The Traytors are pursu'd, and found,
And for that Treason well apaid.*

SECT. VI.

NOW, now the time is come, fair *Esther* must
Expose her beauty to the Lechers lust ;
Now, now must *Esther* stake her honor down,
And hazard Chastity, to gain a Crown ;
Gone, gone she is attended to the Court,
And spends the evening in the Princes sport :
As when a Lady (walking *Flora's* Bowr)
Picks here a Pink, and there a Gilly-flower,
Now plucks a Vi'let from her purple bed,
And then a Primrose (the years Maiden-head)
There, nips the Briar ; here, the Lovers Pauncy,
Shifting her dainty Pleasures, with her Fancy :
This on her arm, and that she lists to wear
Upon the borders of her curious hair ;
At length, a Rose-bud (passing all the rest)
She plucks, and bosoms in her lilly Breast ;
So when *Assuerus* (tickled with delight)
Perceiv'd the beauties of those Virgins bright,
He lik'd them all, but when with strict revie
He viewed *Esther's* face, his wounded eye
Sparkled, whil'st *Cupid* with his youthful Dart
Transfixt the Center of his feeble heart ;
Esther is now his joy, and in her eyes
The sweetest flower of his Garland lies :
Who now but *Esther* ? *Esther* crowns his bliss,
And he's become her prisoner, that was his :

Esther

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Esther obtains the prize, her high desert
Like Di'mond's richly mounted in his heart ;
Is, now *is Hymen* sing, for she
That crowns his joy, must likewise crowned be ;
The Crown is set on Princely *Esther's* head,
Esther sits Queen, in scornful *Vashties* stead.

To consecrate this day to more delights,
In due solemnizing the Nuptial Rites,
In *Esther's* name, *Assuerus* made a Feast,
Invited all his Princes, and releast
The hard taxation that his heavy hand
Laid on the subjects of his groaning Land ;
No rites were wanting to augment his joys,
Great gifts confirm'd the bounty of his choice ;
Yet had not *Esther's* lavish tongue descry'd
Her Jewish Kin, or where she was ally'd ;
For still the words of *Mordecai* did rest
Within the Cabbins of her Royal breast,
Who was as pliant, (being now a Queen)
To sage advice as e'r before she'd been.

It came to pass as *Mordochus* sate
Within the Portal of the Princes gate,
He heard two servants of the King,
Closely combin'd in hollow whispering,
(Like whistling *Noctus* that foretels a rain)
To breath out treason 'gainst their Sovereign :
Which, soon as loyal *Mordochus* heard ;
Forthwith to *Esther's* presence he repair'd ;
Disclos'd to her, and to her care commended
The Traitors, and the treason they intended :
Whereat the Queen (impatient of delay)
Betray'd the Traytors, that would her betray,
And to the King unbosom'd all her heart,
And who her News-man was, and his desert.

Now all in hurly-burly was the Court,
All tongues were fill'd with wonder, and report :
The wretch was set, pursuit was made about,
To guard the King, and find the Traytors out :
Who found, and guilty found, by speedy trial,
(Where witness speaks, what boots a bare denial?)

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Were both hanged upon the shameful tree :
(To bear such fruit let trees ne'r barren be ;)
And what success this happy Day afforded,
Was in the Persian Chronicles recorded.

Mediat. V. E.

THE hollow Concave of a humane breast,
Is God's Exchequer, and therein the best
And sum of all his chiefest wealth consists,
Which he shuts up, and opens when he lists:
No power is of man; to love or hate,
Lies not in mortals breast, or pow'r of Fate :
Man wants the strength to sway his strong affections,
What power is, is from Divine directions;
Which oft (unseen through dulness of the mind)
We nick-name Chance, because our selves are blind:
And that's the cause, man's first beholding eye
Oft loves, or hates, and knows no reason why.

'Twas not the brightness of Rebecca's face,
Or servants skill, that won the Virgins grace ;
'Twas not the wish or wealth of Abraham,
Or Isaac's fortune, or renowned name,
His comely personage, or his high desert,
Obtain'd the conquest of Rebecca's heart:
Old Abra'm wisht, in secret God directed ;
'Twas Abra'm us'd the means, 'twas God effected.
Best marriages are made in Heaven ; In Heaven
The hearts are joyn'd ; in Earth the hands are given ;
First God ordains, then man confirms the Love,
Proclaiming that on Earth was done above.

'Twas not the sharpness of thy wandring eye,
(Great King Assuerus) to pick Majesty
From out the sadness of a Captive face ;
'Twas not alone thy chusing, nor her grace ;
Who mounts the meek, and beats the lofty down,
Gave thee the heart to chuse, gave her the Crown.

Who

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Who blest thy fortunes with a second wife,
He blest thy fortunes with a second life;
That breast that entertain'd so sweet a Bride,
Stood fair to Treason, (by her means descri'd;)
With double fortunes, wert thou doub'ly blest,
To find so fair, and scape so foul a guest.

Thou aged Father of our years and hours,
(For thou as well discover'st as devours)
Search still the entrails of thy just Records,
Wherein are entred the diurnal words
And deeds of mortal men; bring, thou, to light
All treach'rous projects mann'd by craft or might:
With Tow'rs of brass, their faithful hearts imboss
That bear the Christian colours of the Cross.

And thou-preserver of all mortal things,
Within whose hands are plac'd the hearts of Kings;
By whom all Kingdoms stand, and Princes reign,
Preserve thy CHARLES, and my dear Sovereign;
Let Traitors plots, like wandring Atoms flie,
And on their heads pay tenfold usury;
His bosom tutor, and his sassy tender:
O be thou his, as he's thy Faith's Defender:
That thou in him, and he in thee may rest,
And we of both may live and die possesst.

THE ARGUMENT.

*The line of Haman, and his race:
His fortunes in the Princely grace:
His rage to Mordecai express,
Not bowing to him, as the rest.*

SECT. VII.

UPON a time, to Persia's Royal Court,
A foreign stranger used to resort,

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The History of Queen ESTHER. 105

He was the Issue of a Royal breed,
The off-cast off-spring of the cursed seed
Of *Amalek*, from his descended right,
That sold his birth-right for his Appetite :
Haman his name ; His fortunes did improve,
Increast by favour of the Princes love :
Full great he grew, preferr'd to high command,
And plac'd before the Princes of the Land :
And since that honour and due reverence
Belong where Princes give pre-eminence ;
The King commands the servants of his State
To suit respect to *Hamans* high estate,
And do him honour sitting his degree,
With vailed bonnet, and low bended knee :
They all observ'd ; but aged *Mordecai* :
(Whose stubborn joints neglected to obey
The seed which Heaven with infamy had branded)
Stoutly refused what the King commanded :
Which when the servants of the King had seen,
Their fell disdain mixt with an envious spleen,
Inflam'd ; they question'd how he durst withstand
The just performance of the King's Command :
Daily they check'd him for his high disdain,
And he their check did daily entertain
With silent slight behaviour, which did prove
As full of care, as their rebukes of love.

Since then their hearts (not able to abide
A longer sufferance of his peevish pride)
(Whose scorching fires, passion did augment)
Must either break, or find a speedy vent :
To *Haman* they th' unwelcome news related ;
And what they said their malice aggravated,
Envy did ope her snake-devouring jaws
Foam'd frothy blood, and bent her uncked paws,
Her hollow eyes did cast out sudden flame,
And pale as ashes look'd this angry Dame,
And thus bespake : *Art thou that man of might,
That Imp of Glory ? Times great Favourite ?
Hast thy deserved worth restor'd again
The blemish'd honour of thy Princely strain*

Art

106. *The History of Queen ESTHER.*

*Art thou that Wonder which the Persian State
Stands gazing at so much, and pointing at?
Filling all wondering Eyes with admiration,
And every loyal heart with Adoration?
Art thou that mighty He? How haps it then
That wretched Mordecai, the worst of men,
A captive slave, a superstitious Jew,
Slight's thee, and rabs thee of thy rightful due?
Nor was his fault design'd with Ignorance,
(The us'd Advocate of sin) or Chance;
But back with arrogance and foul despite:
Rise up, and do thy suffering honour right.*

*Up (like his deep Revenge) rose Haman then,
And like a sleeping Lion from his den,
Rous'd his resentless rage; But when his eye
Confirm'd the news; Report did testifie,
His reason straight was heav'd from off his hinge,
And fury rounded in his ear Revenge,
And (like a rash Adviser) thus began:*

*There's nothing (Haman) is more dear to man,
And cool; his boiling veins with sweeter pleasure,
Than quick revenge; for to revenge by leisure,
Is but like feeding when the stomach's past,
Pleasing not eager appetite, nor taste:
Yet when delay returns Revenge the greater,
Like poyntant sauce, it makes the meat the sweeter;
It fits not th' Honour of thy personage,
Nor stands it with thy Greatness, to engage
Thy noble thoughts, to make Revenge so poor,
To be Reveng'd on one alone: thy sore
Needs Many plaisters: make thy Honour good,
Not with a drop, but with a World of blood:
Borrow the Scythe of time, and let thy passion
Mow down thy Jewish Foe, with all his Nation.*

Medicat.

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Meditat. VII.

Fights God for cursed *Amalek*? That hand,
 That once did curse, doth now the curse with-
 Is God unjust? Is Justice fled from Heaven? (stand:
 Or are righteous Ballances un-even?
 Is this that Just *Jehovah's* sacred word
 Firmly inroll'd within the Laws Record:
I'll fight with Ama'ek, destroy his Nation,
And from remembrance blot his Generation?
 What shall his curse to *Amalek* be void?
 And with those plagues shall *Is'el* be destroy'd?
 Ah sooner shall the sprightful flames of fire
 Descend and moisten, and dull Earth aspire,
 And with her driness quench fair *Titan's* heat,
 Then shall thy words, and just Decrees retreat:
 The day (as weary of his burthen) tires;
 The year (full laden with her months) expires;
 The heav'ns (grown great with age) must soon decay;
 The pond'rous earth in time shall pass away;
 But yet thy sacred words shall alway flourish,
 Tho' days, and years, and Heaven, and Earth do perish.
 How perks proud *Homan* then? what prosp'rous
 Exalts his Pagan head? How fortunate [fate
 Hath favour crown'd his time? Hath God decreed
 No other curse upon that cursed seed?
 The mortal eye of man can but perceive
 Things present; when his heart cannot conceive,
 He's either by his outward senses guided,
 Or like a *Quare*, leaves it undecided:
 The fleshy eye that lends a feeble sight,
 Fails in extent, and hath no further might
 Than to attain the object, and there ends
 His office, and of what it apprehends,
 Acquaints the understanding, which conceives,
 And descants on that thing the sight perceives,

Or

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Or good, or bad ; unable to project
To just occasion, or the true effect :
Man seeks like man, and can but comprehend
Things as they present are, not as they end ;
God sees a King's heart in a Shepherd's breast,
And in a mighty King he sees a Beast :
'Tis not the spring tide of an high estate
Creates a man (though seeming) Fortunate :
The blaze of Honour, Fortunes sweet excess,
Do undeserve the name of Happiness :
The frowns of indisposed Fortune makes
Man poor, but not unhappy. He that takes
Her checks with patience, leaves the name of poor
And lets in fortune at a backer door.

Lord, let my fortunes be rich, or poor :
If small, the less account, if great, the more.

THE ARGUMENT.

*Unto the King proud Haman sues,
For the destruction of the Jews :
The King consents, and in his name
Decrees were sent to effect the same.*

SECT. VIII.

NOW when the year had turn'd his course about,
And fully worn his weary hours out,
And left his circling travel to his heir,
That now sets onset to the ensuing year,
Proud Haman (pain'd with travail in the birth,
Till after-time could bring his mischief forth)
Cast Lots, from month to month, from day to day,
To pick the choicest time when fortune may
Be most propitious to his damned plot ;
Till on the last month fell the unwilling Lot :

So Haman, guided by his Idol Fate,
(Cloaking with publick good his private Hate)
In plaintiff terms, where reason forg'd a relish,
Unto the King, his speech did thus imbellish:

Upon the limits of this happy Nation,
There floats a scum, an off-cast Generation,
Dispers'd, despis'd, and noysome to the Land,
And Refractory to the Laws, to thy command,
Not stooping to thy Power, but despising,
All Government, but of their own devising,
Which stirs the glowing embers of division,
The hateful mother of a States perdition,
The which, not soon redrest by Reformation,
Will ruine breed, to thee and to thy Nation,
Begetting Rebels, and seditious broils,
And fill thy peaceful Land with bloody spoils:
Now therefore, if it please my gracious Lord
To right this grievance with his Princely sword,
That death and equal Justice may o'whelm
The secret Ruiners of thy sacred Realm,
Unto the Royal Treasure of the King
Ten thousand Silver talents will I bring.

Then gave the King from off his heedless hand
His Ring to Haman, with that Ring command,
And said: Thy proffer'd Wealth thy self possess;

Yet be thy just petition ne'rtheless

Entirely granted. Lo! before thy face
Thy vassals lie, with all their rebel race;
Thine be the People, and the power thine
T' allot these Rebels their deserved Fine.

Forthwith the Scribes were summon'd to appear,
Decrees were written, sent to every Shire,
To all Lieutenants, Captains of the Band,
And all the Provinces throughout the Land
Stil'd in the name and person of the King,
And made authentick with his Royal Ring;
By speedy Post-men were the Letters sent;

And this the sum is of their sad content:

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ASSUERUS REX.

Let ev'ry Province in the Persian Land
(Upon the day prefixt) prepare his hand
To make the Chanels flow with Rebels blood,
And from the Earth to root the Jewish brood:
And let the softness of no partial heart,
Through melting pity, love or false desert,
Spare either young, or old, or man, or woman,
But like their faults, so let their plagues be common.
Decreed, and signed by our Princely Grace,
And given at Shushan from our Royal Place.

So Haman fill'd with joy, (his fortunes blest
With fair success of his so foul request)
Laid care aside to sleep, and with the King
Consum'd the time in jolly banquetting:
Mean while the Jews (the poor afflicted Jews,
Perplex'd and startled with the new-bred news)
With drooping heads, and self embracing arms,
Wept forth the Dirge of their ensuing harms.

Meditat. VIII.

OF all Diseases in a publick weal,
No one more dangerous, and hard to heal,
Except a tyrant King) than when great might
Is trusted to the hands, that take delight
To bathe and paddle in the blood of those
Whom jealousies, and not lust cause oppose:
For when as haughty power is conjoin'd
Unto the will of a distemper'd mind,
What e'r it can, it will, and what it will,
It in it self hath power to fulfil:
What mischief then can linger, unattempted?
What base attempts can happen unprevented?
Statutes must break, good Laws must go to wrack,
And, like a Bow that's overbent, must crack:

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The History of Queen ESTHER. 111

Justice, the life of Law) becomes so furious,
That (over-doing right) it proves injurious :
Mercy, the Stear of Justice) flies the City,
And fallily must be term'd a foolish pity :
Mean while the gracious Princess tender breast
(Gently possess'd with nothing but the best
Of the disguis'd dissembler) is abus'd,
And made the cloak, wherewith his fault's excus'd.
The radiant beams that warm, and shine so bright,
Comfort this lower world with heat and light,
But drawn, and recollected in a glass,
They burn, and their appointed limits pass.
Even so the power from the Princes hand,
Directs the subject with a sweet command :
But to perverse fantasticks if conferr'd,
Whom wealth, or blinded fortune hath preferr'd,
It spurs on wrong, and makes the right retire,
And sets the grumbling Common-wealth on fire :
Their foul intent, the common good pretends,
And with that good they mask their private ends;
Their glory's dim, and can't be understood,
Unless it shine in pride, or swim in blood :
Their will's a Law, their mischief Policy,
Their frowns are death, their power tyranny :
Ill thrives the State that harbours such a man,
That can what e'r he wills ; wills, what he can.
May my ungarnisht Quill presume so much
To glorifie it self, and give a touch
Upon the Island of my Sovereign Lord ;
What language shall I use, what new found word.
To bridge the mighty volume of his worth,
And keep me blameless from th' untimely birth
Of, false reputed, flattery ? he lends
No cursed Haman pow'r to work his Ends
Upon our ruin, but transfers his grace
On just desert, which in the ugly face
Of foul detraction, untoucht, can dare,
And smile, till black-mouth'd Envy blush, and tear
Her spaky fleece. Thus, thus in a happy peace
He rules, to make our happiness increas,

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Directs with love, commands with Princely awe,
And in his breast he bears a living Law:
Defend us thou, and Heaven's thee defend,
And let proud Haman have proud Haman's end.

THE ARGUMENT.

*The Jews and Mordecai lament,
And wail the height of their distresses:
But Mordecai the Queen possessor,
With cruel Haman's foul intent.*

SECT. IX.

NOW when as Fame (the daughter of the Earth)
Newly dis-burthen'd of her plumed birth)
From off her Turrets did her wings display,
And preacht in the sad ears of Mordecai;
He rent his garments, wearing in their stead
Distressed Sackcloth: on his fainting head
He strowed Dust, and from his showring eyes
Ran floods of sorrow, and with bitter cries
His grief saluted Heaven; his groans did borrow
No Art to draw the true pourtrait of sorrow:
Nor yet within his troubled breast alone,
(Too small a stage for grief to trample on)
Did tyrant sorrow act her lively Scene,
But did enlarge (such grief admits no mean)
The lawless limits of her Theatre
Till hearts of all the Jewish Nation, where
(With no dissembled action) she exprest
The lively Passion of a pensive breast.
Forthwith he posteth to the Palace gate,
To acquaint Queen Esther with his sad estate,
But found no entrance: for the Persian Court
Gave welcome to delights, and youthful sport

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The History of Queen ESTHER. 113

To jolly mirth, and such delightful things :
Soft raiment best befits the Courts of Kings :
There lies no welcome for a whining face,
A mourning habit suits no Princely place :
Which when the Maids, and Eunuchs of the Queen
(Unable of themselves to help) had seen,
Their Royal Mistress straight they did acquaint
With the dumb shew of her sad Cozens plaint ;
Whereat (till now a stranger to the cause)
Perplex and forced by the tender Laws
Of dear affection, her gentle Heart
Did sympathize with his conceived smart :
She sent him change of raiment to put on,
To vail his grief, but he received none ;
Then (sore dismay'd, impatient to forbear
The knowledge of the thing she fear'd to hear)
She sent her servant to him, to importune,
What sudden Chance, or what disastrous fortune
Had caus'd this strange and ill-apparell'd grief,
That she, if in her lies) may send relief :
To whom his sorrows made this sad Relation :
And this the tenour of his Declaration :

*Haman's, that cursed Haman's, haughty pride,
(Because my knee deservedly deny'd
To make an Idol of his greatness) hath
Incens'd the fury of his jealous wrath,
And proffer'd lavish bribes to buy the blood
Of me, and all the faithful Jewish brood :
Lo, here the Copy, granted by the King,
Seal'd in his name, confirmed with his Ring,
By vertue of the which, into his hands,
Curst Haman hath ingross'd our lives, our lands :*

*Go tell the Queen, it resteth in her powers
To help ; the case is hers, as well as ours :
Go tell my Coxen Queen, it is her charge
To use the means whereby she may enlarge
Her aged Kinsman's life, and all her Nation ;
Preferring to the King her supplication.*

Meditat. IX.

WHO hopes t' attain the sweet Elysian Lays,
 To reap the harvest of his well-spent days,
 Must pass the joyless streams of Acheron,
 The scorching waves of burning Phlegeton,
 And sable billows of the Stygian Lake :
 Thus sweet with sowr each mortal must partake.
 What joyful Harvester did e'r obtain
 The sweet fruition of his hopeful gain,
 Until his hardy labours first had past
 The summers heat, and stormy winters blast ;
 A sable night returns a shining morrow ;
 And days of joy ensue sad nights of sorrow :
 The way to bliss lies not on Beds of Down,
 And he that had no Cross, deserves no Crown :
 There's but one Heaven, one place of perfect ease,
 In man it lies, to take it where he please,
 Above, or here below : and few men do
 Enjoy the one, and taste the other too :
 Sweating, and constant labor wins the Goal
 Of rest ; Afflictions clarify the soul,
 And like hard Masters, give more hard directions,
 Tut'ring the nonage of uncurb'd affections :
 Wisdom, the Antidote of sad despair,
 Make sharp Afflictions seem not as they are,
 Through patient sufferance ; and doth apprehend,
 Not as they seeming are, but as they end :
 To bear affliction with a bended brow,
 Or stubborn heart, is but to disallow
 The speedy means to health ; salve heals no sore,
 If misapply'd, but makes the grief the more ;
 Who sends affliction, sends an end, and he
 Best knows what's best for him, what's best for me :
 'Tis not for me to carve me where I like ;
 Him pleases when he list to stroke or strike :
 I'll neither wish, nor yet avoid tentation,
 But still expect it, and make preparation :

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The History of Queen ESTHER. F15

If he think best, my Faith shall not be try'd,
Lord keep me spotless from presumptuous pride:
If otherwise with his trial, give me care,
By thankful patience to prevent despair:
Fit me to bear what-e'r thou shalt assign;
I kiss the Rod, because the Rod is thine.
How-e'r, let me not boast, nor yet repine,
With trial, or without, (Lord) make me thine.

THE ARGUMENT.

*Her aid implor'd, the Queen refuses
To help them, and her self excuses:
But (urg'd by Mordecai) consents
To die, or cross their foes intents.*

SECT. X.

NOW when the servant had return'd the words
Of wretched Mordecai, like painted swords
They near impierc'd Queen Esthers tender heart,
That she could pity, but no help impart,
Ballac'd with grief, and with the burthen soil'd,
(Like Ordnance over-charg'd) she thus recoil'd:

Go, Hatach, tell my wretched kinsman thus,
The thing concerns not you alone, but us:
We are the subject of proud Haman's hate,
As well as you; our life is pointed at,
As well as yours, or as the meanest Jew,
Nor can I help myself, nor them, nor you:
You know the custom of the Persian State,
No King may break, no Subject violate.
How may I then presume to make access
Before th' offended King? or rudely press.
(Uncall'd) into his presence? How can I
Expect my suit, and have deserv'd to die?

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*May my desire hope to find success?
When to effect them, I the Law transgress?
These thirty days uncall'd for have I been
Unto my Lord, how dare I now go in?
Go, Hatach, and return this heavy news,
And shew the truth of my enforc'd excuse.*

*Whereof when Mordecai was full possess'd,
His troubled soul he boldly thus exprest:*

*Go, tell the fearful Queen, too great's her fear.
Too small her zeal; her life she rates too dear:
How poor's th' adventure, to engage thy blood,
To save thy Peoples life: and Churches good?
To what advantage canst thou more expose
Thy life than this? Th' hast but a life to lose:
Think not thy Greatness can excuse our death,
Or save thy life, thy life is but a breath
As well as ours, Great Queen, thou hop'st in vain,
In saving of a life, a life to gain:
Who knows if God on purpose did intend
Thy high preferment for this happy end?
If at this needful time thou spare to speak,
Our speedy help shall, (like the morning) break
From Heaven, together with thy Woes; and he
That succours us, shall keep his plagues on thee.*

*Which when Queen Esther had right well perus'd,
And on each wounding word had sadly mus'd,
Startled with zeal, nor daring to deny,
She rouz'd her faith; and sent this meek reply:*

*Since Heaven it is endows each enterprize
With good success, and only in us lies
To plant and water; let us first obtain
Heavens high assistance, lest the Work be vain:
Let all the Jews in Susa summon'd be,
And keep a solemn three days Fast, and we,
With all our servants, and our maiden-train,
Shall fast as long, and from our thoughts abstain:
Then to the King (uncall'd) will I repair,
(Howe'r my boldness shall his Laws contrair)
And bravely welcome Death before mine eye,
And scorn her power: If I die, I die.*

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Meditat. X.

AS in the winged Common-wealth of Bees,
(Whose careful Summer Providence fore-sees
Th' approaching fruitless winter, which denies
The crown of labour) some with laden thighs
Take charge to bear their waxy burthens home;
Others receive the welcome load; and some
Dispose the wax, others the plot contrive;
Some build the curious Comb, some guard the Hive
Like armed Centinels; others distrain
The purer honey from the wax; some train,
And discipline the young, while others drive
The sluggish Drones from their deserved Hive:
Thus in the Common-wealth (untaught by Art)
Each winged Burgher acts his busie part:
So man (whose first creation did intend,
And chiefly pointed at no other end,
Then (as a faithful Steward, to receive
The Fine and quit-rent of the lives we live)
Must suit his dear endeavour to his might:
Each one must lift to make the burthen light,
Proving the power that his gifts afford
To raise the best advantage for his Lord,
Whose substitute he is, and for whose sake
We live and breathe, each his account must make,
Or more or less; and he whose power lacks
The means to gather honey, must bring wax;
Five Talents double five; two render four,
Where's little, little's crav'd; where's much, there's
Kings by their Royal privilege may do, [more:
What unbefits a mind to search into:
But by the force of their Prerogatives,
They cannot free the custom of their lives:
The silly Widow (from whose wrinkled brows
Faint drops distil, through labour that she owes

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Her needy life) must make her Audit too,
 As well as Kings, and mighty Monarchs do:
 The World's a Stage, each Mortal acts thereon,
 As well the King that glitters on the throne,
 As needy Beggars; Heav'n Spectator is,
 And marks who acteth well, and who amiss.
 What part befits me best, I cannot tell;
 It matters not how mean, so acted well.

THE ARGUMENT.

*Unto the King, Queen Ester goes,
 He unexpected favour shows;
 Demands her Suit, she doth request
 The King and Haman to a Fast.*

SECT. XI.

WHON as Queen Esther's solemn three days Fast
 Had feasted Heaven with a sweet repast,
 Her lowly bended Body she unbow'd,
 And (like fair Titan breaking from a Cloud)
 She rose, and with her Royal Robe she clad
 Her lifeless limbs, and with a face as sad
 As grief could paint (wanting no Art to borrow
 A needless help to counterfeit a sorrow)
 Softly she did direct her feeble pace
 Unto the Inner-Court, where for a space
 She boldly stood before the Royal Throne,
 Like one that would, but durst not make her mone:
 Which when her Princely Husband did behold,
 His heart relent, (Fortune helps the bold)
 And to express a welcome unexpected,
 Forth to the Queen his Scepter he directed;
 Whom (now emboldned to approach secur'd)
 In gracious terms he gently thus conjur'd:

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The History of Queen ESTHER. 119.

What is't Queen Esther would? what sad request
Hangs on her lips, dwells in her doubtful breast?
Say, say, my life's preserver, what's the thing
That lies in the performance of a King,
Shall be deny'd? Fair Queen, what'er is mine,
Unto the moiety of my Kingdom's thine.

So Esther thus: If in thy Princely eyes,
Thy loyal Servant hath obtain'd the prize
Of undeserv'd favour, let the King
And Haman grace my this days Banqueting,
To crown the dainties of his hand-maids Feast,
Humbly devoted to so great a Guest.

The motion pleas'd, and fairly well succeeded:
(Too willing minds no twice entreaty needed)
They came; but in Queen Esther's troubled face,
(Rob'd of the sweetness of her wonted grace)
The King read discontent; her face divin'd
The greatness of some further suit behind.

Say, say, (thou bounteous harvest of my joys)
(said then the King) what dumpish grief annoys
Thy trouble'd Soul? Speak Lady, what's the thing
Thy heart desires? By th' honour of a King,
My Kingdoms half, requested, I'll divide
To fair Queen Esther, to my fairest Bride.

Lo then the tenour of my dear request,
(Replied the Queen) Unto a second Feast,
Thy humble Suitor doth presume to bid
The King and Haman, as before she did:
Now therefore if it please my gracious Lord
To deign his Royal Presence, and afford
The peerless treasure of his Princely Grace,
To dry the sorrows of his Handmaids face,
Then to my Kingly, and thrice welcome Guest,
His Servant shall unboisme her request.

Medius.

Meditat. XI.

HE that invites his Maker to a Feast,
 (Advising well the greatness of his Guest)
 Must purge his dining Chamber from infections,
 And sweep the Cobwebs of his lewd affections,
 And then provide such Cates as most delight
 His Palate, and best please his Appetite;
 And such are holy works, and pious deeds,
 These are the dainties whereon Heaven feeds:
 Faith plays the Cook, seasons, directs and guides;
 So Man finds meat, so God the Cook provides:
 His drink are tears, sprung from a midnight cry,
 Heaven sips out Nectar from a Sinners eye;
 The dining Chamber is the soul oppress'd;
 God keeps his Revels in a Sinners Breast:
 The musick that attends the Feast, are groans,
 Deep sounding sighs, and loud lamenting moans:
 Heav'n hears no sweeter musick, than complaints;
 The Fasts of Sinners, are the Feasts of Saints, [King
 To which Heav'n dains to stoop, and Heav'n's high
 Descends, whilst all the Quire of Angels sing,
 And with such sense bereaving sonnets fill
 The hearts of wretched men, that my rude Quill
 (Dazell'd with too much light) it self addressing
 To blaze them forth, obscures them in th' expressing:
 Thrice happy man, and thrice thrice happy Feast,
 Grac'd with the presence of so great a guest!
 To him are freely giv'n the privy keys
 Of Heav'n and Earth, to open when he please,
 And lock when e'r he-lists. In him it lies.
 To ope the shoring floodgates of the skies,
 Or shut them at his pleasure; in his hand
 The Host of Heaven is put; if he command;
 The Sun, not daring to withstand, obeys,
 Out-runs his equal hours, flies back, or stays;

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The History of Queen ESTHER. 121

To him there's nought uneasie to atchieve ;
He'll rouse the Graves, and make the dead alive.
Lord, I'm unfit t'invite thee to my home,
My Cates are all too coarse, too mean my Room :
Yet come and welcome: by the power Divine,
Thy grace may turn my Water into Wine.

THE ARGUMENT.

*Good Mordecai's unwelcome
Great Haman's haughty pride offends :
H' acquaints his Wife with the offence :
The counsel of his Wife and Friends.*

SECT. XII.

That day went Haman forth; for his swol'n breast
Was fill'd with joys, and heart was full possess'd
Of all the height Ambition could require,
To satisfy her prodigal desire.

But when he pass'd through the Palace Gate,
(His eye-sore) aged *Mordechai's* fate,
With head unbar'd, and stubborn knee unbent,
Unapt to fawn, with slavish blandishment :
Which when great Haman saw, his boiling breast
(So great disdain unable to digest)
Ran o'r; his blood grew hot, and new desires
Incens'd and kindled his avenging fires ;
Surcharg'd with grief, and sick with Male-content .
Through his distemper'd passion home he went ;
Where (to assuage the swelling of his sorrow
With words the poorest helps distress can borrow) :
His Wife and Friends he summon'd to partake
His cause of discontent, and thus bespake :

*See, see, how Fortune with a liberal hand,
Bath with the best and sweetest of the Land,*

Crown'd

122 *The History of Queen ESTHER.*

Crown'd my desires, and hath timely blown
My budded hopes, whose ripeness hath out-grown
The limits and the height of expectation,
Scarce to be had but in a contemplation :

See, see, how Fortune (to enlarge his breath,
And make me living in despite of Death)
Hath multiply'd my leins, that after Fame,
May in my stock preserve my blood, my name.

To make my honour with my fortunes even,
Behold, my gracious Lord the King hath given
And trusted to my hand the Sword of Pow'r ;
Or life, or death lies where I laugh or lowr ;
Who stands more gracious in my Princes eye ?
How frowns the King, if Haman be not ly ?

Esther the Queen hath made the King her Guest,
And wisely weighing how to grace the Feast
With most advantage (both in policy)
Invited me : And no man else but I
Only, a fit companion for a King,
May taste the Secrets of the Banquetting.

Yet what avails my wealth, my place, my might ?
How can I relish them ? with what delight ?
What pleasure is in dainties, if the taste
Be in it self distemper'd ? Better fast :
In many sweets, one sour offends the palate,
One loathsome Weed annoys the choicest Sallat :
What are my riches ? what my honour'd place ?
What are my Children ? or my Princes Grace,
So long as cursed Mordecai survives ?
Whose very breath infects, whose life deprives
My life of Bliss, and visage sternly strikes
Worse venom to mine eyes than Basilisks.

When Haman then had launc'd his rip'n'd grief,
In bloody terms they thus apply'd relief :
Erect a Gibbet, fifty Cubits high,
Then urge the King, what will the King deny
When Haman sues ? that slavish Mordecai
Be hang'd thereon ; his blood will soon allay
The heat of thine, his cursed death shall tame
The highest of thy power, and his shame ;

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The History of Queen ESTHER. 123

*So when thy Suit shall find a fair event,
Go banquet with the King, and live content.*

*The Counsel pleas'd: the Gibber fairly stands,
Soon done, as said; Revenge finds nimble hands.*

Meditat. XII.

Some Evils I must approve; all Goods, I ^{[not}
Some age, and seem not good, some seem, and are ^{[are}
^{[not,}

In chusing goods my heart will make the choice,
My flatter'ing eye shall have no casting voice;
No outward sense may chuse an inward bliss,
For seeming happiness least happy is:
The eye, the chiefest Cinque-Port of the heart,
Keeps open doors, and plays the Traytors part;
Lets painted pleasures in, to bribe th' affections,
Which masks foul faces under false complexions:
It hath no power to judge, nor can it see
Things as they are, but as they seem to be.

There's but one happiness, one perfect bliss;
But how obtain'd, or where, or what it is,
The world of Nature ne'r could apprehend,
Grounding their labours on no other end
Than bare opinion, diversly affecting
Some one thing, some another, still projecting
Prodigious fancies, till their learned Schools!
Lent so much knowledge as to make them fools:
One builds his Bliss upon the blaze of glory:
Can perfect happiness be transitory?
In strength another sums felicity:
What horse is not more happy fat than he?
Some pile their happiness on heaps of wealth:
Which, sick, they'd loath, if Gold could purchase
Some in the use of beauty place their end. (health.
Some in the enjoyment of a country friend:
Like wasted Lamps, such happinesses smother;
Age puffed out the one; and want the other.

The

224 *The History of Queen ESTHER.*

The happiness, whose worth deserves the name
Of chief, with such a fire doth inflame
The Breast of Mortals, that Heaven thinks it fit
That Men should rather think, than taste of it;
All earthly joys some other aim intend,
This, for it self's desir'd, no other end:
Those, if enjoy'd, are crost with discontent,
If not in the pursuit, in the event:
This, truly good, admits no contrariety,
Without defect, or yet a loath'd satiety.

The least is more than my desert can claim,
(Thankful for both) at this alone I aim.

THE ARGUMENT.

*The King asks Haman, what respects
Be fit the man that he affects;
And with that honour doth appay
The good deserts of Mordecai.*

SECT. XIII.

NOW when as Morpheus (Sergeant of the night)
Had laid his Mace upon the dawning light,
And with his listless limbs had closely spread
The sable Curtains of his drowzy bed,
The King slept not, but (indispos'd to rest)
Disguised thoughts within his troubled breast
Kept midnight Revels.
Wherefore, to recollect his random thought)
He gave command the Chronicles be brought
And read before him; where, with good attention,
He mark'd how Mordecai (with fair prevention
Of a foul treason 'gainst his blood intended)
His life, and State had loyally defended:

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Whereat the King (impatient to repay
Such faithful service with the least delay)
Gently demands what thankful recompence,
What worship, or deserved reverence,
Equivalent to such great service, hath
Justly repaid this loyal Liegeman's Faith?
They answ'd, None: Now Haman (fully bent
To give the vessel of his poison, vent)
Stood ready charg'd with full revenge, prepar'd
To beg his life, whom highly to reward
The King intends; Say, Haman, quoth the King
*What worship, or what honourable thing
Befits the Person, whom the King shall place
Within the bounty of his highest Grace?*

So Haman thus bethought, *who more than I
Deserves the sun-shine of my Princes eye?
Whom seeks the King to honour more than me?
From Haman's mouth shall Haman honour'd be;
Speak freely then, and let thy tongue proclaim
An honour suiting to thy worth, thy name.*

So Haman thus: This honour, this respect
Be done to him the King shall most affect,
In Robes Imperial be his Body drest,
And bravely mounted on that very Beast
The King best rides; then be the Crown of State
Plac'd on his lofty brows: Let Princes wait
Upon his Stirrop, and in triumph lead
This Imp of Honour in Assuerus Stead;
And to express the glory of his name,
Like Herald, let the Princes thus proclaim;
This peerless Honour, and these Princely Rites
Be done to him in whom the King delights.

Said then the King, O sudden change of Fate!
Within the Portal of our Palace Gate
There sits a Jew, whose name is Mordecai,
Be he the man; let no perverse delay
Protract; but what thy lavish tongue hath said,
Do thou to him. So Haman sore dismay'd,
His tongue, ty'd to his Roof, made no reply,
But, neither daring answer, nor deny,

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Perforce obey'd, and so his Page became,
 Whose life he sought to have bereav'd with shame:
 The Rites solemniz'd, Mordecai return'd
 Unto the Gate; Haman went home and mourn'd,
 (His visage muffled in a mournful Veil)
 And told his wife this melancholy tale;
 Whereat amaz'd, and startled at the news,
 Despairing, thus she spake: *If from the Jews*
This Mordecai derive this happy line,
His be the palm of victory not thine;
The highest Heavens have still conspir'd to bless
That faithful seed, and with a fair success
Have crown'd their just designs: If Mordecai
Descend from thence, thy hopes shall soon decay,
And melt like Wax before the mid-day Sun.
 So said, her broken speech not fully done,
 Haman was hastied to Queen Esther's Feast,
 To mirth and joy, an indisposed Guest.

Meditat. XIII.

THere's nothing under Heaven more glorifies
 The name of King, or in a Subjects eyes
 Wins more observance, or true loyalty,
 Then sacred Justice shared equally:
 No greater glory can belong to Might,
 Than to defend the feeble in their right,
 To help the helpless, and their wrongs redress,
 To curb the haughty-hearted, and suppress
 The proud; requiring ev'ry special deed,
 With punishment, or honourable meed:
 Herein Kings aptly may deserve the name
 Of gods, enshrined in an earthly frame;
 Nor can they any way approach more nigh
 The full perfection of a Deity,
 Than by true Justice, imitating Heaven
 In nothing more, than in the poizing even

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The History of Queen ESTHER. 127

Their righteous Ballance; Justice is not blind,
As Poets feign, but, with a sight refin'd,
Her Lyncean eyes are clear'd, and shine as bright
As do their errours, that deny her sight;
The soul of Justice resteth in her eye,
Her contemplation's chiefly to descry
True worth from painted shews, and loyalty
From false and deep dissembled treachery,
A noble Statesman, from a Parasite,
And good, from what is meerly good in sight;
Such hidden things her piercing eye can see;
If Justice then be blind, how blind are we?

Right fondly have the Poets pleas'd to say,
From earth the fair *Astrea*'s fled away,
And in the shining Baudrike takes her Seat,
To make the number of the Signs compleat?
For why? *Astrea* doth repose and rest
Within the Zodiack of my Sov'reigns Breast.
And from the Cradle of his Infancy
Hath train'd his Royal heart with industry,
In depths of righteous lore, and sacred thews
Of Justice School, that this my Haggard Muse
Cannot contain the freeness of her spright,
But make a Mountry at so fair a flight,
Perchance, though like a Bastard Eagle, daz'd
With too great light, she wink, and fallamaz'd.
Heav'n make my heart more thankful in confessing
So high a bliss, than skilful in expressing.

THE

THE ARGUMENT.

*The Queen brings Haman's Accusation ;
The King's displeased, and grows in passion :
Proud Haman's treachery descri'd ;
The shameful end of shameless Pride.*

SECT. XIV.

FOrthwith to satisfy the Queens request,
The King and Haman came unto her Feast.
Whereat the King, (what then can hap amiss ?
Became her Suitor, that was humbly his,
And fairly thus entreating, this bespake :

*What is't Queen Esther would ? and for her sake
What is't the King would not ? prefer thy Suit,
Fair Queen : those that despair, let them be mute.
Clear up those clouded Beams (my fairest Bride)
My Kingdoms half, requested, I'll divide.*

Whereat the Queen, half hoping, half afraid,
Disclos'd her trembling lips, and thus she said :

*If in the bounty of thy Princely Grace,
Thy sad Petitioner may find a place
To stand her most unutterable grief,
Which if not there, may hope for no relief ;
If in the treasure of thy gracious eyes,
(Where mercy and relenting pity lies)
Thy hand-maid hath found favour ; let my Lord
Grant me my life (my life so much abhor'd,
To do him service) and my peoples life,
Which now lye open to a Tyrants Knife :
Our lives are sold, 'tis I, 'tis guiltless I,
Thy loyal Spouse, thy Queen, and hers must die :
The spotless blood of me, thy faithful Bride,
Must swage the swelling of a Tyrant's pride :*

Had

Had we been sold for Drudges, to attend
The busie Spindle; or for Slaves to spend
Our weary hours, to deserve our Bread,
So as the gain stood but my Lord instead,
I had been silent, and ne'r spent my breath:
But neither he that seeks it, nor my death
Can to himself the least advantage bring,
(Except revenge) nor to my Lord the King.

Like to a Lion rouzed from his rest,
Rag'd then the King, and thus his rage exprest;

Who is the man that dares attempt this thing?
Where is the Traytor? What? Am I King?
May not our Subjects serve, but must our Queen
Be made the subject of a Villains spleen?
Is not Queen Esther bosom'd in our heart?
What Traytor then dares be so bold, to part
Our heart and us? who dares attempt this thing?
Can Esther then be slain, and not the King?
Reply'd the Queen, The man that hath done this,
That curs'd Haman, wicked Haman is.

Like as a Felon shakes before the Bench,
Whose troubled silence proves the Evidence:
So Haman trembled when Queen Esther spake,
Nor answer, nor excuse his guilt could make.

The King, no longer able to digest
So foul a treachery, forsook the Feast,
Walk'd in the Garden, where consuming rage
Boil'd in his heart with fire, unapt to swage,
So Haman pleading guilty to the fault,
Besought his life of her, whose life he sought.
When as the King had walk'd a little space,
(So rage and choler often shift their place)
In he return'd, where Haman fallen flat
Was on the Bed, whereon Queen Esther sat:
Whereat the King new cause of rage debates,
(Apt to suppose the worst, of whom he hates)
New passion adds new fuel to his fire,
And feigns a cause to make it blaze the higher.
It's not enough for him to seek her death,
Said he, but with a Lechers tainted breath,

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*Will he enforce my Queen before my face,
And make his Brothel in our Royal Place ?
So said, they veiled Haman's face, as he
Unfit were to be seen, or yet to see :
Then said an Eunuch sadly standing by,
In Haman's Garden, fifty Cubits high,
There stands a Gibbet, built but yesterday,
Made for thy loyal Servant Mordecai,
Whose faithful lips thy life from danger freed,
And merit leads him to a fairer meed.*

*Said then the King, It seemeth just and good,
To shed his blood, that this shed after blood :
Who plants the Tree, deserves the fruit ; 'tis fit
That he that bought the purchase, hang'd it :
Hang Haman there ; It is his proper good :
So let the Horse-leach burst himself with blood.
They straight obey'd : Lo here the end of Pride :
Now rests the King appeas'd and satisfy'd.*

Meditat. XIV.

CHeer up, and carol forth your silver Ditty,
(Heavens winged Quiristers) and fill your City
(The new Jerusalem) with jolly mirth : [Earth ;
The Church hath peace in Heaven, hath peace on
Spread forth your golden pinions, and cleave
The sitting skies ; dismount, and quite bereave
Our stupid senses with your heavenly mirth,
For lo, there's peace in Heav'n, there's peace on
Let Hallelujahs fill your warbling tongues, [Earth:
And let the Air compos'd of Saintly Songs,
Breathe such Celestial Sonnets in our ears ;
That whosoe'r this heavenly Musick hears,
May stand amaz'd, and, raviht at the mirth,

[on Earth:
Chant forth, there's peace in Heaven, there's peace
Let Mountains clap their joyful, joyful hands,
And let the lesser hills trace o'r the Lands

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The History of Queen ESTHER. 131

In equal measure ; and resounding woods [floods ;
Bow down your heads, and kiss your neighb'ring
Let peace and love exalt your Key of mirth ; [earth.
For now there's peace in Heav'n, there's peace on
You holy Temples of the highest King,
Triumph with joy ; Your sacred Anthems sing ;
Chant forth your Hymns, and heav'nly roundelays,
And touch your Organs on their louder keys :
For *Human's* dead, that daunted all your mirth,

[Earth.

And now there's peace in Heav'n, there's peace on
Proud *Human's* dead, whose life disturb'd thy rest,
Who fought to cut and fear thy Lilly Breast ;
The rav'nous Fox, that did annoyance bring
Unto the Vineyard, 's taken in a Spring.

Seem'd not thy Spouse unkind, to hear thee weep
And not redress thee ? Seem'd he not asleep ?

No, *Sion*, no, he heard thy bitter prayer,

But let thee weep, for weeping makes the fair.

The morning Sun reflects, and shines most bright,
When Pilgrims grope in darkness all the night :

The Church must conquer e'r she gets the prize,

But there's no Conquest, where's no Enemies :

The day is thine ; in triumph make thy mirth,

For now there's peace in Heaven, there's peace on

[Earth.

What man's so dull, or in his brains undone,

To say, because he sees not, there's no Sun ?

Weak is the faith, upon a sudden grief,

That says, because not now, ther's no relief :

God's bound to help, but loves to see men sue :

Though dateless, yet the Bond's not present due.

Like to the sorrows of our Child-bed Wives,

Is the sad pilgrimage of humane lives :

But when, by throes, God sends a joyful birth,

Then find we peace in Heav'n, and peace on Earth.

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THE ARGUMENT.

*Upon the Queen and Mordecai
Dead Haman's wealth and dignity
The King bestows : to their discretion.
Refers the Jews decreed oppression.*

SECT. XV.

THat very day the King did freely add
More bounty to his gift : what *Haman* had
Borrow'd of smiling Fortune, he repaid
To *Esthers* hand, and to her use convey'd :
And *Mordecai* found favour with the King ;
Upon his hand he put his Royal Ring,
Whose Princely pow'r proud *Haman* did abuse,
In late betraying of the guiltless Jews ;
For now had *Esther* to the King descry'd
Her Jewish Kin, how near she was ally'd
To *Mordochus*, whom (her Father dead)
His love did foster in her Fathers stead.

• Once more the Queen prefers an earnest suit,
Her humble Body lowly prostitute
Before his Royal feet, her cheeks o'rflown
With marish tears, and thus her painful moan,
Commixt with bitter sighs, she expresseth :

*If in the Cabbin of thy Princely breast
Thy loyal Servant, undeserv'd, hath found
A place within her wishes might be crown'd
With fair success ; If in thy gracious sight
I pleasing, or my cause seem just and right,
By speedy Letters write me to reverse
Those bad Writs which *Haman* did disperse
Throughout thy Province, whose sad contents
Thou hast been witness of my innocent*

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The History of Queen ESTHER. 133

*And faithful people; Help, my gracious Lord,
The time's prefixt, wherein th' impartial Sword
Must make this Massacre, the day's at hand,
Unless thy speedy grace send countermand:
How can I brook within my tender breast,
To break the bonds of Nature's high behest,
And see my people, for whose sake I breath,
Like stalled Oxen, bought and sold for death?
How can I see such mischief? how can I
Survive, to see my Kin, and People dye?*

*Said then the King, Lo cursed Haman hath
The execution of our highest wrath,
The equal hire of his malicious pride:
His wealth to thee I gave; (my fairest Bride)
His honour, better plac'd, I have bestow'd
On him, to whom my borrow'd life hath ow'd
Her five years breath, the trusty Mordecai,
Our loyal Kinsman: Let his hand pourtray
Our pleasure, as best liketh him and thee;
Let him sit down, and be it our Decree,
Let him confirm it with our Royal Ring,
And we shall sign it with the name of King:
For none may alter, or reverse the same
That's seal'd and written in our Princely name.*

SECT. XV.

TO breathe's the necessary gift of nature,
Whereby we may discern a living creature
From plants, or stones: 'tis but a meer degree
From vegetation; and this, hath she
Like equally shar'd out to brutish Beasts
With man, who less observes her due behests
(Sometimes) than they; and oft, by accident,
Does less improve the gift in the event:
But man, whose Organs are most fairly drest,
To entertain a far more noble Guest,

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Hath through the excellence of his Creation,
 A Soul Divine ; Divine by inspiration ;
 Divine through likeness to that power Divine,
 That made and plac'd her in her fleshly shrine ;
 From hence we challenge lifes Prerogative ;
 Beasts only breathe ; 'tis man alone doth live ;
 One end of man's Creation was Society,
 Mutual Communion, and friendly Piety :
 The man that lives unto himself alone,
 Subsists, and breathes, but lives not ; Never one
 Deserv'd the moiety of himself, for he
 That's born, may challenge but one part of three ;
 Triparted thus ; his Country claims the best ;
 The next his Parents ; and himself the least.
 He husbands best his life, that freely gives
 It for the publick good ; He rightly lives,
 That nobly dies : 'tis greatest mastery,
 Not to be fond to live, nor fear to die
 On just occasion ; He that, in case, despises
 Life, earns it best ; but he that overprizes
 His dearest blood, when Honour bids him dye,
 Steals but a life, and lives by Robbery.

O sweet Redeemer of the world, whose death
 Deserv'd a World of lives ! Had thy dear breath
 Been dear to thee ; Or hadst thou but deny'd
 Thy precious blood, the World for e'r had dy'd :
 O spoil my life, when I desire to save it.
 By keeping it from thee, that freely gave it.

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THE ARGUMENT.

*Letters are sent by Mordecai,
That all the Jews, upon the day
Appointed for their death, withstand
The fury of their Fo-mens hand.*

SECT. XVI.

FOrthwith the Scribes were summon'd to appear;
To ev'ry Province, and to ev'ry Shire,
Letters they wrote (as Mordecai directed)
To all the Jews (the Jews much dejected)
To all Lieutenants, Captains of the Band,
To all the States, and Princes of the Land,
According to the phrase, and divers fashion
Of Dialect, and speech of ev'ry nation;
All which was stiled in the name o'th' King,
Sign'd with his hand, seal'd with his Royal Ring:
Lo here the tenour of the Kings Commission:

*Whereas of late, at Haman's urg'd Petition,
Decrees were sent, and spread throughout the Land,
To spoil the Jews, and with impartial hand
(Upon a day prefixt) to kill and slay;
We likewise grant, upon that very day,
Full power to the Jews, to make defence,
And quit their lives, and for a recompence,
To take the spoils of those they shall suppress,
Shewing like mercy to the merciless.*

By Posts, as swift as time, was this Decree
Commanded forth; as fast as day they flee,
Spurr'd on, and hastn'd with the Kings Command,
[the Land,
Which straight was nois'd, and publisht through

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As warning to the *Jews*, to make provision
To entertain so great an opposition.

So *Mordecai* (disburthen'd of his grief,
Which now found hopeful tokens of relief)
Departs the presence of the King, address'd
In Royal Robes, and on his lofty Crest
He bore a Crown of Gold, his Body spread
With Lawn, and Purple deeply coloured :
Fill'd were the *Jews* with triumphs, and with noise,
(The common Heralds to proclaim true joys.)
Like as a Pris'n'r muffled at the Tree,
Whose life's remov'd from death scarce one degree,
His last pray'r said, and heart's confession made,
(His eyes possessing death's eternal shade)
At last, unlookt for, comes a slow Reprieve,
And makes him, even as dead, once more to live:
Amaz'd, he reads death's muffler from his eyes,
And, over-joy'd, knows not he lives or dies :
So joy'd the *Jews*, whose lives this new Decree
Had quit from death and danger, and set free
Their gasping Souls, and (like a blazing light)
Dispers'd the darkness of the approaching night ;
So joy'd the *Jews*, and with their solemn Feasts
They chas'd dull sorrow from their pensive Breasts:
Mean while the people (startled at the news)
Some griev'd, some envy'd, some, for fear, turn'd *Jews*.

SECT. XVI.

Among the noble *Greeks* it was no shame
To lose a Sword ; It but deserv'd the name
Of woe's disastrous Fortune ; but to yield
The right and safe possession of the Shield,
Was foul reproach, and manless cowardize,
Far worse than death to him that scorn'd to prize
his life before his Honour ; Honour's won
Most in a just defence, Defence is gone,

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The History of Queen ESTHER. 137

The shield once lost. The wounded Theban cry'd,
How fares my shield? which safe, he smil'd, and
True honour bids at home, and takes delight [dy'd :
In keeping, not in gaining of a Right ;
Scorns usurpation, nor seeks she blood,
And thirsts to make her name not great, as good :
God gives a right to man : to man, defence
To guard it giv'n ; but when a false pretence
Shall ground her title on a greater might,
What doth he else but war with Heav'n, and fight
With Providence? God sets the Princely Crown
On heads of Kings ; Who then may take it down ?
No juster quarrel, or more noble fight,
Than to maintain, where God hath giv'n a Right ;
There's no despair of Conquest in that war,
Where God's the Leader; Policy's no bar
To his designs ; No power can withstand
His high exploits ; within whose mighty hand
Are all the Corners of the Earth ; the Hills
Hisensive Bulwarks are, which when he wills,
His lesser breath can bandy up and down,
And crush the world, and with a wink, can drown
The spacious Universe in fuds of Clay ;
Where Heav'n is leader, Heaven must win the day:
God reaps his honour hence ; that Combat's safe,
Where he's a Combatant, and ventures half :
Right's not impair'd with weakness, but prevails
In spite of strength, when strength and power fails:
Frail is the trust repos'd on Troops of Horse ;
Truth in a handful finds a greater force.
Lord, mail my heart with faith, and be my shield;
And if a World confront me, I'll not yield.

THE ARGUMENT.

*The bloody Massacre : the Jews
Prevail ; their fatal Sword subdues
A World of men, and in that fray
Haman's ten cursed Sons they slay.*

SECT. XVII.

NOW when as time had rip'n'd the Decree,
(Whose winter-fruit, unshaken from the tree
Full ready was to fall) and brought that day,
Wherein pretended mischief was to play
Her tragick Scene upon the Jewish Stage,
And spit the venome of her bloody rage
Upon the face of that dispersed Nation,
And in a minute breathe their desolation ;
Upon that day, as patients in the fight,
Their scatter'd force the Jews did re-unite.
And to a head their stragling strength reduc'd,
And with their fatal hand (their hand diffus'd
To bath in blood) they made so long recoil,
That with a purple stream the thirsty Soil
O'rflew'd ; and on the pavement, drown'd with blood,
Where never was before, they rais'd a Flood :
There lies a headless Body, there a lim
Newly dis-jointed from the trunk of him
That there lies groaning ; here, a gasping head
[dead]
Cropt from his Neighbours shoulders ; there, half
Full heaps of Bodies, whereof some curse Fate,
Others blaspheme the name of Heav'n, and rate
Their undisposed stars ; with bitter cries,
One pities his poor widow-wife, and dies ;

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The History of Queen ESTHER. 139

Another bans the night his Sons were born,
That he must die, and they must live forlorn ;
Here, all besmear'd in blood congeal'd, there lies
A throng of Carcases, whose liveless eyes
Are clos'd with dust, and death ; there lies the Sire
Whose death the greedy Heir did long desire ;
And here the Son, whose hopes were all the pleasure
His aged Father had, and his lifes treasure :
Thus fell their Foes, some dying, and some dead,
And only they that scap'd the slaughter, fled ;
But with such strange amazement were affrighted,
(As if themselves in their own deaths delighted)
That each his force against his friend address'd,
And sheath'd his Sword within his neighbours
For all the Rulers (being fore afraid [breast ;
Of *Mordochews* name) with strength and aid
Supply'd the *Jews* ; for *Mordochews* name
Grew great with honour, and his honour'd fame
Was blaz'd through every Province of the Land,
And spread as far as did the Kings Command :
In favour he encreast ; and every hour
Did add a greater greatness to his pow'r :
Thus did the *Jews* triumph in victory,
And on that day themselves were doom'd to die,
They slew th' appointed actors of their death,
And on their heads they wore that noble wreath,
That crowns a Victor with a Victors prize ;
So fled their foes, so dy'd their enemies :
And on that day at *Susan* were imbru'd
In blood, five hundred men, whom they subdu'd ;
The cursed fruit of the accursed Tree,
That impious Decad, *Haman's* progeny,
Upon that fatal day, they overthrew,
But took no spoil, nor substance, where they flew.

Meditat. XVII.

I Lately mus'd ; and musing stood amaz'd,
 My heart was bound, my sight was over-daz'd
 To view a miracle : Could *Pharaoh* fall
 Before the face of *Israel* ? Could her small
 And ill-appointed handful then prevail,
 When *Pharaoh's* men of war, and *Char'ots* fail ?
 These stood like Giants, those like Pigmy Brats ;
 These soar'd like Eagles ; those like swarms of gnats :

[Horse :

On foot these march'd ; those rode on Troops of
 These never better arm'd ; they never worse :
 Strong backt with vengeance, and revenge were they ;
 These, with despair, themselves, themselves betray :
 They close pursu'd ; these, fearful, fled the field ;
 How could they chuse, but win ? or these but yield ?
 Sure 'tis not man, nor horse, nor sword avails,
 When *Isr'el* conquers, and great *Pharaoh* fails ;
 Poor *Isr'el* had no man of War, but One ;
 And *Pharaoh* having all the rest, had none ;
 Heav'n fought for *Isr'el*, weakned *Pharaoh's* heart,
 Who had no Counter-god to take his part :
 What meant that cloudy Pillar, that by day
 Did usher *Isr'el* in an unknown way ?
 What meant that fir'y Pillar, that by night
 Appear'd to *Isr'el*, and gave *Isr'el* light ?
 'Twas not the secret power of *Moses* Rod,
 That charm'd the Seas in twain ; 'twas *Moses* God
 That fought for *Isr'el*, and made *Pharaoh* fall ;
 Well thrives the fray where God's the General :
 'Tis neither strength nor undermining slight
 Prevails, where Heaven's engaged in the fight.

Me list not ramble into antick days,
 To man this Theam, lest while *Ulysses* strays,
 His heart forget his home *Penelope* :
 Our prosp'rous *Britain* make sufficient Plea

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The History of Queen ESTHER. 141

To prove her bliss, and Heav'n's protecting power,
Which had she mist; her glory in an hour
Had fall'n to Cinders, and had past away
Like smook before the wind; which happy Day
Let none but base-bred Rebels ever fail
To consecrate; and let his Age entail
Upon succeeding times Eternity,
Heav'n's highest love, in that Days memory.

THE ARGUMENT.

*The Sons of Haman (that were slain)
Are all hang'd up: the Jews obtain
Freedom to fight the morrow after,
They put three hundred more to slaughter.*

SECT. XVII.

When as the fame of that days bloody news
Came to the King, he said, Behold, the Jews
Have won the Day, and in their just defence,
Have made their wrong, a rightful recompence;
Five hundred men in Susan they have slain,
And that remainder of proud Haman's strain,
Their hands have rooted out; Queen Esther, say,
What further Suit (wherein Assuerus may
Express the bounty of his Royal hand)
Rests in thy bosom? what is thy demand?

Said then the Queen: If in thy Princely sight,
My boon be pleasing, or thou take delight
To grant thy servants suit, Let that Commission
(Which gave the Jews this happy days permission
To save their lives) to morrow stand in force,
For their behalfs that only make recourse
To God, and thee; and let that cursed brood
(The Sons of Haman, that in guilty blood

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Lie all ingorg'd, unfit to taint a Grove)
Be hang'd on Gibbets, and, like Co-heirs, have
Like equal shares of that deserved shame,
Their wretched father purchas'd in his name.
 The King was pleas'd, and the Decree was giv'n
 From *Susan*, where betwixt the Earth and Heaven,
 (Most undeserving to be own'd by either)
 These cursed ten, like Twins, were born together.

When *Titan* (ready for his journal chase)
 Had rouz'd his dewy locks, and rosie face
 Inrich with morning beaurty, up arose
 The Jews in *Susan*, and their bloody blows
 So roughly dealt, that in that dismal day
 A lease of hundreds fell, but on the prey
 No hand was laid: So, sweet and jolly rest
 The Jews enjoy'd, and with a solemn Feast
 (Like joyful Victors, dispossest of sorrow)
 They consecrated the ensuing morrow;
 And in the Provinces throughout the Land,
 Before their mighty and victorious hand,
 Fell more than seventy thousand, but the prey
 They seized not; and in memory of that day
 They solemnized their victorious Guests,
 With gifts and triumphs, and with holy Feasts.

Meditat. XVIII.

THE Doctrine of the School of Grace dissents
 From Natures, more uncertain, Rudiments,
 And are as much contrary, and opposite
 As Yea and Nay; as black and purest white:
 For nature teaches first to understand,
 And then believe; but Grace doth first command
 Man to believe, and then to comprehend;
 Faith is of things unknown, and must intend,
 And soar above conceit; what we conceive,
 We stand possess'd of, and already have:

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But faith beholds such things, as yet we have not,
Which eyes sees not, ear hears not, heart conceives not.
Hereon, as on our ground-work, our salvation
Erects her pillars ; and this firm foundation,
Our souls mount up the new Jerusalem,
To take possession of her Diadem ;
God loves no sophistry ; who argues least
In Graces School, concludes, and argues best
A womans Logick passes there ; for 'tis
Good proof to say, *'Tis so, because it is* ;
Had Abraham advis'd with flesh and blood,
Bad had his faith been, though his reasons b
If God bid do, for man to urge *Why* ,
Is, but in better language, to deny :
The fleshly ballances of our conceits
Have neither equal poisure, nor just weights,
To weigh, without impeachment, God's design ;
There's no proportion betwixt things Divine,
And Moral ; Lively faith may not depend
Either upon th' occasion or the end.
The glorious Suns reflected beams suffice,
To lend a lustre to the feeblest eyes,
But if the eye, too covetous of the light,
Boldly out-face the Sun (whose Beams so bright,
And undispers'd are too too much refin'd
For view) is it not justly stricken blind ?
I dare not task stout Sampson, for his death ;
Nor wandering Jonah, that bequeath'd his breath
To raging Seas, when God commanded so ;
Nor thee, great Queen, whose lips did overflow
With streams of blood ; nor thee, O cruel kind,
To quench the fire of a womans mind,
With flowing Rivers of thy Subjects blood ;
From bad beginnings God creates a good,
And happy end ; what I cannot conceive,
Lord, let my soul admire, and believe.

THE

THE ARGUMENT.

*The Feast of Purim consecrated,
Th' occasion why twice celebrated :
Letters were writ by Mordecai,
To keep the mem'ry of that day.*

SECT. XIX.

SO *Mordochens* throughout all the Land
Dispers'd his Letters, with a strict command
To celebrate these two days memory
With feasts, and gifts, and yearly jollity,
That after-ages may record that day,
And keep it from the rust of time, that they
Which shall succeed, may ground their holy mirth
Vpon the joys, those happy days brought forth,
Which chang'd their sadness, and black nights of
Into the brightness of a gladfom morrow : [sorrow
Whereto the Jews (to whom these Letters came)
Gave due observance, and did soon proclaim
Their sacred Festivals, in memory
Of that days joy, and joyful victory :
And since the Lots (that *Haman* did abuse,
To know the dismal day which to the Jews
Might fall most fatal, and to his intent
Least unpropitious) were in th' event
Cross'd with a higher Fate, than blinded Chance,
To work his ruine, their deliverence :
They Therefore in-remembrance of the Lot
(Whose hop'd for sad event succeeded not)
The solemn Feasts of *Purim* did invest,
And by the name of *Purim* call their Feast ;
Which to observe with sacred Complement,
And Ceremonial Rites, their Souls indent,

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And firmly inrol the happy memory
Ith' hearts of their succeeding Progeny,
That time (the enemy of mortal things)
May not with hov'ring of his nimble wings,
Beat down the dear memorial of that time,
But keep it flowing in perpetual prime.

Now lest this shining day in times progress
Perchance be clouded with forgetfulness,
Or lest the gaulded Persian should debate
The bloody slaughter, and re-ulcerate
In after-days, their former misery,
And blur the glory of this days memory,
The Queen and *Mordecai* sent Letters out
Into the Land dispersed round about
To re-confirm, and fully ratifie
This Feast of *Purim* to Eternity;
That it to after-ages may appear,
When sinners bend their hearts, Heaven bows his ear.

Meditat. XIX.

AND are the Laws of God defective then?
Or was the Paper scant, or dull the Pen
That wrote those sacred Lines? Could imperfection
Lurk closely there, where Heav'n hath giv'n directi-
How comes it then, new feasts are celebrated [on?
Unmention'd in the Last, and uncreated.

By him that made the Law compleat and just;
Not to be chang'd as brain-sick Mortals lust?
Is not Heavens deepest curse, with death to boot,
Denounc'd to him that takes from, or adds to't?

True 'tis, the Law of God's the Rule and Square
Whereby to limit man's uncurb'd desire,
And with a gentle hand doth justly poize
The Ballances of his unlevell'd ways.

True, 'tis accurs'd, and thrice accurs'd be he,
That shall detract, or change such Laws as be

Directive

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Directive for his worship, or concern
 His holy Service, these we strictly learn,
 Within our constant Breast to keep inshrind,
 These in all Seasons, and for all times bind :
 But Laws (although Divine) that do respect
 The publick rest, and properly direct,
 As Statutes politick, do make relation
 To times, and persons, places, and occasion.
 The Brazen Serpent, which by God's Command
 Was builded up, was by the Prophets hand
 Beat down again, as impious and impure,
 When it became an Idol, not a cure.
 A moral Law needs no more warranty,
 Than Lawful Givers, and conveniency,
 (Not crossing the Divine :) It lies in Kings
 To act, and to inhabit all such things
 As in his Princely wisdom shall seem best,
 And most vantageous to the publick rest,
 And what before was an indifferent thing,
 His Law makes good or bad : A lawful King
 Is God's Lieutenant ; in his sacred ear
 God whispers oft, and keeps his presence there :
 To break a lawful Prince's just Command,
 Is brokage of a sin at second hand.

THE ARGUMENT.

*Assuerus Acts upon Record.
 The just mans vertue and reward.*

SECT. XX.

AND *Assuerus* stretcht his heavy hand
 Laying a tribute both on Sea and Land ;
 What else he did, what *Trophies* of his fame
 He left for time to glorifie his Name,

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The History of Queen ESTHER. 147

With what renown and grace he did appay
The faithful heart of loyal *Mordecai* ;
Are thy not kept in endless memory,
Recorded in the Persian History ?
For *Mordecai* possesse the second seat
In all the Kingdom, and his Name is great ;
Of God and man his vertues were approv'd,
Of God and man much honour'd and belov'd ;
Seeking his peoples good, and sweet prosperity,
And speaking joyful peace to his posterity.

Meditat. X X.

THUS thrives the man, thus prosper his endea-
That builds on faith, and in that faith per-
It is no loss to lose ; no gain, to get, [vours,
If he that loses all, shall win the Set : [severs:
God helps the weakest, takes the losers chair, 1
And setting on the King doth soon repair
His loss with vengeance ; He's not always best,
That takes the highest place, nor he the least
That sits beneath : for outward fortunes can
Express how great, but not how good's the man ;
Whom God will raise, he humbles first a while ;
And where he raises, oft he means to spoil.
It matters not (Lord) what my fortunes be,
May they but lead or whip me home to thee.

Here the Canonical History of Queen
ESTHER Ends.

JOB

J O B

Militant.

Horat. Car. lib. 1 ode 17.

— *Diis, pietas mea*
Et Musa, cordi est —

By *FR. QUARLES.*

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Proposition of the Work.

Wouldst thou discover in a curious Map,
 That Island, which fond worldlings call
 Surrounded with a Sea of briny tears, [mishap,
 The rocky dangers, and the boggy Fears,
 The storms of trouble, the afflicted Nation,
 The heavy soyl, the lowly situation?

On wretched Job then spend thy weeping eye,
 And see the colour painted curiously.

Wouldst thou behold a tragick Scene of sorrow,
 Whose woful Plot the Author did not borrow
 From sad Invention? The sable Stage,
 The lively Actors with their Equipage?
 The Musick made of Sighs, the Songs of Cries,
 The sad Spectators with their watry Eyes?

Behold all this, comprized here in one:
 Expect the Plaudit, when the Play is done.

Or wouldst thou see a well built Pinnacle tost
 Upon the swelling Ocean, split (almost)
 Now on a churlish Rock; now fiercely striving
 With labouring winds; now desperately driving
Upon

150 The Proposition of the WORK,
Upon the boiling Sands, her storm-rent Flags,
Her Main-mast broke, her Canvas torn to rags,
Her treasure lost, her men with lightning slain,
And left a wreck to the relentless Main?
This, this and more, unto your moistned eyes,
Our patient Job shall lively moralize.

Wouldst thou behold unparallel'd distress,
Which minds cannot out think, nor tongues express
Full to the life, the Anvil, whereupon
Mischiefe doth work her Master-piece for none
To imitate; the dire Anatomy
Of (curiously dissected) Misery;
The face of Sorrow in her sternest looks,
The rueful Argument of Tragick Books;
In brief, would tender eyes endure to see
(Summ'd up) the greatest sorrows that can be:
Behold they then, poor Job afflicted here,
And each Beholder spend (at least) his tear.

T O

To the Great
TETRAGRAMMATON,
 LORD
PARAMOUNT
 OF
HEAVEN and EARTH:

His Humble Servant Dedicates Him-
 self, and implores the Enfranchising
 of his MUSE.

2.

Great God, the indebted praises of thy glory,
 If man should smother, or his Muse wax faint
 To number forth; the stones would make com-
 And write a never ending-Story, (plaint,
 And, not without just reason, say,
 Mens hearts are more obdure, than they
 Dismount

2.

Dismount from Heaven (O thou Diviner Power
 Hansel my slender Pipe, breath (thou) upon it,
 That it may run an everlasting Sonet,
 Which envious time may not devour:
 Oh, let it sing to after days
 (When I am Dust) thy louder Praise.

3.

Direct the footsteps of my sober Muse,
 To tread thy glorious path: For be it known,
 She only seeks thy Glory not her own,
 Nor roused for a second use;
 If otherwise, O may she never
 Sing more, but be struck dumb for ever.

Power
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er.

Job

Job by foure Messengers heares
of his loss of all his goods
and Children Job: 1. 21. etc.



Job sate downe among the
Ashes. His friends consoled
him. Job. 2. 8. 11. etc.



thus before Job

Satan smiteth Job with sore
boils, his wife tempts him
Job: 2. 7-9. 10.



And the Lord turned the Cap-
tivity of Job etc: also gave him
twice so much. Job. 42. 10. etc.



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JOB MILITANT.

THE ARGUMENT.

*Job's Linage and Integrity,
H's Issue, Wealth, Prosperity,
His Childrens holy Feast : His wife
Firecast, and zealous Sacrifice.*

SECT. I.

NOT far from *Casus*, in whose bounteous womb
Great *Pompey's* dust lies crowned with his
Westward, betwix *Arabia* and *Judea*, (tomb,
Is situate a Country call'd *Idumea*,
There dwelt a man (brought from his Linage,
That for his belly swopt his Heritage,)
His name was *Job*, a man of upright will,
Just, fearing Heaven, eschewing what was ill,
On whom his God had heap'd in highest measure
The bounteous riches of his boundless treasure,
As well of Fortune, as of Grace, and Spirit,
Goods for his Children, Children to inherit;
As did his Name, his wealth did daily wax,
His seed did germinate, in either sex,
A hopeful Issue, whose descent may keep
His righteous race on foot; seven thousand sheep
Did pay their Summer-tribute, and did add
Their winter blessings to his Fold: He had
Three thousand Camels, able for their load,
Five hundred Asses furnish'd for the Road,

As

As many yoke of Oxen, to maintain
His household, for he had a mighty train ;
Nor was there any in the East, the which
In vertue was so rare, in wealth so rich.

Upon a time, his children (to improve
The sweet affection of their mutual love)
Made solemn feasts ; each feasted in his turn,
(For there's a time to mirth, as well as mourn)
And who. by course was Master of the Feast,
Unto his home invited all the rest.

Even as a Hen (whose tender brood forsake
The downy closet of her wings, and take
Each its affected way) marks how they feed,
This, on that crum ; and that, on t'other seed ;
Moves, as they move ; and stays when as they stay,
And seems delighted in their infant play :
Yet fearing danger with a busie eye,
Looks here and there, if ought she can espy,
Which unawares might snatch a booty from her,
Eyes all that pass, and watches every comer :
Even so th' affection of this tender Sire,
(Being made more fervent with the self-same fire
Of dearest love, which flamed in their breasts,
Preserved (as by fewel) in those Feasts)
Was ravish't in the height of joys to see
His happy childrens ten-fold unity :
As was his joy, such was his holy fear,
Left he that pains his Engines every where,
Baited with golden sins, and re-insnares
The soul of man, turning his wheat to tares,
Should season Error with the taste of truth,
And tempt the frailty of their tender youth.
No sooner therefore had the dappled sky
Opened the twilight of her waking eye,
And in her breaking light had promis'd day,
But up he rose, his holy hands did lay
Upon the sacred Altar (one by one)
An early Sacrifice for every Son :
For who can tell ? (said he) my Sons (perchance)
Have sipp'd some sin, which neither ignorance

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*Plended, nor want of heed, nor youth can cure ;
Sins steals unseen, when men sleep most secure.*

Meditat: I.

WAnt is the badge of poverty : then he
That wanteth most, is the most poor, say we.
The wretch that hunger drives from door to door,
Aiming at present Alms, desires no more.
The toiling Swain, that hath with pleasing trouble
Cookt a small Fortune, would that fortune, double
Which dearly bought with slav'ry, then (alas)
He would be deem'd a man, that's well to pass :
Which got, his mind's now tickled with an itch,
But to deserve that glorious stile of rich.
That done, h' enjoys the crown of all his labour,
Could he but once out-nose his right-hand neigh-
Lives he at quiet now ? Now he begins [bour :
To wish that Us'ry were the least of sins :
But great, or small he tries, and sweet's the trouble,
And for its sake he wisheth all things double,
Thus wishing still, his wishes never cease,
But as his wealth, his wishes still encrease.

Wishes proceed from want : the richest then,
Most wishing, want most, and are poorest men :
If he be poor, that wanteth much, how poor
Is he that hath too much, and yet wants more ?
Thrice happy he, to whom the bounty of Heaven,
Sufficient, with a sparing hand, hath given :
'Tis Grace, not Gold, makes great ; sever but which,
The rich man is but poor, the poor man rich.
The fairest Crop, of either Grass, or Grain,
Is not for use, undew'd with timely rain,
The wealth of *Cresus*, were it to be given,
Were not thank-worthy, if unblest by Heaven.

Even as fair *Phæbe*, in Diameter,
(Earth interpos'd betwixt the Sun and her)

Suffers

Suffers Eclipse, and is disrobed quite
 (During the time) of all her borrowed light ;
 So Riches, which fond Mortals so imbrace,
 If not enlightned with the beams of Grace,
 B'ing interposed with too gross a Care,
 They lie obscured ; and no riches are.

My stint of wealth lies not in my expressing,
 With *Jacob's* store (Lord) give me *Jacob's* blessing,
 Or if, at night, thou grant me *Lazar's* boon,
 Let *Dives* Dogs lick all my sores at noon :
 Lord, pair my wealth by my Capacity,
 Left I, with it, or it suit not with me.
 This humbly do I sue for at thy hand,
 Enough, and not too much for thy command.
 Lord, what thou lend'st, shall serve but in the place
 Of reckoning Counters, to sum up thy Grace.

THE ARGUMENT.

*Satan appears, and then professes
 Himself man's Enemy ; confesses
 God's love to Job, maligns his Faith,
 Gains power over all he hath.*

SECT. II.

UPon a time, when Heaven's sweet quire of (Saints
 (Whose everlasting Hallelujah chaunts
 The highest praise of their celestial King)
 Before their Lord did their presentment bring
 Of th' execution of his sacred will,
 Committed to their function to fulfil :
 Satan came too (that Satan, which betray'd
 The soul of man to death's eternal shade ;
 Satan came too) and in the midst he stands,
 Like to a Vulture 'mongst a herd of Swans.

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Said then th' Eternal ; From what quarter now
Hath business brought thee ? (Satan) whencecom'st thou ?

The Lord of Heaven (said th' infernal) since
Thou hast entituled me the Worlds great Prince,
I have been practising mine old profession,
And come from compassing my large Possession,
Tempting thy sons, and (like a roaring Lion)
Seeking my prey, disturb the peace of Sion ;
I come from sowing tares among thy wheat,
To him that shall dissemble **Peter's** seat,
I have been plotting how to prompt the death
Of Christian Princes, and the bribed breath
Of cheapned Justice, hath my fire inflam'd
With spirit of boldness, for a while, unham'd.
I come from planting strife and stern debate,
'Twixt private man and man, 'twixt State and State,
Subverting truth with all the power I can,
Accusing Man to God ; and God to Man :
I daily sow fresh Sch'isms among thy Saints ;
I buffet them, and laugh at their complaint ;
The Earth is my Dominion, Hell's my home,
I round the World, and so from thence I come.

Said then th' Eternal : True, thou hast not fail'd
Of what thou say'st ; thy spirit hath prevail'd
To vex my little Flock : thou hast been bold
To make them stray, a little, from their Fold,
But say ; In all thy hard Adventures, hath
Thine eye observed **Job** my Servant's faith ?
Hath open force, or secret fraud beset
His bulwark so impregnable as yet ?
And hast thou (without envy) yet beheld,
How that the World his second cannot yield ?
Hast thou not found, that he's of upright will,
Just, fearing God, eschewing what is ill ?

True Lord (reply'd the Fiend) thy Champion hath
A strong and fervent (yet a crafty) Faith.
A forced love needs no such great applause,
He loves but ill, that loves not for a cause :
Hast thou not heap'd his Garners with excess ?
Bright his Pastures ? Doth not he possess

All that he hath, or can demand from thee?
 His Coffers fill'd, his Land stock'd plentifully?
 Hath not thy love surrounded him about,
 And hedg'd him in, to fence my practice out?
 But small's the trial of a faith, in this,
 If thou support him, 'tis thy strength, not his.
 Can then my power, that stands by thy permission,
 Encounter, where thou mak'st an opposition?
 Stretch forth thy hand, and smite but what he hath,
 And prove thou then the temper of his faith:
 Cease cock'ring his fond humor, veil thy grace,
 No doubt but he'll blaspheme thee to thy face.
 Lo, (said th' Eternal) to thy cursed hand,
 I here commit his mighty stock, his land,
 His hopeful Issue, and Wealth, though ne'r so much;
 Himself, alone, thou shalt forbear to touch.

Meditat. II.

Satan begg'd once, and found his pray'rs reward:
 We often beg, yet oft return unheard.
 If granting be th' effect of love, then we
 Conclude our selves to be less lov'd, than he:
 True, Satan begg'd, and begg'd his shame, no less;
 'Twas granted; shall we envy his success?
 We beg, and our request's (perchance) not granted;
 God knew, perhaps, it were worse had, than wanted
 Can God and Belial both join in one will;
 The one to ask, the other to fulfil?
 Sooner shall Stygian darkness blend with light,
 The Frost with Fire, sooner Day with Night.
 True, God and Satan will'd the self-same Will,
 But God intended Good; and Satan, Ill:
 That Will produc'd a several conclusion;
 He aim'd at Man's, and God at his confusion:
 He that drew light from out the depth of shade,
 And made of nothing, whatsoe'r he made,

Can out of seeming Evil, bring good events ;
 God worketh Good, though by ill Instruments.

As in a Clock, one motion doth convey,
 And carry divers wheels a several way :
 Yet all together, by the great wheels force,
 Direct the hand unto his proper course :
 Even so, that sacred Will, although it use
 Means seeming contrary ; yet all conduce
 To one effect, and in a free consent
 They bring to pass Heaven's high decreed intent,
 Takes God delight in humane weakness, then ?
 What glory reaps he from afflicted men ?
 The spirit gone, can flesh and blood endure ?
 God burns his Gold, to make his Gold more pure.

Even as a Nurse whose Child's imperfect pace
 Can hardly lead his foot from place to place,
 Leaves her fond kissing, sets him down to go,
 Nor does uphold him for a step or two ;
 But when she finds that he begins to fall,
 She holds him up, and kisses him withal :
 So God from man sometimes withdraws his hand
 A while, to teach his infant-faith to stand ;
 But when he sees his feeble strength begin
 To fail, he gently takes him up again.

Lord, I'm a child ; so guide my paces than,
 That I may learn to walk an upright man :
 So shield my faith, that I may never doubt thee,
 For I shall fall, if e'r I walk without thee.

THE ARGUMENT.

*The frighted Messengers tell Job
His four-fold loss: he rents his robe;
Submits him to his Makers trust,
Whom he concludeth to be just.*

SECT. III.

UPON that very day, when all the rest
Were frolick at their elder Brother's Feast,
A breathless man, prickt on with winged fear,
With staring eyes distracted here and there,
(Like kindled exhalations in the Air
At midnight glowing) his stiff-bolting hair,
(Not much unlike the Pens of Porcupines)
Crossing his arms, and making woful signs,
Perboil'd in sweat, shaking his fearful head,
That often lookt behind him, as he fled,
He ran to Job, still ne'rtheless afraid,
His broken blast breath'd forth these words, and said;
Alas! (dear Lord) the whiles thy servant ply'd
Thy painful Plough, and whilst on every side
Thy Asses fed about us as we wrought,
There sallied forth on us (suspecting nought,
Nor ought intending but our cheerful pain)
A rout of rude *Sabeans* with their train
Armed with death, and deaf to all our Cries,
Which with strong hand did in an hour surprize
All that thou hadst, and whilst we strove in vain
To guard them, their impartial hands have slain
Thy faithful servants with their thirsty Sword.
I only scap'd to bring this woful word.

No sooner had he clos'd his lips, but see
Another comes, as much agast as he

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A flash of fire (said he) new fall'n from Heaven,
Hath all thy servants of their lives bereaven,
And burnt thy sheep ; I, I alone am he
That's left unslain, to bring the news to thee.

This tale not fully told, a third ensues,
Whose lips in labour with more heavy news,
Brake thus ; the forces of a triple band
Brought from the fierce *Chaldeans*, with strong hand
Hath seiz'd thy Camels, murder'd with the Sword
Thy servants, all but me that brings thee word.

Before the air had cool'd his hasty breath,
Rusht in a fourth, with visage pale as death :
The while (said he) thy children all were sharing
Mirth at a feast of thy first son's preparing,
Arose a wind, whose errand had more haste,
Than happy speed, which with a full-mouth'd blast
Hath smote the house, which hath thy children rest
Of all their lives, and thou art childless left ;
Thy children all are slain, all slain together,
I only scap'd to bring the tidings hither.

So said, behold the man, whose wealth did flow
Like to a spring-tide, one bare hour ago,
With the unpattern'd height of fortunes blest,
Above the greatest dweller in the East ;
He that was Sire of many sons but now,
Lord of much People, and while e'r could show
Such herds of Cattle : He, whose fleecy stock
Of sheep could boast seven thousand in a flock,
See how he lies, of all his wealth despoil'd,
He now hath neither servant, sheep, nor child.
Like a poor man arose the patient *Job*,
(Stun'd with the news) and rent his purple Robe,
Shaved the hair from off his woful head,
And prostrate on the floor he worshipp'd :

Naked, ah ! Poor and naked did I come
Forth from the closet of my mothers womb,
And shall return (alas !) the very same
To th' Earth, as poor and naked as I came :
God gives, and takes ; and why should he not have
A privilege, to take those things he gave ?

*We men mistake our tenure oft, for he
Lends us at will, that we miscall as Fee;
He re-assumes his own, takes but the same,
He lent a while.* Thrice blessed be his Name.
In all this passage, Job, in heart, nor tongue
Thought God unjust, or charg'd his hand with
[wrong.]

Meditat. III.

THE proudest pitch of that victorious spirit,
Was but to win the world, whereby t'inheric
The airy purchase of a transitory,
And glozing title of an Ages Glory;
Wouldst thou by conquest win more fame than he?
Subdue thy self, thy self's a world to thee:
Earth's but a Ball that Heaven hath quilted o'r
With wealth and honour, banded on the floor
Of sickle fortunes false and slippery Court,
Sent for a toy, to make us children sport,
Man's satiate spirits with fresh delights supplying;
To still the fondlings of the world from crying,
And he whose merit amounts to such a joy,
Gains but the honour of a mighty toy.
But would thou conquer, have thy conquest crown'd
By hands of Seraphims, triumph'd with the sound
Of Heaven's loud Trumpet, warbled by the shrill
Celestial Quire, recorded with a Quill,
Pluckt from the Pinion of an Angels wing,
Confirm'd with joy, by Heaven's Eternal King;
Conquer thy self, thy rebel thoughts repel,
And chase those false affections that rebel. [thee?
Hath Heaven despoil'd what his full hand hath given
Nipt thy succeeding Blossoms? or bereaven thee
Of thy dear latest hope thy bosom Friend?
Doth sad Despair deny these griefs an end?
Despair's a whisp'ring Rebel, that within thee
Bribes all thy Field, and sets thy self against thee:
Make

Make keen thy Faith, and with thy force let flee,
 If thou not conquer him, he'll conquer thee:
 Advance thy shield of Patience to thy head,
 And when grief strikes, 'twill strike the striker
 The patient man in sorrow spies relief, [dead.
 And by the tail he couples Joy with Grief.

In adverse Fortunes be thou strong and stout,
 And bravely win thy self, Heaven holds not out
 His Bow, for ever bent. The disposition
 Of noblest spirits, doth, by opposition
 Exasperate the more: A gloomy night
 Whets on the morning to return more bright:
 A blade well try'd, deserves a treble price,
 And Virtue's purest, most oppos'd by Vice:
 Brave minds oppress'd, should (in despite of Fate)
 Look greatest (like the Sun) in lowest state:
 But ah! shall God thus strive with flesh and blood:
 Receives he glory from, or reaps he Good
 In Mortals Ruine, that he leaves man so
 To be o'rwhelm'd by his unequal foe?
 May not a Potter, that from out the ground
 Hath fram'd a Vessel, search if it be sound?
 Or if by furbishing he take more pain
 To make it fairer, shall the Pot complain?
 Mortal, thou art but Clay: then shall not he
 That fram'd thee for his service, season thee?
 Man, close thy lips, be thou no undertaker
 Of Gods designs, dispute not with thy Maker.
 Lord, 'tis against thy nature to do ill,
 Then give me power to bear, and work thy will;
 Thou know'st what's best, make thou thine own con-
 Be glorifi'd, although in my confusion. (clution,

THE ARGUMENT.

*Satan the second time appears
Before th' Eternal, boldly dares
Malign Job's tried faith afresh,
and gains the afflicting of his Flesh.*

SECT. IV.

ONce more, when Heaven's harmonious Quiri-
Appear'd before his Throne, (whose ministers
They are, of his concealed Will) to render
Their strict account of Justice, and to tender
Th' accepted Sacrifice of highest praise,
Warbled in Sonnets, and cœlestial Lays)
Satan came too, bold, as an hungry Fox,
Or ravenous Wolf amid the tender Flocks.

Satan, (said then th' Eternal) from whence now

Hath thy employment driven thee? whence com'st
Satan replies: Great God of Heaven and Earth,
I come from tempting, and from making mirth,
To hear thy dearest Children whine and roar:
In brief, I come, from whence I came before.
Said then th' Eternal, hast thou not beheld
My servants Faith, how like a seven-fold shield,
It hath defended his integrity
Against thy fiery Darts? Hath not thine Eye
(Thine evious eye) perceiv'd how purely just
He stands, and perfect, worthy of the trust
I lent into his hand, persisting still
Just, fearing God, eschewing what is ill?
'Twas not the loss of his so fair a flock,
Nor sudden rape of such a mighty stock;
'Twas neither loss of servants, nor his Sons
Untimely slaughter (acted all at once)

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Could make him quail, or warp so true a Faith,
 Or stain so pure a Love, say (Satan) hath
 Thy hand (so deeply counterfeiting mine)
 Made him mistrust his God, or once repine ?
 Can there in all the Earth, say, can there be
 A man so perfect, and so just, as he ?
 Replies the Tempter: Lord, an outward loss
 Hopes for repair, it's but a common cross :
 I know thy servant's wise, a wise forecast
 Grieves for things present, not for things are past ;
 Perchance the tumor of his sullen heart
 Brooks loss of all, since he hath lost a part ;
 My self have servants, who can make true boast, !
 They gave away as much as he hath lost :
 Others (which Learning made so wisely mad)
 Refuse such Fortunes as he never had ;
 A Faith's not try'd by this uncertain Touch ;
 Others, that never knew thee, did as much :
 Lend me thy power then, that I might once
 But sacrifice his Flesh, afflict his Bones,
 And pierce his Hide, but for a moments space,
 Thy Darling then would curse thee to thy face.
 To which, th' Eternal thus : *His body's thine,*
To plague thy fill, withal I do confine
Thy power to her lists : Afflict and tear
His flesh at pleasure : But his life forbear.

Medicaz. IV.

BOTH Goods and Body too! who can it stand ?
 Expect not Job's uprightness, at my hand,
 Without Job's aid ; the temper of my Passion,
 (Untam'd by thee) can brook no Job's Temptation ;
 For I am weak and frail, and what I can
 Most boast of, proves me but a *sinful Man* :
 Things that I should avoid, I do ; and what
 I am injoin'd to do, that do I not

My flesh is weak, too strong in this alone,
It rules my spirit, that should be rul'd by none
But thee; my spirit's faint, and hath been never
Free from the fits of sins quotidian Fever.

My powers are all corrupt, corrupt my Will,
Marble to good, and wax to what is ill;
Eclipsed is my Reason, and my Wit,
By interposing Earth 'twixt Heaven and it:
My Mem'ry's like a Searce of Lawn (alas!)
It keeps things gross, and lets the purer pass.

What have I then to boast? what title can
I challenge more, than this, *A sinful Man?*

Yet do I sometimes feel a warm desire,
Raise my low thoughts and dull affections higher,
Where, like a soul entranc'd, my spirit flies,
Makes leagues with Angels, and brings Deities
Half way to Heaven, shakes hands with Seraphims,
And boldly mingles wings with Cherubims,
From whence I look askauns adown the Earth,
Pity my self, and lose my place of birth:
But while I thus my lower state deplore,
I wake, and prove the wretch I was before.

Even as the Needle that directs the hour,
(Toucht with the Loadstone) by the secret power
Of hidden Nature, points upon the Pole;
Even so the wav'ring powers of my soul,
Toucht by the vertue of thy Spirit, flee
From what is Earth, and point alone to Thee.
When I have faith to hold thee by the Hand,
I walk securely, and methinks I stand
More firm, than *Atlas*; but when I forsake
The safe protection of thine Arm, I quake
Like wind-shak'd Reeds, and have no strength at all,
But like a Vine, (the prop cut down) I fall.
Yet wretched I, (when as thy justice lends
Thy glorious presence from me) straight am Friends
With flesh and blood, forget thy Grace, flie from it,
And, like a Dog, return unto my vomit;
The fawning world to pleasure then invites
My wandering eyes; the Flesh presents delights

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Unto my yielding heart, which thinks those plea-
 Are only bus'ness now, and rarest treasures (lures
 Content can glory in, whilst I, secure,
 Stoop to the painted Plumes of Satans Lure :
 Thus I captiv'd, and drunk with pleasures wine,
 Like to a mad-man, think no state like mine,
 What have I then to boast, what title can
 I challenge more than this, *A sinful man ?*
 I feel my grief enough, nor can I be
 Redrest by any, but (great God) by thee.
 Too great thou art to come within my Roof,
 Say but the word, *Be whole*, and 'tis enough ;
 Till then, my tongue shall never cease, mine eyes
 Ne'r close, my lowly bended knees ne'r rise :
 Till then my soul shall ne'r want early sobs,
 My cheeks no tears, my pensive breast no throbs,
 My heart shall lack no zeal, no tongue expressing,
 I'll strive, like *Jacob*, till I get my Blessing :
 Say then, *Be Clean*, I'll never stop till then ;
 Heaven ne'r shall rest, till Heaven shall say, *Amen*.

THE ARGUMENT.

*Job smote with Ulcers, groveling lies ;
 Plung'd in a Gulf of Miseries ;
 His Wife to blasphemy doth tempt him ;
 His three Friends visit, and lament him.*

SECT. V.

LIKE as a Truant-Scholar (whose delay
 Is worse than whipping) having leave to play,
 Makes haste to be enlarged from the Jail
 Of his neglected School, turns speedy tail
 Upon his tedious book (so ill befriended)
 Before his Master's ire be full ended :

So

So thankless Satan, full of winged haste,
Thinking all time, not spent in mischief, waste,
Departs with speed, less patient to forbear
The patient *Job*, than patient *Job* to bear.

Forth from the furnace of his Nostril flies
A sulph'rous vapour, which (by the envious eyes
Of this foul Fiend inflam'd) posselt the fair
And sweet complexion of th' abused Air,
With pestilence, and (having power so far)
Took the advantage of his worser star,
Smote him with Ulcers, (such as once beset
Th' Egyptian Wizzards) Ulcers hot and fell,
Which like a searching Tetter uncorrected,
Left no part of his body unaffected,
From head to foot no empty place was found
That could b' afflicted with another wound :
So noysom was the nature of his grief,
That (left by Friends and wife, that should be chief
Assisters) he, poor he, alone remain'd
Groveling in Ashes, being (himself) constrain'd
With Pot-sheards to scrape off those rip'n'd coars,
(Which dogs disdain'd to lick) from out his sores.
Which when his Wife beheld, adust and keen
Her passion waxt, made strong with scorn and speen;
Like as the winds, imprison'd in the Earth,
And barr'd the passage to their natural birth,
Grow fierce ; and nilling to be longer pent,
Break in an Earthquake, shake the world and vent ;
So brake she forth, so forth her fury brake,
Till now pent in with shame, and thus she spake :

*Fond Saint, thine innocence finds timely speed ,
A foolish Saint receives a Sainly meed ;
Is this the just man's recompence ? Or hath
Heaven no requital, for thy painful Faith,
Other than this ? what have thy zealous Qualms,
Abstemious Fastings, and thy hopeful Alms,
Thy private groans, and often bended knees,
No other end, no other thanks but these ?
Fond man ! submit thee to a kinder Fate,
Cease to be righteous at so dear a rate ;*

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'Tis God that plagues thee, God not knowing why,
Curse then that God, revenge thy wrongs and die.

Job then reply'd, God loves where he chastiz'd :

Thou speakest like a fool, and ill advis'd ;

Laugh we to lick the sweet, and shall we lowr,

If he be pleas'd to send a little sower ?

Am I so weak, one blast or two should chill me ?

I'll trust my Maker, though my Maker kill me.

When these sad tidings fill'd those itching ears
Of Earths black-babbling daughter (she that hears
And vents alike, both truth and forgeries,
And utters, often, cheaper than she buyes)
She spread the pinions of her nimble wings,
Advanc'd her Trumpet, and away she springs,
And fills the whisp'ring air, which soon possess'd
The spacious borders of th' enquiring East ;
Upon the summons of such solemn news,
Whose truth malignant Fame could not abuse,
His woful Friends came to him, to the end
To comfort, and bewail their wretched Friend.
But when they came far off, they did not know
Whether it were the self-same Friend or no :
(Brins fill'd with briny woe) they wept and tore
(To express their grief) the garments that they wore.
Seven days and nights they sate upon the ground,
But spake not, for his sorrows did abound.

Meditat. V.

SAY, Is not Satan justly stiled then,
A Tempter, and an Enemy to Men ?
What could he more ? His wish would not extend
To death, lest his assaults with death should end :
Than what he did, what could he farther do ?
His hand hath seiz'd both goods and body too.
The hopeful issue of a holy strain,
In such a dearth of holiness is slain :

What

What hath the Lazer left him, but his grief,
And (what might best be spar'd) his foolish wife ?
[kind]

Could mischief been more hard, (though more in
To nip the flowers, and leave the weeds behind ?

Woman was made a helper by Creation,
A helper, not alone for Propagation,
Or fond Delights, but sweet Society,
Which Man (alone) should want, and to supply
Comforts to him for whom her Sex was made,
That each may joy in eithers needful aid :
But fairest Angels had the foulest fall ;
And best things (once abus'd) prove worst of all :
Else had not Satan been so foul a Fiend,
Else had not woman prov'd so false a Friend.

Ev'n as the treacherous Fowler, to entice
His silly winged Prey, doth first devise
To make a Bird his stale, at whose false call,
Others may chance into the self-same thrall :
Even so, that crafty snarer of Mankind,
Finding Man's righteous Palate not inclin'd
To taste the sweetness of his gilded baits,
Makes a collateral suit, and slyly waits
Upon the weakness of some bosom Friend,
From whose enticement he expects his end.

Ah righteous Job, what cross was left unknown ?
What grief may be describ'd, but what's thine own ?
Is this a Just man's case ? What doth befall
To one man, may as well betide to all.

The worst I'll look for, that I can project,
If better come, 'tis more than I expect ;
If otherwise, I'm arm'd with Preparation ;
No sorrow's sudden to an expectation.

Lord, to thy wisdom I submit my Will,
I will be thankful, send me good or ill ;
If good, my present state will pass the sweeter ;
If ill, my Crown of glory shall be the greater.

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THE ARGUMENT.

*O'whelm'd with grief, Job breaketh forth
 Into impatience : Bans his Birth,
 Professes that his heart did doubt,
 And fear, what since hath fallen out.*

SECT. VI.

WOrn bare with grief, the patient Job betraid
 His seven-days silence, curst his day ; and
Or that my day of birth had never been, (said,
Nor yet the night which I was brought forth in :
Be it not number'd for a Day, let Light
Not make a difference 'twixt it and Night ;
Let gloomy shade, (than death more sable) pass
Upon it, to declare how fatal 'twas :
Let Clouds o'rcast it, and as hateful make it,
As life's to him, whom Tortures bid forsake it :
From her next day, let that black Night be cut,
Nor in the reck'ning of the Months be put :
Let Desolation fill it all Night long,
In it be never heard a Bridal Song :
Let all sad Mourners that do curse the night,
When light's drawn in, begin to curse this light ;
Her evening twilight, let foul darkness stain,
And may her midnight expect light in vain ;
Let not her infant Day (but newly born)
Suffer 't to set the Eye-lids of the morn ;
Because my Mothers Womb it would not cloze,
Which gave me passage to endure these Woes ;
Why died I not in my conception, rather ?
Or, why was not my birth, and death together ?
Why did the Midwife take me on her knees ?
Why did I suck, to feel such griefs as these ?

Then

*Then had this body never been oppress'd,
I had enjoy'd th' eternal sleep of rest;
With Kings and mighty Monarchs that lie crown'd
With stately Monuments, poor I, had found
A place of Rest, had born as great a sway,
Had been as happy, and as rich as they:
Why was not I as an abortive birth,
That ne'r had known the horrors of the Earth?
The silent Grave is quiet from the fear
Of Tyrants: Tyrants are appeas'd there:
The grinded Pris'ner hears not (there) the noise,
Nor harder threatnings of th' Oppressors voice:
Both rich and poor are equal'd in the Grave,
Servants no Lords, and Lords no Servants have:
What needs there light to him that's comfortless?
Or life to such as languish in distress,
And long for death, which if it come by leisure,
They ransack for it, as a hidden treasure:
What needs there life to him, that cannot have
A Boon more gracious than a quiet Grave?
Or else to him, whom God hath wail'd about,
That would, but cannot find a passage out?
When I but taste, my sighs return my food,
The flowing of my tears have rais'd a flood;
When my estate was prosperous, I did fear,
Left by some heedless slip, or want of care,
I might be brought to misery, and (alas!)
What I did then so fear, is come to pass:
But though secure, my soul did never slumber,
Yet do my Woes exceed both weight and number.*

Meditat. VI.

SO poor a thing is Man: No Flesh and Blood
Deserve the stile of *Absolutely good*:
The righteous man sins oft; whose power's such
To sin the least, sins (at the least) too much:

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The man whose faith disdain'd his *Isaac's* life,
 Dissembled once, a Sister, for a Wife:
 The righteous *Lor*, being drunk, did make (at once)
 His Daughters both half Sisters to their Sons:
 The Royal Favourite of Heaven stood
 Not guiltless of Adultery and Blood:
 And he whose hands did build the Temple, doth
 Bow down his lustful knees to *Asheroth*:
 The sinful woman was accus'd, but none
 Was found, that could begin to sling a stone:
 From mudled Springs, can Crystal-water come?
 In some things all men sin; in all things some.

Even as the soil (which *April's* gentle showers
 Have fill'd with sweetness, and enrich'd with flower's)
 Rears up her sucking plants, still shooting forth
 The tender blossoms of her timely birth,
 But if deny'd the beams of chearly *May*,
 They hang their withered heads, and fade away:
 So man, assist'd by th' Almighty's hand,
 His faith doth flourish, and securely stand,
 But left a while, forsook (as in a shade)
 It languishes, and nipt with sin, doth fade.
 No gold is pure from dross, though oft refin'd;
 The strongest Cedar's shaken with the wind;
 The fairest Rose hath no prerogative
 Against the fretting Canker-worm: The Hive
 No Honey yields unblended with the wax:
 The finest linnen hath both soil and bracks:
 The best of men have sins; none lives secure,
 In nature nothing's perfect, nothing pure.

Lord, since I must needs sin, yet grant that I
 Forge no advantage by infirmity:
 Since that my vesture cannot want a stain,
 Assist me, let the tincture be in grain.

To thee (my great Redeemer) do I flee,
 It is thy Death alone, can change my Dye;
 Tears, mingled with thy blood, can scour so,
 That scarlet sins shall turn, as white as snow.

THE ARGUMENT.

*Rash Eliphaz reproves, and rates ;
And falsely censures Job : Relates
His Vision ; shews him the event
Of wicked men : Bids him repent.*

Meditat. VII.

THen *Eliphaz* his pounded tongue repriev'd,
And said, should I contend, thou wouldst be
[griev'd,
Yet what man can refrain, but he must break
His angry silence, having heard thee speak ?
O sudden change ! many hast thou directed,
And strengthned those whose minds have been de-
[jected,
Thy sacred Thews, and sweet Instructions, did
Help those were falling, rais'd up such as slid ;
But now it is thy case, thy soul is vext,
And canst not help thy self, thy self perplext ;
Thou lov'st thy God but basely for thy profit,
Fear'st him in further expectation of it :
Judge then : Did Record ever round thine ear
That God forsook the heart that was sincere ?
But often have we seen, that such as plow
Lewdness, and mischief, reap the same they sow :
So have proud Tyrants from their Thrones beencast,
With all their off-spring, by th' Almighty's blast ;
And they whose hands have been imbrew'd in
Have with their Issue dy'd for want of food. [blood.
A vision lately appear'd before my sight,
In depth of darkness, and the dead of night,

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Unwonted fear usurp'd me round about,
 My trembling bones were sore, from head to foot :
 Forthwith a Spirit glanc'd before mine eyes ;
 My brows did sweat, my moistned hair did rise,
 The face I knew not, but a while it staid,
 And in the depth of silence, thus it said :

Is man more just, more pure than his Creator ?
 Amongst his Angels (more upright by nature
 Than man) he hath found weakness; how much
 Shall he expect in him, that's walled o'r [more
 With mortal flesh and blood, founded and floor'd
 With Dust, and by the worms to be devour'd ?
 They rise securely with the Morning Sun,
 And (unregarded) die e'r day be done ;
 Their glory passes with them as a breath,
 They die (like fools) before they think of death.

Rage then, and see who will approve thy rage,
 What Saint will give thy railing Patronage ?
 Anger destroys the fool, and he that hath
 A wrathful heart, is slain with his own wrath ;
 Yet have I seen, that fools have oft been able
 To boast with *Babel*, but have fal'n with *Babel* :
 Their sons despairing, roar without relief
 In open ruine, on the Rocks of Grief :
 Their harvest (though but small) the hungry eat,
 And robbers seize their wealth though ne'r so great :
 But wretched man, were thy Condition mine,
 I'de not despair as thou dost, nor repine,
 But offer up the broken sacrifice
 Of a sad soul, before his angry eyes,
 Whose works are Miracles of Admiration,
 He mounts the meek, amidst their Desolation.
 Confounds the worldly wise, that (blindfold) they
 Grope all in darkness at the noon of day :
 But guards the humble from reproach of wrong,
 And stops the current of the crafty Tongue.
 Thrice happy is the man his hands correct :
 Beware lest fury force thee to reject
 Th' Almighty's trial ; He that made thy wound
 In Justice, can in Mercy make it sound :

Fear

Fear not though multiply'd Afflictions shall
 Besiege thee; he, at length will rid them all:
 In Famine he shall feed, in War defend thee;
 Shield thee from slander, and in griefs attend thee;
 The Beasts shall strike thee with eternal Peace,
 The stones shall not disturb thy fields Encrease;
 Thy House shall thrive replenisht with Content,
 Which thou shalt rule in prosp'rous Government.
 The number of thy Off-spring shall abound,
 Like Summers Grass upon a fruitful Ground:
 Like timely Corn well rip'ned in their Ears,
 Thou shalt depart thy life struck full of years:
 All this Experience tells, then (*Job*) advise,
 Thou hast taught many, now thy self be wise.

Meditat. VII.

THE perfect model of true Friendship's this:
 A rare affection of the soul, which is
 Begun with ripened judgment; doth persevere
 With simple Wisdom, and concludes with Never.

'Tis pure in substance, as refined Gold,
 That buyeth all things, but is never sold.
 It is a Coin, and most men walk without it;
 True Love's the stamp, *Jehovah's* writ about it;
 It rusts unus'd, but using makes it brighter,
 'Gainst Heav'n a high Treason 'tis to make it lighter.

'Tis a Gold Chain, links soul and soul together
 In perfect Unity, ties God to either.

Affliction is the Touch, whereby we prove,
 Whether't be Gold, or gilt with feigned Love.

The wisest Moralist that ever divid'd
 Into the depth of Natures bowels, striv'd
 With th' Augur of experience, to bore
 Men's hearts so far, till he had found the Ore
 Of Friendship, but despairing of his end,
My friends (said he) there is no perfect friend.

Friend-

Friendship's like Musick; two strings turn'd alike,
Will both stir; though but only one you strike.

It is the Quintessence of all perfection
Extracted into one: A sweet connexion
Of all the Virtues Moral and Divine,
Abstracted into one. It is a mine,
Whose nature is not rich, unless in making
The state of others wealthy by partaking.

It blooms and blossoms both in Sun and Shade,
Doth (like a Bay in winter) never fade:
It loveth all, and yet suspecteth none,
Is provident, yet seeketh not her own:
'Tis rare it self, yet maketh all things common,
And is judicious, yet judgeth no man.

The noble *Theban* being asked which
Of three (propounded) he suppos'd most rich
In Virtues sacred treasure, thus reply'd:

Till they be dead, that doubt cannot be try'd.

It is no wise man's part to weigh a Friend,
Without the gloss and goodness of his end:
For life, without the death considered, can
Afford but half a story of the man.

'Tis not my Friend's affliction that shall make
Me either wonder, censure, or forsake:
Judgment belongs to Fools; enough that I
Find he's afflicted, not enquire, why:
It is the hand of Heaven; that self-same sorrow
Grieves him to day, may make me groan to morrow.

Heaven be my comfort; in my highest grief
I will not trust to man's, but thy relief.

THE

THE ARGUMENT.

*Job counts his sorrow, and from thence
Excuses his impatience ;
Describes the shortness of man's time,
And makes Confession of his crime.*

SECT. VIII.

BUT wretched Job sigh'd forth these words, and [said ;
Ah me ! that my impatience were weigh'd
With all my sorrows, by an equal hand
They would be found more ponderous, than the
That lies upon the new forsaken shore : [said
My griefs want utterance, and have stopt their door :
And wonder not, Heav'n's shafts have struck me dead ;
And God hath heapt all mischiefs on my head :
Will asses bray, when they have grass to eat ?
Or lows the Oxe, when as he wants no meat ?
Can palates find a relish in distaste ?
Or can the whites of Eggs well please the taste ?
My vexed soul is daily fed with such
Corruptions, as my hands disdain to touch ;
Alas ! that Heav'n would hear my hearts request,
And strike me dead, that I may find some rest :
What hopes have I to see my end of grief,
And to what end should I prolong my life ?
Why should not I wish death ? My strength (alas)
Is it like marble, or my flesh like brass ?
What power have I to mitigate my pain ?
If e'r I had, that power now is vain ;
My Friends are like the Rivers that are dry
In heat of Summer, when necessity
Requireth water, they amazed stand
To see my grief, but lend no helping hand.

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Friends, beg I succour from you ? Craved I
 Your goods, to ransom my Captivity ?
 Shew me my faults, and wherein I did wrong
 My patience, and I will hold my tongue ;
 The force of reasonable words may move,
 But what can Rage, or Lunacy reprove ;
 Rebuke you (then) my words to have it thought
 My speech is Frantick, with my grief distraught ?
 You take a pleasure in your Friends distress,
 That is more wretched, than the Fatherless :
 Behold these sores : Be judg'd by your own eyes
 If these be counterfeited miseries :
 Ballance my words, and you shall find me free,
 Free from those foul crimes wherewith ye branded
 And that my speech was not distain'd with sin, [me.
 Only the language sorrow treated in.

Is not man's day prefixt, which when expir'd
 Sleeps he not quiet, as a servant hir'd ?
 A servants labour doth, at length, surcease,
 His day of travel finds a Night of peace ;
 But (wretched) I with woes am still oppressd,
 My Mid-day torments see no Event of Rest ;
 My nights (ordain'd for sleep) are fill'd with grief,
 I look (in vain) for the next days relief :
 With dust and worms my flesh is hid, my sorrows
 Have plow'd my skin, and filth lies in her furrows ;
 My days of joy are in a moment gone,
 And (hopeless of returning) spent and done :
 Remember (Lord) my life is but a puff,
 I but a man, that's misery enough ;
 And when pale death hath once seal'd up my sight,
 I ne'r shall see the pleasures of the light ;
 The eye of man shall not discover me,
 No, nor thine (Lord) for I shall cease to be ;
 When mortals die, they pass (like Clouds before
 The Sun) and back return they never more ;
 T' his earthly house he ne'r shall come again,
 And then shall be, as if he ne'r had been : [breath,
 Therefore my tongue shall speak, while it hath
 Prompted with grief, and with the pangs of death :
 Am

Am I not weak and faint? what need'st thou stretch
 Thy direful hand upon so poor a wretch?
 When as I think that night shall stop the streams
 Of my distress, thou fright'st me then with dreams;
 So that my soul doth rather choose to die,
 Than be involved in such misery;
 My life's a burthen, and will end: O grieve
 No longer him, that would no longer live.
 Ah! what is man, that thou should'st raise him so
 High at the first, then sink him down so low?
 What's man? thy glory's great enough without him:
 Why dost thou thus disturb thy mind about him?
 Lord, I have sinn'd (Great Helper of Mankind)
 I am but Dust and Ashes, I have sinn'd
 Against thee: (as a mark) why hast thou fixt me?
 How have I trespass'd, that thou thus afflict'st me?
 Why, rather, didst not thou remove my sin,
 And salve the sorrows that I raved in?
 For thou hast heapt such vengeance on my head,
 That when thou seek'st me, thou wilt find me dead.

Meditat. VIII.

TH Egyptians, amidst their solemn Feasts,
 Used to welcome, and present their Guests
 With the sad sight of Man's Anatomy,
 Serv'd in with this loud Motto, *All must die.*
 Fools often go about, when as they may
 Take better vantage of a nearer way.
 Look well into your bosoms; do not flatter
 Your known infirmities: Behold, what matter
 Your flesh was made of: Man, cast back thine eye
 Upon the weakness of thine infancy;
 See how thy lips hang on thy Mothers breast,
 Bawling for help, more helpless than a Beast,
 Liv'st thou to childhood? then, behold, what toys
 Do mock the sense, how shallow are thy joys?

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Com'st thou to downy years? See, how deceits
Gull thee with golden fruit, and with false baits
Slily beguile the prime of thy affection.
Art thou attain'd at length to full perfection
Of ripened years? Ambition hath now sent
Thee on her frothy errand; Discontent
Pays thee thy wages. Do thy grizly hairs
Begin to cast account of many cares
Upon thy head? The sacred lust of gold
Now sits thy Spirit, for fleshly lust too cold,
Makes thee a slave to thine own base desire,
Which melts and hardens at the self-same fire.
Art thou decrepit? Then thy very breath
Is grievous to thee, and each grief's a death.
Look where thou list, thy life is but a span,
Thou art but dust, and to conclude, *A Man.*

Thy life's a warfare, thou a Soldier art,
Satan's thy Fo-man, and a faithful heart
Thy two-edg'd weapon, Patience thy shield,
Heaven is thy Chieftain, and the world thy field.
To be afraid to die, or wish for death,
Are words and passions of despairing breath:
Who doth the first, the day doth faintly yield;
And who the second, basely flies the field.

Man's not a lawful Stearman of his days,
His bootless wish, nor hastens, nor delays:
We are God's hired workmen; he discharges
Some, late at night, and (when he list) enlarges
Others at noon, and in the morning some:
None may relieve himself, till he bid, Come:
If we receive for one half day, as much
As they that toil till evening, shall we grutch?

Our life's a Road, in death our Journey ends,
We go on God's Embassage, some he sends,
Gall'd with the trotting of hard misery,
And others, pacing on prosperity:
Some lag, whilst others gallop on before;
All go an-end, some faster, and some slower.
Lead me that pace (great God) that thou think'st
And I will follow with a dauntless breast: [best.
I Which

Which (ne'rtheless) if I refuse to do,
 I shall be wicked, and yet follow too.
 Assist me in my Combate with the flesh,
 Relieve my fainting powers, and refresh
 My feeble spirit: I will not wish to be
 Cast from the world, Lord, cast the world from me.

THE ARGUMENT.

*Bildad, man's either state expresses,
 God's Mercy and Justice Job confesses:
 He pleads his cause, and begs relief,
 Fail'd with the burthen of his grief.*

SECT. IX.

SO Bildad's silence (great with tongue) did break,
 And like a heartless Comforter did speak:
 How long wilt thou persist to breathe thy mind
 In words that vanish as a Storm of wind?
 Will God forsake the innocent, or will
 His justice smite thee, undeserving ill?
 Though righteous death thy sinful sons hath rent
 From thy sad bosom, yet if thou repent,
 And wash thy ways with undissembled tears,
 Tuning thy troubles to th' Almighty's ears,
 The mercy of his eyes shall shine upon thee,
 And shew the sweetness of his blessings on thee:
 And though a while thou plunge in misery,
 At length he'll crown thee with prosperity:
 Run back and learn of sage Antiquity,
 What our late births to present times deny;
 See how, and what (in the world's downy age)
 Befel our Fathers in their pilgrimage;
 If rushes have no mire, and Grass no rain,
 They cease to flourish, droop their heads, and wain:

So fades the man, whose heart is not upright,
So perisherh the double Hypocrite ;
His hopes are like the Spiders web, to day
That's flourishing, to morrow swept away ;
But he that's just, is like the flow'ring tree,
Rooted by Crystal Springs, that cannot be
Scorcht by the noon of day, nor blurr'd from thence,
Where firmly fixt it hath a residence ;
Heaven never fails the soul that is upright,
Nor offers aid to the base Hypocrite :
The one he blesses with eternal joys,
The other his avenging hand destroys.

I yield it for a truth, (sad Job reply'd)
Compar'd with God, can man be justify'd ?
If man should give account what he hath done,
Not of a thousand can he answer one :
His hand's all Power, and his heart all pure,
Against his God, what man can stand secure ?
He shakes the mountains, and the Sun he bars
From circling his due course, shuts up the Stars.
He spreads the Heavens, and rideth on the Flood,
His works may be admir'd, not understood :
No eye can see, no heart can apprehend him,
Lifts he to spoil ? what's he can reprehend him ?
His will's his Law. The smoothest pleader hath
No power in his lips to slake his wrath ;
Much less can I plead for immunity,
Which could my guiltless tongue attain, yet I
Would kiss the footstep of his Judgment-seat :
Should he receive my cry, my grief's so great,
It would persuade me that he heard it not,
For he hath torn me with the five-fold knot
Of his sharp scourge ; his plagues successive are,
That I can find no ground, but of despair.
If my bold lips should dare to justifye
My self, my lips would give my lips the lye.
God owes his mercy, nor to good, nor bad ;
The wicked oft he spares, and oft does add
Grief to the just man's grief, woes after woes ;
We must not judge man as his market goes.

But might my prayers obtain this boon, that God
 Would cease those sorrows, and remove that Rod
 Which moves my patience ; I would take upon me
 To implead before him your rash judgment on me,
 Because my tender Conscience doth perswade me,
 I'm not so bad, as your bad words have made me.

My life is tedious, my distress shall break
 Into her proper voice, my griefs shall speak :
 (Just judge of Earth) condemn me not before
 Thou please to make me understand wherefore :
 Agrees it with thy Justice, thus to be
 Kind to the wicked, and so harsh to me ?
 Seest thou with fleshly eyes ? or do they glance
 By favour ? Are they clos'd with ignorance ?
 Liv'st thou the life of man ? Dost thou desire
 A space of time to search, or to enquire
 My sin ? No, in the twinkling of an eye
 Thou seest my heart, seest my immunity [pleasure
 From those foul crimes, wherewith my friends at
 Tax me, yet thou afflict'st me in this measure :
 Thy hands have form'd, and fram'd me what I am,
 When thou hast made, wilt thou destroy the same ?
 Remember, I am built of Clay, and must
 Return again (without thy help) to Dust.
 Thou didst create, preserve me ; hast indu'd
 My life with gracious blessings ; oft renew'd
 Thy precious favours on me : How wert thou,
 Once so benign, and so cruel now ?
 Thou hunt'st me like a prey, my plagues increase,
 Succeed each other, and they never cease.
 Why was I born ? Or why did not my tomb
 Receive me (weeping) from my Mothers womb ?
 I have not long to live ; Lord, grant that I
 May see some comfort, that am soon to die.

Meditat.

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Meditat. IX.

HE that's the truest Master of his own,
Is never less alone, than when alone ;
His watchful eys are plac'd within his Heart ;
His skill, is how to know himself : his Art
How to command the pride of his affections,
With sacred Reason : how to give directions
Unto his wandring Will ; his conscience checks his
More looser thoughts ; his louder sins, she vexes
With frights and fears, within her own precincts
She rambles with her whips of Wire, ne'r winks
At smallest faults ; like as a tender Mother
(Howe'r she loves her darling) will not smother
His childish fault, but she (her self) will rather
Correct, than trust him to his angry Father :
Even so the tender conscience of the wise,
Checks her beloved soul, and doth chastise
And judge the crime it self, lest it should stand
As liable to a severer hand :

Fond soul beware, who e'r thou art, that spies
Another's fault, that thou thine own chastise,
Lest like a foolish man, thou judge another [ther.
In those self-crimes, which in your breast you smo-

Who undertakes to drain his Brothers eye:
Of noysom humors, first must clarify
His own, lest when his Brothers blemish is
Remov'd, he spie a fouler Blain in his.

It is beyond th' extent of man's Commission
To judge of man : The secret disposition
Of sacred Providence is lockt, and seal'd
From man's conceit, and not to be reveal'd,
Until that Lamb break ope the Seal, and come
With life and death, to give the world her doom.

The ground-work of our faith must not rely
On bare events ; Peace and Prosperity

Are goodly favours, but no proper mark
 Wherewith God brands his sheep: No outward bark
 Secures the body to be sound within;
 The rich man liv'd in Scarlet, dy'd in sin.
 Behold th' afflicted man; affliction moves
 Compassion; but no confusion proves.
 A gloomy Day brings oft a glorious Even:
 The poor man dy'd with sores, and lives in Heaven.
 To good and bad, both fortunes Heaven doth share,
 That both, an after-change, may hope and fear.
 I'll hope the best (Lord) leave the rest to thee,
 Lest while I judge another, thou judge me;
 It's one man's work to have a serious fight
 Of his own sins: and judge himself aright.

THE ARGUMENT.

*Zophar blames Job; Job equal makes
 His wisdom unto theirs; He takes
 In hand to plead with God, and then
 Describes the frail estate of men.*

SECT. X.

THen Zophar from deep silence, did awake
 His words with louder language, and bespake:
 Shall Praters be unanswer'd, or shall such
 Be counted just, that speak, for babling much?
 Shall thy words stop our mouths? he that hath
 And scoff at others, shall he die unsham'd? [blam'd
 Our ears have heard thee, when thou hast excus'd
 Thy self of evil, and thy God accus'd:
 But if thy God should plead with thee at large,
 Thou'dst reap the sorrows of a double charge.
 Canst thou, by deep enquiry, understand
 The hidden Justice of the Almighty's hand?
 Heaven's

Heaven's large dimensions cannot comprehend him;
 What-e'r he do, what's he can reprehend him?
 What refuge hast thou then, but to present
 A heart inricht with the sad complement
 Of a true Convert, on thy bended knee,
 Before thy God, t' atone thy God and thee?
 Then doubt not, but he'll rear thee from thy sorrow,
 Disperse thy Clouds, and like a shining morrow,
 Make clear the Sun-beams of Prosperity,
 And rest thy soul in sweet Security.
 But he, whose heart, obdur'd in sin, persists,
 His hopes shall vanish, as the morning mists.
 But *Job*, even as a Ball against the ground,
 Bandied with violence, did thus rebound:

You are the only wisemen, in your breast,
 The hidden Magazine of true wisdom rests,
 Yet (though astun'd with sorrows) do I know
 A little, (and perchance) as much as you;
 I'm scorn'd of my Friends, whose prosp'rous state
 Surmises me (that have expir'd the date
 Of earth's fair Fortunes) to be cast away
 From Heaven's regard, think none belov'd but they;
 I am despised, like a Torch that's spent,
 Whiles that the wicked blazes in his Tent:
 What have your wisdoms taught me, more than that
 Which birds and beasts (could they but speak) would
 Digests the Stomach e'r the Palate tastes? (chat?
 O weigh my words, before you judge my case.
 But you refer me to your Fathers days,
 To be instructed in their wiser Lays.
 True, length of days brings wisdom; but I say,
 I have a wiser teacher than they:
 For I am taught, and tutor'd by that hand,
 Whose unresisted power doth command
 The limits of the Earth, whose wisdom schools
 And trains the simple, makes the learned fools:
 His hand doth raise the poor, deposes Kings;
 On him, both Order, and the Change of things
 Depend; he searches, and brings forth the light
 From out the shadows, and the depth of night.

All this, mine own experience hath found true;
 And in all this I knew as much as you.
 But you aver, if I should plead with God,
 That he would double his severer Rod.
 Your tongue belies his Justice, you apply
 Amis's your Medicine to my malady:
 In silence, you would seem more wise, less weak;
 You having spoke, now lend me leave to speak.
 Will you do wrong, to do God's Justice right?
 Are you his Council? Need you help to fight
 His quarrels? Or expect you his applause,
 Thus (brib'd with self-conceit) to plead his cause?
 Judgment's your fee, when as you take in hand
 Heavens cause to plead it, and not Heav'n command.
 If that the foulness of your censures could
 Not fright you, yet, methinks, his greatness should;
 Whose Justice you make Patron of your lies;
 Your slender Maxims, and false Forgeries
 Are substanc'd like the dust that lies besides me;
 Peace then, and I will speak, whate'r betides me:
 My soul is on the rack, my tears have drown'd me,
 Yet will I trust my God though God confound me;
 He, he's my Tow'r of strength; No hypocrite
 Stands unconfounded in his glorious fight:
 Gallance my words; I know my case would quit
 Me from your censures, should I argue it.

Who takes the plaintiffs pleading? Come; for I
 Must plead my right, or else perforce must die.
 With thee (great Lord of Heaven) I dare dispute
 If thou wilt grant me this my double Sute:
 First, that thou slake these sorrows that surround me;
 Then, that thy burning face do not confound me:
 Which granted, then take thou thy choice, let me
 Propound the question, or else answer thee.
 Why dost thou thus pursue me like thy foe?
 For what great sin dost thou afflict me so?
 Break'st thou a wither'd leaf, thy Justice doth
 Sum up the reckonings of my sinful youth?
 Thou keep'st me pris'ner, bound in fetters fast,
 And, like a thred-bare garment, do I waste.

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Man born of woman, hath but a short while
 To live, his days are fleet, and full of toil :
 He's like a flower, shooting forth and dying,
 His life is as a shadow, swiftly flying. (him ?
 Ah ! b'ing so poor a thing, what needst thou mind
 The number of his days thou hast confin'd him ;
 Then add not plagues unto his grief, O give
 Him peace, that hath so small a time to live ;
 Trees that are fell'd, may sprout again, man never ;
 His days are numbred, and he dies for ever :
 He's like a mist, exhaled by the Sun,
 His days once done, they are for ever done.
 O that thy hand would hide me close, and cover
 Me in the grave, till all thy wrath were over !
 My desperate sorrows hope for no relief,
 Yet will I wait my change. My day of grief
 Will be exchang'd for an eternal day
 Of joy : but now thou dost not spare to lay
 Full heaps of vengeance on my broken soul,
 And writ'st my sins upon an ample scrowl :
 As mountains (being shaken) fall, and Rocks
 (Though firm) are worn and rent with many knocks :
 So strongest men are batter'd with thy strength,
 Lose ground, returning to the ground at length ;
 So mortals die, and (being dead) ne'r mind
 The fairest Fortunes that they leave behind.
 While man is man (until that death bereave him
 Of his last breath) his griefs shall never leave him.

Meditat: X.

DOth Hist'ry then, and sage Chronology,
 (The Index, pointing to Antiquity)
 So firmly grounded on deep judgment, guarded
 And kept by so much miracle, rev
 With so great glory, serve, b... slight Fables,
 To edge the dulness of men's wanton Tables,

And claw their itching ears? or do they rather.
 Like a coarſe Abridgement, ſerve to gather
 Man's high Adventures, and his tranſitory
 Achievements, to expreſs his Makers glory?
 As he have blown the loudeſt Trump of Fame,
 Are all but humours, purchas'd in his name.
 Is he, that (yeſterday) went forth, to bring
 His Fathers Aſſes home, (to day) crown'd) King?

Did he, that now on his brave Palaceſtood,
 Boaſting his *Babel's* beauty, chew the cud
 An hour after? Have not Babes been Crown'd,
 And mighty Monarchs beaten to the ground?
 Man undertakes, Heaven breaths ſucces upon it;
 What good, what evil is done, but Heaven hath done

The Man to whom the world was not aſham'd [it?
 To yield her Colours, he that was proclaim'd
 A God in humane ſhape, whoſe dreadful voice
 Did ſtrike men dead like thunder, at the noiſe;
 Was rent away, from his Imperial Throne,
 Before his flower of youth was fully blown.
 His Race was rooted out, his Iſſue ſlain,
 And left his Empire to another ſtrain.

Who that did e'r behold the ancient *Rome*,
 Would raſhly give her glory ſuch a doom,
 Or thought her ſubject to ſuch alterations,
 That waſt the Miſtreſs, and the Queen of Nations?

Egypt, that in her walls had once engroſt
 More wiſdom than the world beſides, hath loſt
 Her ſenſes now: Her wiſeſt men of State
 Are turn'd, like Puppets, to be pointed at:
 If *Rome's* great power, and *Egypt's* wiſdom can
 Not aid themſelves, how poor a thing is Man?
 God plays with Kingdoms, as with Tennis-Balls,
 Fells ſome that riſe, and raiſes ſome that falls:
 Nor Policy can prevent, nor ſecret Fate,
 Where Heaven hath pleas'd to blow upon a State:
 If States be not ſecure, nor Kingdoms, than
 How helples, (Ah!) how poor a thing is man!
 Man's like a flower, the while he hath to laſt,
 He's nipt with froſt, and ſhook with every blaſt,

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He's born in sorrow, and brought up in tears,
He lives a while in sin, and dies in fears.

Lord, I'll not boast, what-e'r thou give unto me,
Lest e'r my brag be done, thou take it from me.
No man may boast but of his own, I can
Then boast of nothing, for I am a man.

THE ARGUMENT.

*Rash Eliphaz doth aggravate
The sins of Job, maligns his state:
Whom Job reproving, just lies
Himself, bewails his miseries.*

SECT. XI.

DO T H vain repining (*Eliphaz replies*)
Or words like wind, beseem the man that's
Ah! sure, thy faithless heart rejects the fear [wise?
Of Heav'n, doth not acquaint thy lips with pray'r:
Thy words accuse thy heart of Impudence,
Thy tongue (not I) brings in the Evidence:
Art thou the first of men? Do Mysteries
Unfold to thee? Art thou the only wise?
Wherein hath wisdom been more good to you
Than us? what know you that we never knew?
Reverence, not Censure, fits a young man's eyes,
We are your Ancients, and should be as wise;
Is't not enough, your Arrogance derides
Our Counsels, but must scorn thy God besides?
Angels, (if God inquire strictly) must
Not plead perfection: Then can man be just?
It is a truth receiv'd, these aged eyes
Have seen't, and is confirmed by the wise
That still the wicked man is void of rest,
Is always fearful, falls when he fears least;

In trouble he despairs, and is dejected,
 He begs his bread, his death comes unexpected,
 In his adversity, his griefs shall gaul him;
 And, like a raging Tyrant, shall intral him;
 He shall advance against his God, in vain,
 For Heaven shall crush and beat him down again;
 What if his Garners thrive, and goods increase?
 They shall not prosper, nor he live in peace,
 Eternal horror shall begirt him round,
 And vengeance shall both him and his confound,
 Amidst his joys, despair shall stop his breath,
 His sons shall perish with untimely death:
 The double soul shall die, and in the hollow
 Of all false hearts, false hearts themselves shall swal-

Then answered Job, all this, before, I knew; [low.
 They want no grief, that find such Friends as you;
 Ah! cease your words, the fruits of ill-spent hours!
 If Heav'n should please to make my fortunes yours,
 I would not scoff you, nor with taunts torment ye:
 My lips should comfort, and these eyes lament ye:
 What shall I do? Speak not, my griefs oppress
 My soul, or speak (alas) they'r ne'rtheless;
 Lord, I am wasted, and my pangs have spent me,
 My skin is wrinkled, for thy hand hath rent me,
 Mine Enemies have smit me in disdain,
 Laught at my torments, jested at my pain:
 I swell'd in wealth, but (now) alas am poor
 And (fell'd with woe) lie groveling on the floor,
 In dust and sackcloth I lament my sorrows,
 Thy hand hath trench't my cheek with water-fur-
 Nor can I comprehend the cause, that this [rows
 My smart should be so grievous as it is.
 O Earth! If then an hypocrite I be,
 Cover my cries, as I do cover thee;
 And witness Heaven, that these my vows be true;
 (Ah friends!) I spend my tears to Heav'n, not you.
 My time's but short (alas!) would then that I
 Might try my cause with God before I die.

Since then I languish, and not far from dead,
 Let me a while with my accusers plead.

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(Before the Judge of Heaven and Earth) my right:
 Have they not wrong'd, and vex me day and night?
 Who first lays down his Gage to meet me? Say,
 I doubt not (Heaven being Judge) to win the day:
 You'll say perchance, we'll recompel your word,
 Ere simple truth should unawares afford
 Your discontent; No, no, forbear, for I
 Hate less your censure, than your flattery;
 I am become a by-word, and a Tabor,
 To set the tongues, and ears of men in labour.
 Mine eyes are dim; my body's but a shade,
 Good men that see my case, will be afraid,
 But not confounded; They will hold their way,
 And in a bad they'll hope a better day:
 Recant your errors, for I cannot see
 One man that's truly wise among you Three.
 My days are gone, my thoughts are mispossest,
 The silent night, that Heaven ordain'd for rest.
 My day of travel is, but I shall have
 Ere long, long peace, within my welcome grave;
 My nearest kindred are the worms, the Earth
 My Mother, for she gave me first my birth:
 Where are my hopes then? where that future joy,
 Which you false-prophecy'd I should enjoy?
 Both hopes, and I alike, shall travel thither,
 Where, clos'd in dust, we shall remain together.

Meditat. XI.

THE Moral Poets (not unaptly) feign,
 That by lame *Vulcan's* help, the pregnant brain
 Of sovereign *Jove*, brought forth, and at that birth,
 Was born *Minerva*, Lady of the Earth.
 O strange Divinity! but sung by rote;
 Sweet is the tune, but in a wilder note.
 The moral says; all wisdom that is given [ven.
 To hood-wink'd mortals, first proceeds from Hea-

Truth's

Truth's error, wisdom's but wise insolence,
 And light's but darkness, not deriv'd from thence ;
 Wisdom's a strain transcends Morality,
 No Vertue's absent, wisdom being by.
 Vertue by constant practice is acquir'd,
 This (this by sweat unpurchas'd) is inspir'd :
 The master-piece of knowledge is to know
 But what is good, from what is good in show,
 And there it rests: wisdom proceeds, and chuses
 The seeming evil, th' apparent good refuses.
 Knowledge describes alone ; wisdom applies ;
 That makes some fools ; this, maketh none but wise :
 The curious hand that is that doth but pick
 Bare simples, wisdom pounds them for the sick :
 In my afflictions knowledge apprehends
 Who is the Author, what the Cause and Ends ;
 It finds that patience is my sad relief,
 And that the hand that caus'd, can cure my grief :
 To rest contented here, is but to bring
 Clouds without rain, and heat without a Spring :
 What hope arises hence ? The Devils do
 The very same : They know and tremble too :
 But sacred wisdom doth apply that good,
 Which simple knowledge barely understood :
 Wisdom concludes, and in conclusion proves,
 That whatsoever God corrects, he loves :
 Wisdom digests, what knowledge did but taste ;
 That deals in futures ; this, in things are past ;
 Wisdom's the Card of knowledge, which without
 That guide, at random's wreck'd on every doubt :
 Knowledge, when wisdom is too weak to guide her,
 Is like a head-strong horse that throws the Rider :
 Which made that great Philosopher avow,
 He knew so much, that he did nothing know.

Lord, give me wisdom to direct my ways,
 I beg not riches, nor yet length of days ;
 O grant thy servant wisdom, and with it,
 I shall receive such knowledge as will fit
 To serve my turn : I wish not *Phabus* wain,
 Without his skill to drive it, lest I gain

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Too dear an honour : Lord, I will not stay
To pick more Manna, than will serve to day.

THE ARGUMENT.

*Bildad, the whilst he makes a show
To strike the wicked, gives the blow
To Job; Job's misery and faith;
Zophar makes good, what Bildad saith.*

SECT. XII

So Bildad then, when will you bring to end
The speeches whereabout ye so contend?
Weigh either's words, least ignorant confusion
Debar them of their purposed conclusion:
We came to comfort, fits it then that we
Be thought, as beasts, or fools accounted be?
But thou, Job (like a mad-man) wouldst thou force
God, to desist his order, and set course
Of Justice? Shall the wicked, for thy sake
(That wouldst not taste of evil) in good partake?
No, no, his lamp shall blaze, and die, his strength
Shall fail, and shall confound it self at length:
He shall be hamp'ed with close hidden snares,
And dog'd, where e'r he starts, with troops of fears:
Hunger shall bite, destruction shall attend him;
His skin shall rot, the worst of deaths shall end him:
His fears shall be a thousand link together,
His branch above, his root beneath shall wither.
His name shall sleep in dust, in dust decay,
Odious to all, by all men chac'd away:
No Son shall keep alive his house, his name,
And none shall thrive, that can alliance claim:
The after-age shall stand amaz'd, to hear
His fall, and they that see't, shall shake for fear:
Thus

Thus stands the state of him that doth amiss,
And (*Job*) what other is thy case, than this?

But *Job* reply'd, how long (as with sharp swords)
Will ye torment me with your pointed words?

How often have your biting tongues defam'd

My simple innocence, and yet unsham'd?

Had I deserv'd these plagues, yet let my grief

Express it self, though it find no relief;

But if you needs must wear your tongues upon me,

Know 'tis the hand of God hath overthrown me;

I roar, unheard; his hand will not release me;

The more I grieve, the more my griefs oppress me:

He hath dispoil'd my joys, and goes about

(My branches being lopt) to 'stroy the Root:

His plagues, like soldiers, trench within my bones,

My friends, my kindred flie me all at once,

My neighbours, my familiars have forgone me,

My household stares with strangers eyes upon me:

I call my servant, but his lips are dumb,

I humbly beg his help, but he'll not come:

My own wife loaths my breath, though I did make

My solemn suit, for our dead Childrens sake:

The poor, whose wants I have supply'd, despise me,

And he that liv'd within my breast, denies me:

My bones are hide-bound, they cannot be found

One piece of skin (unless my gums) that's found:

Alas! complaints are barren shadows to

Express, or cure the substance of my wo.

Have pity (oh my friends) have pity on me,

'Tis your God's hand and mine, that lies upon me:

Vex me no more, O let your anger be

(If I have wrong'd you) calm'd with what you see:

O! that my speeches were engraven, then,

In Marble Tablets, with an Iron Pen:

For sure I am that my Redeemer lives,

And though pale death consume my flesh (and gives

My Carkas to the worms) yet am I sure

Clad with this self-same flesh (but made more pure)

I shall behold his glory; these sad eyes

Shall see his face, howe'r my body lies

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Mould'ed in dust ; these fleshly eyes, that do
Behold these sores, shall see my Maker too.
Unequal hearers of unequal grief,
Yare all ingag'd to the self same belief ;
Know there's a Judge, whose voice will be as free
To judge your words as you have judged me.

Said *Zophar* then, I purpos'd to refrain
From speaking, but thou mov'st me back again :
For having heard thy haughty spirit break
Such hasty terms, my spirit bids me speak ;
Hath not the change of Ages, and of Climes,
Taught us, as we shall our succeeding times,
How vain's the triumph, and how short the blaze,
Wherein the wicked sweeten out their days ?
Though for a while his Palms of glory flourish,
Yet, in conclusion they grow sear, and perish :
His life is like a dream, that passes o'r,
The eye that saw him, ne'r shall see him more :
The Son shall flatter, whom the Sire oppress,
And (poor) he shall return, what he did wrest ;
He shall be baited with the sins, that have
So smil'd upon his Childhood, to his grave ;
His plenty (purchas'd by oppression) shall
Be honey, tasted, but digested, gall :
It shall not bless him with prolonged stay,
But evilly come, it shall soon pass away ;
The man whose griping hath the poor oppress
Shall neither thrive in state, nor yet find rest
In soul, nought of his fulness shall remain,
His greedy heir shall long expect in vain ;
Soak't with extorted plenty, others shall
Squeeze him, and leave him dispossest of all ;
And when his joys do in their height abound,
Vengeance shall strike him groaning on the ground ;
If swords forbear to wound him, arrows shall
Returning forth anointed with his gall ;
No shade shall hide him, and an unblown fire
Shall burn both him and his ; Heav'n like a Crier
Shall blaze his shame, and Earth shall stand his foe,
His wandring children shall no dwelling know :

Be-

Behold the man's estate, whom God denies.
Behold thine own, pourtraisted to thine eyes,

Meditat. XII.

CA N mercy come frome bloody *Cain*? or hath
His angry brow a smile? or can his wrath
Be quench't with ought but righteous *Abel's* blood?
Can guilty Pris'ners hope for any good.
From the severer Judge, whose dismal breath
Dooms them to die, breaths nothing else but, death?
Ah righteous Judge! wherein hath man to trust?
Man hath offended and thy Laws are just;
Thou frownest like a Judge, but I had rather,
That thou wouldst smile upon me like a Father;
What if thy *Esau* be austere and rough?
Thou hast a *Jacob* that is smooth enough:
Thy *Jacob's* tender Kid brings forth a blessing,
While *Esau's* tedious Ven'zon is a dressing.
Thy face hath smiles, as well as frowns, by turns;
Thy fire giveth light, as well as burns.
What if the Serpent stung old *Adam* dead?
Young *Adam* lives, to break that Serpents head.
Justice hath struck me with a bleeding wound,
But mercy pours in Oyl to make it sound.
The milk-white Lamb confounds the roaring Lion;
Blasted by *Sinai*, I am heal'd by *Sion*:
The Law finds guilty, and Death Judgment gives,
But sure I am, that my Redeemer lives.

How wretched was man's case in those dark days,
When Law was only read: which Law dismays,
And taking vantage, through the breach of it;
The Letter kills, and can no way admit
Release by pardon; for by Law we die.
Why then hop'd man without a reason, why?
Although there was no Sun their morning eyes
Saw by the twilight, that the Sun would rise.

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The Law was like a misty Looking-glass,
 Wherein the shadow of a Saviour was,
 Treats in a darker strain, by Types and Signs,
 And what should pass in after-days divines.
 The Gospel says, that he is come and dead;
 And thus the riddle of the Law is read.
 Gospel is Law, the Myst'ry being seal'd;
 And Law is Gospel, being once reveal'd.

Experience tells us, when as birth denies
 To man (through Natures over-sight) his eyes,
 Nature (whose curious works are never vain)
 Supplies them in the power of his brain:
 So they whose eyes were barr'd that glorious sight
 Of the *Messiah's* day, receiv'd more light,
 (Inspired by the breath of Heaven than they,
 That heard the tiding of that happy day.

The man, that with a sharp contracted eye
 Looks in a clear perspective-Glass, doth spy
 Objects remote, which to the sense appear
 (Through help of the perspective) seeming near;
 So they that fix'd within the Laws dominion,
 Did hear far off, a brute and buzz'd opinion,
 A Saviour one day should be born; but he
 That had a perspective of Faith might see
 That long expected day of joy as clear,
 As if the triumph had been then kept there.
 Lord, so direct me in thy perfect way,
 That I may look, and smile upon that day:
 O! bath me in his blood, sponge every stain,
 That I may boldly sue my Counter-pain:
 O! make me glorious in the doom he gives,
 For sure I am, that my Redeemer lives.

THE ARGUMENT.

*Earth's happiness is not Heavens brand:
A rash recounting of Job's crimes:
Job trusts him to th' Almighty's hand:
God ties his judgment not to times*

SECT. XIII.

THEN Job repli'd, O, let your patience prove,
You came (not to afflict me, but in love.)
Oh! bear with me, and hear me speak at leasure.
My speech once ended; mock, and scoff your pleasure.
Myst'ries I treat, not Toys; if then I range
A thought beyond my self, it is not strange;
Behold my case, and stand amaz'd, forbear me:
Be still, and in your deeper silence hear me.
Search you the hearts of men (my Friends) or can
You judge the inward by the outward man?
How haps the wicked then, so sound in health,
So ripe in years, so prosperous in wealth?
They multiply, their house is fill'd with peace;
They pass unplagu'd, their fruitful flocks increase,
Their Children thrive in joyful melody,
Prosperous they live, and peacefully they die;
*Renounce us (God) say they (if God there be)
What need we knowledge of thy Word or Thee?
What's the Almighty, that we should adore him?
What boots our prayer, or us to fall before him?*
'Tis not by chance, their vain prosperity
Crowns them with store; or Heav'n not knowing why:
But you affirm, *That in conclusion they
Shall fall*; But not so sudden as you say:
But can ye limit forth the space, confine
How long, or when their lamps shall cease to shine;
Will any of you undertake to
Your Maker, things so far above your reach?

The

The bad man lives in plenty, dies in peace ;
 The good, as do his hours, his griefs encrease :
 Yet both the good and bad alike shall have
 Though lives much differing, yet one common grave.
 I know your mining thoughts : You will demand,
*Where is the wickeds power ? And where stand
 Their lofty buildings ? Are they to be seen ?*
 Enquire of wandring Pilgrims that have been
 Experienc'd in the Road : and they'll relate
 The Princely greatness of their Town's and State :
 Live any more secure than they ? or who
 Dare once reprove them for the deeds they do ?
 He lives in power and in peace he dies,
 Attended in his pompous Obsequies.

How vain are then the comforts of your breath,
 That censure goodness, or by life or death ?

Said *Eliphaz*, what then remains ? Thy tongue
 Hath quit thy self accus'd thy God of wrong.
 Gains he by mans uprightness ? Can man add
 To his perfection, what he never had ?

Fears he the strength of man ? Doth he torment him
 Lest that his untam'd power should prevent him ?
 What need I waste this breath ? Recal thy senses,
 And take the Inventory of thy offences:

Thou took'st the poor man's pawn nor hast thou fed
 Thy needy brother, with thy prosp'rous bread ;
 Thy hands perverted Justice, and have spoil'd
 The hopeless widow, with her helpless child.

Hence spring thy sorrows (*Job ;*) 'Tis Justice then
 Thou should'st be plagu'd, that thus plagu'dst other
 Is Heaven just ? Can Heavens just Creator [men ;]
 Let pass (unpunisht) sins of so high a nature ?

Hath not experience taught, that for a while,
 The wicked may exalt their Crests and smile,
 Blown up with Insolence : but in conclusion
 They fall, and good men laugh at their confusion ?

Job, add not sin to sin, cease to beguile
 Thy self, thinking to quench thy fire with oyl :
 Return thee to thy God, confess thy crimes ;
 Return, and he will crown thy after-times

With

With former blessings, add thy riches shalt
 Be as the sand : for God is all in all :
 His face shall welcom thee, and smile upon thee,
 And cease that mischief his just hand hath done
 He shall be pleas'd with holy fires, [three.
 And grant the issue of thy best desires.

Job answer'd then: Although my soul be faint,
 And griefs weigh down the scale of my complaint,
 Yet would I plead my cause (which you defam'd)
 Before my Maker, and would plead, unsham'd ;
 Could I but find him, I would take upon me
 To quit the censures, you have pass'd on me.
 His Justice hath no limits, is extended
 Beyond conceit, by man unapprehended ;
 Let Heaven be Umpire, and make Arbitration
 Betwixt my guiltless heart, and your taxation :
 My Embryon thoughts, and words are all inroll'd,
 Pure will he find them, as refined gold ;
 His steps I follow'd, and uprightly stood,
 His Laws have been my guide, his words my food ;
 Hath he but once decreed ? (alas.) there's none
 Can bar : For what he will, must needs be done ;
 His will's a Law : If he have doom'd, that I
 Shall still be plagu'd, 'tis bootless to reply.
 Hence comes it, that my sore afflicted spirit
 Trembles, and stands confounded at his sight ;
 His hand hath struck my spirits in amaze,
 For I can neither end my griefs nor days.
 Why should not times in all things be forbid,
 When to the just, their time of sorrow's hid ?
 Some move their land-marks, rob their neighbors
 Others ingage, receive the widows Cx ; [flocks ;
 Some grind the poor, while others seek the prey ;
 They reap their harvest, bear their grain away ;
 Men press their oil, and they distrain their store,
 And rend the gleanings from the hungry poor.
 The City roars, the blood which they have spent,
 Cries (unreveng'd) for equal punishment ;
 Early they murder, and rob late at night,
 They trade in darkness, for they hate the light ;
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They sin (unpunish'd) thriving uncontroll'd,
 And what by force they got, by force they hold.
 O friends ; repeal your words, your speeches bring
 No lawful issue. prove not any thing :
 Your deeper wisdoms argue (in effect)
 That God doth, or not know, or else neglect :
 Conclude with me, or prove my words untrue,
 I must be found the Lye, or else you :

Meditat. XIII.

THE wisest men that Nature e'r could boast
 For secret knowledge of her power, were lost,
 Confounded, and in deep amazement stood,
 In the discovery of the chiefest good :
 Keenly they hunted, beat in every brack,
 Forwards they went, on either hand, and back
 Return'd they counter ; but their deep mouth'd art,
 (Though often challeng'd Scent, yet) ne'r could
 In all th' enclosures of Philosophy, [start
 That game, from squat, they term, felicity :
 They jangle, and their Maxims disagree ;
 As many men, to many minds there be.

One digs to *Pluto's* Throne, thinks there to find
 Her Grace, rak'd up in gold : anothers mind snour
 Mounts to the Courts of Kings, with plumes of ho-
 And feather'd hopes, hopes there to seize upon her ;
 A third unlocks the painted gate of pleasure,
 And ransacks there, to find this peerless treasure ;
 A fourth, more sage, more wisely melancholy,
 Perswades himself, her Deity's too holy
 For common hands to touch, he rather chuses
 To make a long days journey to the Muses :
 To *Athens* (gown'd, he goes, and from that School
 Returns unsped, a more instructed fool.

Where lies she then ? or lies she any where ?
 Honours are bought and sold, she rests not there ;

Much

Much less in pleasures hath she her abiding,
 For they are shar'd to Beasts, and ever sliding ;
 Nor yet in virtue, virtue's often poor,
 And (crusht with fortune) begs from door to door:
 Nor is she faint'd in the shrine of wealth ;
 That, makes men slaves, is unsecur'd from stealth ;
 Conclude we then, *Felicity* consists
 Not in exterior fortunes, but her lists
 Are boundless, and her large extension
 Out-runs the pace of humane apprehension,
 Fortunes are seldom measur'd by desert :
 The fairer face hath oft the fouler heart ;
 Sacred *Felicity* doth ne'r extend
 Beyond it self : In it all wishes end :
 The swelling of an outward fortune can
 Create a prosp'rous, not a happy man :
 A peaceful Conscience is the true content,
 And wealth is but her golden ornament.
 I care not so my kernel relish well,
 How slender be the substance of my shell ;
 My heart b'ing virtuous, let my face be wan,
 I am to God, I only seem to man.

THE ARGUMENT.

*Bildad shews man's impurity ;
 Job setteth forth th' Almighty's power ;
 Pleads still his own integrity :
 God's Wisdom no man can discover.*

SECT. XIV.

SAID *Bildad* then, with whom dost thou contest,
 But with thy Maker, that lives ever blest ?
 His pow'r is infinite, man's light is dim,
 And knowledge darkness, not deriv'd from him.

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Say then, who can be just before him? No man
 Can challenge purity that's born of Woman.
 The greater Torch of Heaven in his sight
 Shall be asham'd, and lose his purer light:
 Much less can Man, that is but living dust,
 And but a fairer worm, be pure and just.

Whereat *Job* thus: doth Heav'n's high judgment
 To be supported by the weaker hand? [stand
 Wants he thy help? To whom dost thou extend
 These, these thy lavish lips, and to what end?
 No, he's Almighty; and his power doth give
 Each thing his being, and in him they live:
 To him is nothing dark, his sovereign hands
 Whirlround the restless Orbs, his power commands
 The even- pois'd Earth, the water-pots of Heaven
 He empties at his pleasure, and hath given
 Appointed lists, to keep the waters under; [der:
 The trembling skies he strikes amaz'd with thun-
 These, these the Trophees of his power be.
 Where is there ever such a God as he! [me,

My friends, these ears have heard your censures on
 And Heav'n's sharp hand doth weigh so hard upon
 So languishing in grief, that no defence [me;
 Seems to remain, to shield my innocence:
 Yet while my soul a gasp of breath affords,
 I'll not distrust my maker, nor your words
 Deserve, which Heaven forefend, that ever I
 Prove true, but I'll plead guiltless till I die; [me
 While I have breath, my pangs shall ne'r perswade
 To wander, and revolt from him that made me.
 E'r such thoughts spring from this confused breast,]
 Let death and tortures do their worst, their best.
 What gains the hypocrite, although the whole
 Worlds wealth he purchase, with the price on's soul?
 Will Heaven hear the voice of his disease?
 Can he repent, and turn, when e'r he please?
 True, God doth sometime plague with open shame
 The wicked, often blurs he forth his name
 From out the Earth, his children shall be slain;
 And who survives, shall beg their bread in vain;

K

What

What if his gold be heapt, the good man shall
 Possess it, as true Master of it all;
 Like Moths, their houses shall they build, in doubt
 And danger, every hour to be cast out;
 Besieg'd with want, their lips make fruitless moan,
 Yet (wanting succour) be reliev'd by none;
 The worm of conscience shall torment his breast,
 And he shall roar, when others be at rest;
 God's hand shall scourge him that he cannot flee,
 And men shall laugh, and hiss to hear him cry.

The purest metal's hid within the mould,
 Without is gravel, but within is gold;
 Man digs, and in his toil he takes a pleasure,
 He seeks, and finds within the Turf, the treasure;
 He never rests unsped, but (underneath)
 He mines, and progs, though in the fangs of death:
 No secret (how obscure soever) can
 Earths bosom smother, that's unfound by man;
 But the Divine and high Decrees of Heaven,
 What mind can search into? No power's given
 To mortal man, whereby he may attain
 The rare discovery of so high a strain:
 Dive to the depth of darkness, and the deeps
 Renounce this wisdom, the wide Ocean keeps
 Her not inclos'd; 'Tis not the purest Gold
 Can purchase it, or heaps of Silver, told;
 The pearls, and peerless treasures of the East,
 Refined gold, and gems, are all, the least
 Of nothing, if compar'd with it, at which,
 Earths Mass of treasure (summ'd) is not so rich;
 Where rests the wisdom then? If men enquire
 Below, they find not her; or if they (higher)
 Soar with the Prince of fowls, they still despair:
 The more they seek, the further off they are.
 Ah friends! how more than men? how Eagle-ey'd
 Are you, to see what to the world beside
 Was dark? To you alone (in trust) was given
 To search into the high Decrees of Heaven:
 You read his Oracles, you understand
 To riddle forth mans fortunes by his hand:

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Your wisdoms have a privilege to know
 His secret smiling from his angry Brow:
 Let shame prevent, your lips recant, and give
 To the Almighty his prerogative;
 To him the searching of mens hearts belong,
 Mans judgment sinks no deeper than the tongue;
 He overlooks the world, and in one space
 Of time, his eye is fixt on every place:
 He weighs the waters, ballances the air,
 What e'r hath being, did his hands prepare;
 He wills that Mortals be not over-wise,
 Nor judge his secrets with censorious eyes.

Meditat. XIV.

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TIS Virtue to flie Vice: there's none more
 Than he that ventures to pick virtue out
 Betwixt a brace of Vices: Dangers stand,
 Threatning his ruin upon either hand;
 His Guard must guide him, lest his Pinnacle run
 Upon *Charybdis*, while it *Scylla* shun:
 In moderation all Virtue lies;
 'Tis greater folly to be over-wise,
 Than rudely ignorant: The golden mean
 Is but to know enough; safer to lean
 The Ignorance, than Curiosity;
 For Lightning blasts the Mountains that are high:
 The first of men, from hence deserv'd his fall,
 He sought for secrets, and found death withal:
 Secrets are unfit objects for our eyes,
 They blind us in beholding: He that tries
 To handle water, the more hard he strains
 And gripes his hand, the less his hand retains:
 The mind that's troubled with that pleasing itch
 Of knowing secrets, having flown a pitch
 Beyond it self, the higher it ascends
 And strives to know, the less it apprehends:

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That secret Wiseman is an open Fool,
Which takes a Council-chamber for a School.

The eye of man desires no farther light,
Than to descry the object of his sight,
And rests contented with the Suns reflection :
But (lab'ring to behold his bright complexion)
If it presume t'out-face his glorious light,
The beams bereave him, justly, of his sight :
Even so the mind should rest in what's reveal'd,
But over-curious, if in things conceal'd
She wades too far, beyond her depth, unbounded,
Her knowledge will be lost, and she confounded.
Far safer 'tis of things unsure to doubt,
Than undertake to riddle secrets out.

It was demanded once, what God did do
Before the world he framed ? whereunto
Answer was made, *He built a Hell for such
As are too curious, and would know too much.*

Who flie with *Icarus* his feathers, shall
Have *Icarus* his Fortune, and his fall.

A noble Prince, (whose bounteous hand was bent
To recompence his servants faith, and vent
The earnest of his favours) did not proffer,
But will'd him boldly to prevent his offer :
Thankful he thus reply'd, *Then grant unto me
This boon, With-hold thy Princely secrets from me.*

That bold man, in whose familiar ear
Heav'n oft had thundred, might not come too near:
The temple must have Curtains ; mortal hearts
Must rest content to see his hinder-parts.
I care not (Lord) how far thy Face be off,
If I but kiss thy hand, I have enough.

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THE ARGUMENT.

*Job wisheth his past happiness ;
 Shews his state present, doth confess
 That God's the Author of his grief ;
 Relates the pureness of his life.*

SECT. XV.

OH! that I were as happy as I was,
 When Heavens bright favours shone upon my
 And prosper'd my affairs, enricht my joys, [face,
 When all my Sons could answer to my voice ;
 Then did my store, and thriving Flocks encrease,
 Offended Justice sought my hands for peace ;
 Old men did honour, and the young did fear me,
 Princes kept silence (when I spake) to hear me,
 I heard the poor, reliev'd the widows cry,
 Orphans I succour'd, was the blind man's eye,
 The Cripple's foot, my helpless brothers drudge,
 The poor man's Father, and th' Oppressors Judge ;
 I then supposed that my days long Lease
 Would pass in plenty, and expire in peace :
 My Roots were fixed, and my Branches sprung,
 My glory blaz'd, my Power grew daily strong ;
 I speaking, men stood mute, my speeches mov'd
 All hearts to joy, by all men were approv'd :
 My kindly words were welcome, as a latter
 Rain, and were Oracles in a doubtful matter.

O sudden change ! I'm turn'd a laughing-stock
 To boys, and those that su'd to tend my Flock,
 And such, whose hungry wants have taught their
 To scrape the Earth, and dig the barren lands [hands
 For hidden roots, wherewith they may appease
 Their tyrant stomachs, these (even very these)

Flout at my sorrows, and disdaining me,
 Point with their fingers, and cry, *This is he* :
 My honour's foil'd, my troubled spirit lies
 Wide open to the worst of injuries ;
 Where e'r I turn my sorrows new appears,
 I'm vext abroad with flouts, at home with fears :
 My soul is faint, and nights that should give ease
 To tired spirits, make my griefs encrease :
 I loath my Carcass, for my ripened sores
 Have chang'd my garments colour with their cores.
 But what is worst of worsts, (Lord) often I
 Have cry'd to thee, a stranger to my cry,
 Though perfect Clemency thy nature be,
 Though kind to all, thou art unkind to me.
 I ne'r wext pale, to see another thrive,
 Nor e'r did let m' afflicted Brother strive
 With tears alone : but I (poor I) tormented,
 Expect for succour, and am unlamented :
 I mourn in silence, languish all alone :
 As in a Desert, am reliev'd by none :
 My sores have dy'd my skin with filth, still turning
 My joys to grief, and all my mirth to mourning.

My heart hath past Indentures with mine eye,
 Not to behold a Maid, for what should I
 Expect from Heaven but a deserv'd reward,
 Earn'd by so foul a sin ? for death's prepar'd,
 And flames of wrath are blown for such : Doth he
 Not know my actions, that so well knows me ?
 If I have lent my hand to slie deceit,
 Or if my steps have not been purely strait,
 What I have sown, then let a stranger eat,
 And root my plants untimely from their seat.
 If I with lust have e'r distain'd my life,
 Or been defiled with another's wife,
 In equal Justice let my wife be known
 Of all, and let me reap, as I have sown :
 For lust, that burneth in a sinful breast,
 Till it hath burnt him too, shall never rest.
 If e'r my haste did treat my servant ill,
 Without desert, making my power my will,

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Then how should I before God's Judgment stand,
 Since we were both created by one hand?
 If e'r my power wrong'd the poor man's cause,
 Or to the widow, lengthned out the Laws:
 If e'r (alone) my lips did taste my bread,
 Or shut my churlish doors, the poor unfed,
 Or bent my hand to do the Orphan wrong,
 Or saw him naked, unapparell'd long;
 In heaps of Gold, if e'r I took delight,
 Or gave Heavens worship, to the Heavenly light,
 Or e'r was flatt'ed by my secret will.
 Or joyed in my Adversaries Ill;
 Let God accurse me from his glorious seat,
 And make my plagues (if possible) more great.
 Oh! that some equal hearer now were by,
 To judge my righteous cause: Full sure am I,
 I shall be quieted by th' Almighty's hand.
 What, therefore, if censorious tongues withstand
 The judgment of my sober Conscience?
 Compose their Ballads on me, yet from thence
 My simple Innocence shall gain renown,
 And on my head, I'll wear them, as my Crown:
 To the Almighty's ear will I reveal
 My secret ways; to him, alone, appeal:
 If (to conclude) the Earth could find a tongue,
 T' impeach my guiltless hands of doing wrong
 If hidden wages (earn'd with sweat) do lie
 Rak'd in her furrows, let her womb deny
 To bless my Harvest, let her better Seeds
 Be turn'd to Thistles, and the rest to weeds.

Meditat. XV.

THE man whose soul is undistain'd with Ill,
 Pure from the check of a distemper'd will,
 Stands only free from the distracts of Care,
 And flies a pitch above the reach of Fear:

His bosom dares the threatning Bow-men's Arm,
 His wisdom sees, his Courage finds no harm;
 His breast lies open to the reeking Sword;
 The darts of swarthy *Maurus* can afford
 Less dread, than danger to his well prepar'd
 And settled mind, which (standing on her guard)
 Bids mischief do the worst she can, or will,
 For he that does no ill, deserves no ill.

Would any strive with *Samson* for renown,
 Whose brawny arm can strike most pillars down?
 Or try a fall with Angels, and prevail?
 Or with a Hymn unhinge the strongest Jayl;
 Would any from a pris'ner prove a Prince?
 Or with slow speech best Orators convince?
 Preserve he then, unstained in his breast,
 A milk-white Conscience; let his soul be blest
 With simple Innocence: The seven-fold shield
 No dart shall pierce, no sword shall make it yield;
 The sinewy Bow, and deadly headed Lance,
 Shall break in shivers, and the splinters glance:
 Aside, returning back, from whence they came,
 And wound their hearts with an eternal shame.
 The just and constant mind, that perseveres
 Unblemisht with false pleasures, never fears
 The bended threatning of a Tyrant's brow;
 Death neither can disturb, nor change his Vow;
 Well guarded with himself, he walks along,
 When most alone he stands a thousand strong.

Lives he in weal and full Prosperity?
 His wisdom tells him that he lives to die.
 Is he afflicted? Sharp afflictions give
 Him hopes of Change, and that he dies to live.

Is he revil'd and scorn'd? He sits, and smiles,
 Knowing him happy, whom the world reviles.
 If rich, he gives the Poor, and if he live
 In poor estate, he finds rich friends to give:
 He lives an Angel in a mortal form;
 And having past the brunt of many a storm,
 At last arriveth at the haven of Rest.

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Joyning with Angels, with an Angel's voice,
Chaunts forth sweets *Requiem*s of Eternal joys.

THE ARGUMENT.

*Elihu Job reproves, reproves
His Friend alike; he pleads the case
With Job in God's behalf, and moves
Him to recant, and call for Grace.*

SECT. XVI.

THEN *Job* his ill defended Cause adjourns,
And silence lends free liberty of turns
To his unjust Accusers, whose bad cause
Hath left them grounded in too large a pause;
Whereat *Elihu*, a young stander-by
Whose modest ears, upon their long reply
Did wait, his angry silence did awake.
And (craving pardon for his youth) bespake:
Young Standers-by do oftentimes see more
Than elder Gamesters: Y^e are to blame all four:
Th^e one's cause is bad, but with good proofs befriended,
The other's just and good, but ill defended:
Tho' reason makes the man, Heaven makes him wise;
Wisdom in greatest Clerks not always lies:
Then let your silence give me leave to spend
My judgment, whilst your heedful ears attend.
I have not heard, alone, but still expected
To hear what more your spleens might have objected
Against your woful Friend, and I have found
Your reason's built upon a sandy ground.
Flourish no Flags of Conquest: Understand,
That he's afflicted by th' Almighty's hand:
He hath not fail'd to cross your accusations;
Yet I (though not with your foul exprobrations)

Will cross him too. I'm full, and I must speak,
 Or, like vented vessels, I must break ;
 And with my tongue my heart will be reliev'd,
 That swells, with what my patience hath conceiv'd :
 Be none offended, for my lips shall tread
 That ground (without respect) as truth shall lead ;
 God hates a flatt'ring Language ; then how can I
 Unliable to danger flatter any ?

Now, *Job*, to thee I speak. O let my Errant
 Be welcome to thine ears, for truth's my warrant ;
 They are no slender trifles that I treat
 Of, things digested with the sacred hear,
 But an inspired knowlege ; 'Tis no rash
 Discharge of wrath, nor wits conceited flash ;
 I'll speak, and hear thee speak, as free, for I
 Will take no vantage of thy Misery.

Thy tongue did challenge to maintain thy case
 With God, if he would veil his glorious face :
 Be I the man (though clad with clay and dust,
 And mortal like thy self) that takes the trust
 To represent his Person : thou dost term
 Thy self most just, and boldly dost affirm,
 That Heaven afflicts thy soul without a reason.
 Ah *Job* ! these very words (alone) are treason
 Against th' Almighty's Will : thou oughtest rather
 Submit thy passion to him, as thy Father,
 Than plead with him, as with thy Peer. Is he
 Bound to reveal his secret Will to thee ;
 God speaketh oft to man, not understood,
 Sometimes in dreams, at other times thinks good
 To thunder Judgment in his drouzy ear ;
 Sometimes with hard affliction's scourge doth tear
 His wounded soul, which may at length give ease
 (Like sharper Physick) to his foul disease :
 But if like pleasing Julips) he afford
 The meek Expounders of his sacred word,
 With sweet perswasions to recure his grief,
 How can his sorrows wish more fair relief ?
 Ah, then his body shall wax young and bright ;
 Heavens face that scorcht before, shall now delight.

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His tongue with Triumph shall confess to men,
I was a Leper, but am clear agen.

Thus, thus that Spring of mercy oftentimes
Doth speak to man, that man may speak his crimes.
Consider, *Job*; my words with judgment weigh;
Which done, (if thou hast ought) then boldly say;
If otherwise, shame not to hold thy peace,
And let thy wisdom with my words encrease.

And you, you wisemen that are silent here,
Vouchsafe to lend my lips your ripened ear;
Let's call a parly and the cause decide;
For *Job* pleads guiltless, and would fain be tri'd:
Yet hath his boldness term'd himself upright,
And tax'd th' Almighty for not doing right:
His Innocence with Heaven doth he plead,
And that unjustly he was punished:

O Purity by Impudence suborn'd!
He scorn'd his maker, and is justly scorn'd:
Far be it from the heart of man, that he
Who is all Justice, yet unjust should be.
Each one shall reap the harvest he hath sown,
His meed shall measure what his hands have sown,
Who is't can claim the worlds great Sovereignty?
Who rais'd the Rafter of the Heavens, but he?
If God should breath one man, or take away
The breath he gave him, what were man but Clay?
O, let thy heart th' unbridled tongue convince!
Say, Dare thy lips defame an earthly Prince?
How dar'st thou then malign the King of Kings,
To whom great Princes are but poorest things;
He kicks down Kingdoms, spurns th' Imperial Crown,
And with his blast, puffs mighty Monarchs down.

'Tis vain to strive with him, and if he strike,
Our part's to bear, not fondly to dislike,
(Misconstruing the nature of his drift)
But husband his corrections to our thrift.
If he afflict, our best is to implore
His Blessing with his Rod, and sin no more.
What if our torments pass the bounds of measure?
It unbefits our wills, to stint his pleasure.

Judge

Judge then, and let th' impartial world advise,
 How far (poor Job) thy judgment is from wise :
 Now are these speeches kindled with the fire
 Of a distemper'd spleen, but with desire
 • Tenrich thy wisdom, lest thy fury tie
 Presumption to thy rash infirmity.

Meditat. XIV.

FOR mortals, to be born, wax old, and die,
 Lies not in Will, but bare Necessity,
 Common to beasts, which in the self degree
 Hold by the self same Patent, even as we :
 But to be wise is a diviner action
 Of the discursive Soul, a pure abstraction
 Of all her power, united in the Will,
 Aiming at good, rejecting what is ill :
 It is an influence of inspired breath,
 Unpurchased by birth, unlost by death,
 Entail'd to no man, no, not free to all,
 Yet ungently answers to the eager call
 Of those, that with inflam'd affections seek,
 Respecting tender youth and age alike :
 In depth of days, her spirit not alway lies,
 Years makes man old, but Heaven returns him wise ;
 Youths Innocence, nor riper ages strength
 Can challenge her as due ; (Desired) length
 Of days, produced to decrepit years,
 Fill'd with experience, and grizly hairs,
 Can claim no right, th' Almighty ne'r engages
 His gifts to times, nor is he bound to Ages ;
 His quickning Spirit to Sucklings oft reveals,
 What to their doting Grandfires he conceals ;
 The virtue of his birth can unbenumb
 The frozen lips, and strike the speaker dumb :
 Who put that moving power into his tongue,
 Whose lips did right the chaste *Susanna's* wrong,

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Upon her wanton false accusers death?
 What secret fire inflam'd that fainting breath
 That blasted *Pharo*? Or those ruder tongues,
 That school'd the faithless Prophet for the wrongs
 He did to sacred Justice? 'matters not
 How sleight the mean be in it self, or what
 In our esteems, so wisdom be the message:
 Embassadors are worthied in th' Embassage:
 God sows his harvest to his best encrease,
 And glorifies himself howe'r he please.

Lord if thou wilt (for what is hard to thee?)
 I may a Factor for thy Glory be,
 'Then grant that (like a faithful servant) I
 May render back thy stock with Usury.

THE ARGUMENT.

*God reaps no gain by man's best deeds
 Man's misery from himself proceeds:
 God's Mercy and Justice are unbounded,
 On works of Nature man is grounded.*

SECT. XVII.

E *Liku* thus his pausing lips again
 Disclos'd, and said, Rash *Job*, dost thou maintain
 A rightful cause, which in conclusion, must
 Avow thee blameless, and thy God unjust!
 Thy lawless words implying, that it can
 Advantage none to live an upright man?
 My tongue shall school thee, and thy friends that would
 (Perchance) refel thy reasons, if they could:
 Behold thy glorious makers greatness, see
 The power of his hand; Say they, can he
 Be damag'd by thy sin, or can he raise
 Advantage by th' uprightness of thy ways?

True,

True, the afflicted languish oft in grief,
 And roar to Heaven (unanswer'd) for relief,
 Yet is not heaven unjust, for their fond cry
 Their sins bewails not, but their misery.
 Cease then to make him guilty of thy crimes,
 And wait his pleasure, that's not bound to times,
 Nor hears vain words. The sorrows thou art in
 Are slight, or nothing, ballanc'd with thy sin :
 Thy lips accuse thee, and thy foolish tongue,
 To right thy self, hath done th' Almighty wrong.

Hold back thine answer, let thy flowing stream
 Find passage to surround my fruitful Theam ;
 I'll raise my thoughts to plead my makers case,
 And speak as shall besit so high a place :
 Behold, the Almighty's meek, as well as strong,
 Destroys the wicked, rights the just man's wrong,
 Mounts him to honour; if by chance he stray,
 Instructs, and shews him where he lost his way :
 If he return, his blessings shall encrease,
 Crowning his joys with plenty and sweet peace:
 If not, th' entail'd sword shall ne'r depart
 His stained house, but pierce his hardned heart ;
 Ah sinful *Job*! these plagues had never been,
 Hadst thou been guiltless as thou boasts of sin :
 But thy proud lips against their Maker plead,
 And draw down heaps of vengeance on thy head :
 Look to thy self, seek not to understand
 The secret causes of th' Eternals hand ;
 Let wisdom make the best of misery,
 Know who inflicts it, ask no reason why :
 His will's beyond thy reach, and his Divine
 And sacred knowledge far surpasseth thine.
 Ah ! rather praise him in his works, that lie
 (Wide open to the world) before thine eye ;
 His meanest Act, our highest thoughts o'r-tops,
 He pricks the Clouds, stills down the rain by drops ;
 Who comprehends the lightning, or the thunder ?
 Who sees, who hears them, unamaz'd with wonder ?
 My troubled heart chills in my quivering breast,
 To relish these things, and is dispossess

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Of all her powers : who ever heard the voice
 Of th' angry Heavens, unfrighted at the noise ?
 The beast by nature daz'd with sudden dread,
 Seeks out for covert to secure his head :
 If God command, the dusky Clouds march forth
 Into a Tempest ; From the freezing North
 He beckons Frost and Snow ; and from the South
 He bloweth whirl-winds with his angry mouth.
 Presumptuous *Job* ! if thou canst not aspire
 So high, to comprehend these things, admire.
 Know'st thou the progress of the rambling Clouds ?
 From mortals eyes, when gloomy darkness throwds
 The Lamps of Heaven ? Know'st thou the reason why ?
 Canst thou unriddle Heavens Philosophy ?
 Know'st thou th' unconstant nature of the weather ?
 Or whence so many winds proceed, and whither ?
 Wert thou made privy or a stander by
 When God stretcht forth his spangled Canopy ?
 Submit thy self, and let these secrets teach :
 How far his Mysteries do surmount thy reach :
 For he's Almighty, and his sacred will
 Is just, nor renders an unearned ill :
 His works are objects for no soaring eyes,
 But wheresoe'r he looks, he finds none wise.

Meditat. VII.

THE world's an Index to Eternity,
 And gives a glance of what our clearer eye
 In time shall see at large ; nothing's so slight
 Which in Nature sends not forth some light,
 Or *Memorandum* of his Makers Glory :
 No Dust so vile, but pens an ample story
 Of th' Almighty's power, nor is there that,
 Which gives not man just cause to wonder at,
 Cast down thine eyes, behold the pregnant earth,
 (Her self but one) produceth at one birth

A world of divers natures : From a seed
Entirely one, things hot and cold proceed,
She suckles with one milk, things moist and dry,
Yet in her womb is no repugnancy.

Or shall thy reason ramble up so high,
To view the Court of wild Astronomy ?
Behold the Planets, round about thine ears,
Whirling like fire-balls in their restless Spheres,
At one self-instant moving several ways,
Still measuring out our short and shorter days.
Behold the parts whereon the world consists,
Are limited in their appointed lists,
Without rebellion unapt to vary,
Though being many, divers, and contrary :
Look where we list, above, beneath, or under,
Our eyes shall see to learn, and learn to wonder ;
Their depth shall drown our judgments, and their
Besides his wits, shall drive the prime conceit : [height]
Shall then our daring minds presume t'aspire
To Heavens hid Myst'ries ? shall our thought inquire
Into the depth of secrets unconfounded,
When in the shore of Nature they were drowned ?

Fond man be wise, strive not above thy strength,
Tempt not thy Bark beyond her Cables length ;
And, like *Prometheus*, filch no sacred fire,
Lest Eagles gripe thee : Let thy proud desire
Suit with thy fortunes : Curious minds, that shall
Mount up with *Phaeton*, shall have *Phaeton's* fall.
Unbend thy bow betimes, lest thou repent
Too late, for it will break, or else stand bent.

I'll work at home, ne'r cross the scorching Line,
In unknown Lands to seek a hidden Mine :
Plain Bullion pleaseth me, I not desire
Dear Ingots from the Elixirs techy fire ;
I'll spend my pains (where best I may be bold)
To know my self, wherein I shall behold
The world abridg'd, and in that world, my maker,
Beyond which task, I wish no undertaker.
Great God, by whom it is, what-e'r is mine,
Make me thy Viceroy in this world of thine,

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So clear mine eyes, that I may comprehend
My sleight beginning and my sudden end.

THE ARGUMENT.

*God questions Job, and proves that man
Cannot attain to things so high,
As divine secrets, since he can
Not reach to Nature's ; Job's reply.*

SECT. VIII.

FOrth from the bosom of a murm'ring Cloud,
Heavens great *Jehovah* did at length unshroud
His Earths-amazing language, (Equally
Made terrible with Fear and Majesty)
(Challeng'd the Duel) he did undertake
His grumbling servant, and him thus bespake :

Who, who art thou, that thus dost pry in vain
Into my secrets, hoping to attain
With murmuring, to things conceal'd from man ?
Say, (poor blind mortal) who art thou that can
Thus clear thy crimes, and dar'st (with vain applause)
Make me Defendant in thy sinful cause ?
Lo, here I am ; Engross into thy hands
Thy soundest weapons : Answer my demands :
Say, where wert thou, when these my hands did lay
The worlds foundation ? canst thou tell me ? Say,
Was Earth not measur'd by this Arm of mine ;
Whose hand did aid me ? was I help'd by thine ?
Where wert thou, when the Planets first did blaze,
And in their Spheres sang forth their Makers praise ?
Who is't that tames the raging of the Seas,
And swathes them up in Mists when e'r he please ?
Didst thou divide the Darkness from the Light ?
Or know'st thou whence *Aurora* takes her flight ?
Didst

Didst e'r inquire into the Seas Abyfs,
 Or mark'd the Earth of what a bulk she is?
 Knowst thou the place where Light or Darknefs
 Can thy deep page unfold these secret things [springs?]
 Knowst thou the cause of Snow or Hail, which are
 My fierce Artill'ry in my time of war?
 Who is't that rends the gloomy Clouds in sunder,
 Whose sudden raptures strikes forth fire and thunder?
 Or who bedews the Earth with gentle showers,
 Filling her pregnant soil with fruits and flowers,
 What Father got the Rain? From what chill womb
 Did frosts, and hard-congealed waters come?
 Canst thou restrain fair *Maia's* course, or stint her?
 Or sad *Orion* ushering in the winter;
 Will scorching *Cancer* at thy summons come?
 Or Sun-burnt Autumn with her fruitful womb?
 Knowst thou Heavens course above or dost thou
 Those gentle influences here below? [know]
 Who was't inspir'd thy soul with understanding,
 And gave thy spirit the spirit of apprehending?
 Dost thou command the Cisterns of the Sky
 To quench the thirsty soil? or is it I?

Nay, let thy practice to the Earth descend,
 Prove there, how far thy power doth extend:
 From thy full hand will hungry Lions eat?
 Feedst thou the empty Ravens that cry for meat?
 See'st thou the Season, when the fearful Hind
 Brings forth her painful birth? Hast thou assign'd
 The Mountain-Goat her Time? Or is it I?
 Canst thou subject unto thy Sovereignty
 The untam'd Unicorn? Can thy hard hand
 Force him to labour on thy fruitful Land?
 Didst thou enrich the Peacock with his Plume?
 Or did that Steel-digesting Bird assume
 His downy Flags from thee? Didst thou endow
 The noble Stallion with his strength? Canst thou
 Quail his proud courage? See his angry breath
 Puffs nothing forth, but fears summ'd up in dearch:
 Mark with what pride his horny Hoofs do tabor
 The hard resounding Earth; with how great labor,
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How little ground he spends : but at the noise
 And fierce Alarm of the hoarse Trumpets voice
 He breaks the Ranks amongst a thousand Spears
 Pointed with death, undaunted at the fears
 Of doubtful war, he rushes like a Ranger,
 Through every Troop, and scorns so brave a danger.
 Do lofty Haggards cleave the flitting Air,
 With Plumes of thy devising ? Then how dare
 Thy ravenous lips thus, thus at random run,
 And countermand what I the Lord have done ?
 Think'st thou to learn (fond mortal) thus by di-
 Into my secrets, or to gain by striving [ving]
 Plead then ; No doubt but thine will be the Day,
 Speak (peevish Plaintiff) if thou'st ought to say.
Job then reply'd : Great God, I am but dust,
 My heart is sinful, and thy hands are just ;
 I am a Sinner (Lord) my words are wind,
 My thoughts are vain, (Ah Father) I have sin'd
 Shall dust reply ? I spake too much before,
 I'll close these lips, and never answer more.

Meditat. XVIII.

O Glorious Light ! A light unapprehended
 By mortal eyes ! O Glory never ended,
 Nor e'r created, whence all Glory springs,
 In heavenly Bodies ; and in earthly things ;
 O Power immense, derived from a will
 Most just and able to do all, but ill !
 O Essence pure and full of Majesty !
 Greatness (it self) and yet no quantity :
 Goodness, and without quality ; producing
 All things from out of nothing ; and reducing
 All things to nothing ; past all comprehending,
 Both First and Last, and yet without an ending,
 Or yet beginning ; filling every creature,
 And not (it self) included ; above Nature,

Ye

Yet not excluded ; of it self subsisting,
 And with it self all other things assisting ;
 Divided, yet without division ;
 A perfect Three, yet Three, entirely One ;
 Both One in Three, and Three in One, together ;
 Begetting, and begotten, and yet neither ;
 The fountain of all Arts confounding Art :
 Both all in all, and all in every part ;
 Still seeking Glory, and still wanting none,
 Tho' just, yet reaping where thou ne'r hath sown.

Great Majesty, since Thou art every where,
 O, why should I misdoubt thy Presence here ?
 I long have sought thee, but my ranging heart
 Ne'r quests, and cannot see thee where thou art ;
 There's no defect in thee, thy light hath shin'd,
 Nor can be hid, (Great God) but I am blind.
 O clear mine eyes, and with thy holy fire
 Inflame my Breast, and edge my full desire :
 Wash me with Hyssop, cleanse my stained thoughts,
 Renew my spirit, blur forth my secret faults ;
 Thou tak'st no pleasure in a sinners death,
 For thou art Life, thy Mercy's not beneath
 Thy sacred Justice, Give thy Servant power
 To seek aright, and (having sought) discover
 Thy glorious Presence ; Let my blemisht Eye
 See my Salvation yet before I dye.

O then my Dust, that's bowell'd in the Ground,
 Shall rise with triumph at the welcome Sound
 Of my Redeemers earth-awaking Trump,
 Unfrighted at the noise : no sullen Dump
 Of self-confounding Conscience shall affright me,
 For he's my Judge, whose dying blood shall quit me.

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THE ARGUMENT.

*GOD speaks to Job the second time :
 Job yields his sin, repents his Crime :
 GOD checks his friends, restores his health,
 Gives him new Issue, double Wealth.*

SECT. XIX.

ONcemore the mouth of Heaven rapt forth a voice,
 The troubled Firmament was fill'd with noise,
 The Rafter of the darkned Skie did shake,
 For the Eternal thundred thus, and spake
 Collect thy scattered senses, and advise,
 Rouze up (fond man) and answer my replies.

Wilt thou make Comments on my Text, and
 I be unrighteous, to conclude thee just? [must]
 Shall my Decrees be licensed by thee?

What, canst thou thunder with a voice like Me?
 Put on thy Robes of Majesty; Be clad
 With as bright Glory (Job) as can be had;
 Make fierce thy frowns, and with an angry face
 Confound the Proud, and his high thoughts abase,
 Pound him to Dust: Do this, and I will yield,
 Thou art a God, and need'st no other shield.

Behold the Castle-bearing Elephant,
 That wants no bulk, nor doth his greatness want
 An equal strength; Behold his massie Bones,
 Like bars of iron, like congealed stones,
 His knotty sinews are; Him have I made,
 And given him natural weapons for his aid?
 The Mountains bear his food, the shady Boughs
 His Covers are, great Rivers are his Troughs,
 Whose deep Carouses would to standers by
 Seem at a watring to draw Jordan dry;

What

What skilful Huntsman can with strength out-dare
Or with what Engines can a man ensnare him? (him

Hast thou beheld the huge Leviathan,
That swarthy Tyrant of the Ocean? Can
Thy bearded hook impierce his Gills, or make him
Thy landed Pris'ner? Can thy angles take him?
Will he make suit for favour from thy hands,
Or be enthralled by thy fierce Commands?
Will he be handled as a Bird? or may
Thy fingers bind him for thy Childrens play?
Let men be wise, for in his looks he hath
Displayed Banners of untimely death.
If Creatures be so dreadful, how is he
More bold than wise, that dares encounter Me?
What hand of Man can hinder my design?
Are not the Heavens, and all beneath them, mine?
Dissect the greatness of so vast a Creature,
By view of several parts summ up his feature:
Like shields his Scales are plac'd, which neither art
Knows how to sunder, nor yet force can part.
His belching rucks forth flames, his moving Eye
Shines like the glory of the morning skie;
His craggy Sinews are like wreaths of Brass,
And from his mouth quick flames of fire pass
As from an Oven, the temper of his heart
Is like a Nether-Millstone, which no Dart
Can pierce, secured from the threatning Spear;
Afraid of none, he strikes the world with fear:
The Bow-man's brawny arm sends shafts in vain,
They fall like stubble, or bound back again:
Stones are his pillow, and the Mud his Down,
In Earth none greater is, nor equal none,
Compar'd with him, all things he doth deride,
And well may challenge to be King of Pride.

So said, th'amazed Job bent down his eyes
Upon the ground, and (sadly) thus replies:
I know (Great God) there's nothing hard to Thee,
Thy thoughts are pure, and too too deep for me:
I am a fool, and my distemper'd wits
Longer out-straid my Tongue, than wall befits:
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My knowledge slumbered, while my lips did chat,
And like a Fool, I spake I knew not what.
Lord, teach me wisdom, lest my proud desire,
Singe her bold feathers in thy Sacred fire.
Mine ear hath oft been rounded with thy Story:
But now these very eyes have seen thy glory.
My sinful word I not (alone) lament,
But in the horror of my soul repent,
Repent with Tears in Sackcloth, mourn in Dust;
I am a sinful man, and thou art just.

Thou *Eliphaz*, that mak'st my sacred Word
An Engine of despair, (said then the Lord)
Behold full Viols of my wrath attends
On thee, and on thy too too partial Friends;
For you have judg'd amiss, and have abus'd
My word to work your ends, falsely accus'd
My righteous Servant: Of you all there's none
Hath ipoke uprightly, as my *Job* hath done.
Haste then (before my kindled fire begin
To flame) and each man offer for his sin
A Sacrifice, by *Job* my servants hand,
And for his sake your Offering shall withstand
The wages of your sins, for what can I
If *Job*, my servant, can make request, deny ?

So straight they went, and (after speedy pardon
Desir'd and had) the righteous *Job* (for guerdon
Of his so tedious grief) obtain'd the health
Of a sound body, and encrease of wealth;
So that the second Harvest of his store
Was double that which he enjoy'd before.
E'r this was blazed in the worlds wide ears,
(The frozen Breasts of his Familiars,
And cold Allies, being now dissolv'd in grief)
His backward friends came to him with relief,
To feed his wants, and with sad showring eyes,
To moan his (yet supposed) miseries:
Some brought him Sheep to bless his empty Fold.
Some precious Ear-Rings, others Rings of Gold:
God bless'd his Loins, from whence there sprang
The number of his Children that were slain; [again]
Nor

Nor was there any in the Land so rare
 In vertue, as his Daughters, or so fair.
 Long after this he liv'd in peace to see
 His Childrens Children to the fourth Degree,
 Till at the length, cut short by Him that stays
 For none, he dy'd in peace, and full of Days.

Meditat. XIX.

EVil's the defect of good, and as a shade,
 That's but the ruines of the light decay'd
 It hath no Being, nor is understood,
 But by the opposition of Good.
 What then is man? whose purest thoughts are prest
 For Satans Wars, which from the tender breast,
 With Infant-silence have consented to
 Such sinful deeds, as (Babes) they could not do?
 What then is man, but Nothing, being Evil,
 His Lunatick affections do unlevel
 What Heaven created by just weight and measure;
 In pleasures sink he takes a swine-like pleasure;
 His span of life, and beaurys like a Flower,
 Fair flourishing, and fading in an hour,
 He breaks into the world with tears, and then
 Departs with grief, not knowing how, nor when
 His life's a bubble, full of seeming bliss,
 The more it lengthens, the more short it is;
 Begot in darkness, he's brought forth, and cries
 For succour, passes o'r the Stage and dies.
 Yet, like a Mole, the Earth he undermines,
 Making the world the forge of his designs:
 He plots, complots, forsees, prevents, directs,
 He hopes, he fears, he doubts, pursues effects:
 Each hath his plot, each one his course doth bend,
 Each hath his project, and each one his end.
 Thus restless man doth still his Soul molest
 To find out (that which hath no Being) Rest;

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Thus travels sinful man in endless toil,
 Taking a pleasure in his own turmoil.
 Fond man, first seek to purchase that Divine
 And Sacred prize and all the world is thine :
 Great *Solomon* made suit for wisdom, and he found
 Not (barely) Wisdom, but that wisdom crown'd
 With Diadem of wealth, and fair encrease
 Of Princely Honour, with long days of Peace.

(With safe respect, and awful reverence
 To Myst'ries) Meditation doth commence
 An earnest doubt : Was *Job's* despoiled Flock
 Restored double ? Was his former Stock
 Renew'd with double vantage ? did Heaven add
 To all his Fortunes double what he had ?
 Yet those sweet Emblems of his dearest love,
 (His Sons) whom death untimely did remove
 From off the face of the unthankful Earth,
 Why likewise sprang not they in double birth ?

Brute Beasts that perish once, are lost for ever,
 Their substance, and their All consumes together ;
 Once having given a farewell to the light,
 They dye, and with them is perpetual night :
 But man (unorgan'd by the hand of Death)
 Dies not, is but transplanted from beneath,
 Into a fairer soil, or as a stranger
 Brought home secure, from the worlds pleasing darts
Job's stocks were lost, & therefore double given, [ger :
 His Issue's equal shar'd 'twixt Earth and Heaven,
 One half in Heav'n are glorious in their doom
 Engag'd as Pledges till the other come.
 Great God ! my time's but short, and long my way,
 My heart hath lost her Path, and gone astray,
 My spirit's faint and frail, my soul's imbest,
 If thou help not, I am for ever lost ;
 Though Dust and Ashes, yet I am thy Creature,
 Howe'r my sins are great, thy mercy's greater :
 Of nothing didst thou make me, and my sin
 Hath turn'd me back to nothing once again :
 Create me a new heart, (Great God) inspire
 My cold affections with thy sacred fire :

Instruct my will, and rectifie my ways,
 Teach me (Lord) to number out my days.

The digestion of the whole HISTORY.

I. In Prosperity.

Thou, whose *Lark* fortunes Heav'n hath swell'd [with store,
 Make not thy self, by over-wishing, poor:
~~Shun~~ that good, which else abuse makes bad,
 Abstaining where thy base desire would add:
 Lines flowing from a *Sophoclean* Quill
 Deserve no *Plaudit*, being acted ill.

II. In Adversity.

Hath Heav'n withdrawn the *Talent* he hath given thee?
 Hath envious Death of all thy Sons bereaven thee?
 Have foul Diseases foild thee on the floor?
 He earns no sweet, that never tasted sour:
 Thou art a Scholar: If thy Tutor do
 Pose thee too hard, he will instruct thee too.

III. In Temptation.

Art thou oppos'd to thy unequal Foe?
 March bravely on, thy General bids thee, Go;
 Thou art Heavens Champion to maintain his right?
 Who calls thee forth, will give thee strength to fight,
 God seeks by Conquest thy renown: for He
 Will win enough, Fight thou, or Faint, or Flee.

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IV. *In Slander.*

If Winter fortunes nip thy Summer friends,
And tip their tongues with Censure that offends
Thy tender Fame, despair not, but be wise,
Know, Heaven selecteth, whom the world denies :
Thou hast a milk-white *Thisbe* that's with thee,
Will take thy part when all the world's against thee.

V. *In re-advancement*

Art thou advanc'd to thy supreme desire ?
Be still the same ; Fear lower, aim no higher :
Mans Play hath many Scenes, but in the last,
Heaven knits up all ; to sweeten all that's past :
Affliction is a Rod, to scourge us home,
An' a painful earnest of a Heaven to come.

The END.

To the READER.

THE tyranny of my Affairs was never yet so imperious, but I could steal some hours to my private Meditations; the fruits of which stol'n time I here present thee with, in the History of Sampson: Wherein if thy extream severity check at any thing which thou conceivest may not stand with the Majesty of this sacred Subject; know, that my intention was not to offend my Brother: The wisest of Kings inspired by the King of Wisdom, thought it no detraction from the gravity of his Holy Proverbs, to describe a Harlot like a Harlot; Her whorish Attire; her immodest Gesture; her bold Countenance; her flattering Tongue; her lascivious Embraces; her uncast Kisses; her impudent Invitations: If my descriptions in the like kind, offend; I make no question but the validity of my Warrant will give a reasonable satisfaction: He that lifts not his feet high enough, may easily stumble: But on the contrary, if any be, whose worse than sacrilegious minds shall prophane our harmless intentions with wanton conceits, to such I heartily wish, a Procul ite: Let none such look farther than this Epistle, at their own perils: If they do, let them put off their shoes, for this is Holy Ground: Foul hands will muddle the clearest

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To the Reader.

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waters, and base minds will corrupt the purest
Text: If any offence be taken, it is by way of
stealth, for there is none willingly given. I
write to Bees, and not to Spiders, they will
suck pleasing honey from such flowers: these may
burst with their own poison; but you, whose
well season'd hearts are not distempered with
either of these extremities, but have the better
relish of a Sacred understanding; draw near
and read.

I Sing th' illustrious and renowned Story
Of mighty Sampson; The eternal glory
Of his Heroick Acts, his Life, his Death:
Quicken my Muse with thy Diviner breath,
Great God of Muscs, that my prosp'rous Rhimes
May live and last to everlasting times;
That they unborn may in this sacred Story,
Admire thy Goodness, and advance thy Glory.

THE
HISTORY
OF
Sampson.

THE ARGUMENT.

*An holy Angel doth salute
The Wife of Manoah, and enlarge
Her barren womb with promis'd fruit
Of both their loins: The Angels charge.*

SECT. I.

Within the Tents of Zoar dwelt a man
Of Jacobs seed, and of the Tribe of Dan,
Known by the name of *Manoah*, to whom
Heaven had deny'd the treasure of the womb;
His wife was barren; and her prayers could not,
Remove that great reproach, or cleanse that blot
Which on her fruitless name appear'd so foul,
Not to encrease the Tribe of *Dan* one soul: (prayer
Long had she, doubtless, striven with Heaven by
Made strong with tears and sighs; hopes and desire
No doubt had often tortur'd her [squire
Upon a Rack compos'd of Frost and Fire:
But Heaven was pleas'd to turn his deafened ears
Against those pray'rs, made strong with sighs and tears
She

And Samson said with a Jew
of an Asse have I slain a Thousand
men. Judges. 15. 16.



If I be shaven then my strength
will goe from me etc.
Judges 16. 17



And Samson took the doors
of the Gate of the City and the
two posts. etc. Judg. 16. 2.



And Samson took hold of the
two middle Pillars etc. and
the house fell: Judg. 16. 29.



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She often pray'd, but pray'rs could not obtain :
 Alas she pray'd, she wept, she sigh'd in vain :
 She pray'd, no doubt, but pray'rs could find no room :
 They prov'd, alas, as barren as her womb.

Upon a time (when her unanswer'd pray'r
 Had now given just occasion of despair,
 Even when her bed-rid faith was grown so frail,
 That very hope grew heartless to prevail)
 Appear'd an Angel to her ; In his face
 Terror and sweetness labour'd for the place :
 Sometimes his Sun-bright eyes would shine so fierce,
 As if their pointed Beams would even pierce
 Her soul, and strike th' amaz'd Beholder dead :
 Sometimes their glory would disperse, and spread
 More easie flames ; and, like the Star that stood
 O'r Bethlem, promise and portend some good :
 Mixt was his bright aspect ; as if his breath
 Had equal errands both of life and death :
 Glory and Mildness, seem'd to contend
 In his fair eyes, so long, till in the end,
 In glorious mildness, and in milder glory,
 He thus salutes her with this pleasing Story :

*Woman, Heaven greets thee well : Rise up and fear not,
 Forbear thy faithless trembling : I appear not
 Clad in the Vestments of consuming fire ;
 Cheer up, I have no warrant to enquire
 Into thy sins ; I have no vials here,
 Nor dreadful Thunderbolts to make thee fear.
 I have no Plagues t' inflict : nor is my breath
 Charg'd with destruction ; or my hand with death.
 No, no ; cheer up, I come not to destroy ;
 I come to bring thee tidings of great joy,
 Rouse up thy dull belief ; for I appear
 To exercise thy Faith, and not thy fear ;
 The Guide, and great Creator of all things,
 Chief Lord of Lords, and Supreme King of Kings.
 To whom an Host of men are but a swarm
 Of murmur'ing gnats ; whose high prevailing arm
 Can crush ten thousand Worlds and at one blow
 Can strike the Earth to nothing, and o'rethrow*

*The Locks of Heaven be that hath the Keys
 Of Wombs to shut, and open them when he please;
 He that can all things, that he will, this day
 Is pleas'd to take thy long reproach away.
 Behold thy womb's enlarg'd and thy desires
 Shall find success: Before long time expires,
 Thou shalt conceive: E'r twice five months be run,
 Be thou the joyful Mother of a Son;
 But see, thy wary palate do forbear
 The juice of the bewitching grape; Beware,
 Lest thy desires tempt thy lips to Wine,
 Which must be faithful strangers to the Vine,
 Strong drink thou must not take, and all such meat
 The Law proclaims unclean, refrain to eat:
 And when the fruit of thy restored womb
 Shall see the light, take heed no Razor come
 Upon his fruitless head? for from his birth,
 Soon as the womb entrusts him on the Earth,
 The child shall be a Nazarite to God;
 By whose appointment he shall prove a Rod,
 To scourge the proud Philistines and recal
 Poor suffering Israel from their Sargish thral.*

Meditat. I.

HOW impudent is Nature to account
 Those acts her own that do so far surmount
 Her easie reach! How purblind are those eyes
 Of stupid mortals, that have power to rise
 No higher, than her Laws, who takes upon her
 The work, and robs the Author of his honour!
 Seest thou the fruitful Womb? how every year
 It moves the Cradle; to thy slender chear
 Invites another guest, and makes thee Father
 To a new son, who now, perchance, had'st rather
 Bring up the old, esteeming propagation
 A thankless work of supererogation.

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Perchance the formal Midwife seems to thee
Less welcome now, than she was wont to be :
Thou stand'st amaz'd to hear such needful joy,
And car'st as little for it, as the boy
That's newly born into the world ; nay worse,
Perchance thou grumblest, counting it a curse
Unto thy faint estate, which is not able
T' increase the bounty of thy slender Table ;
Poor miserable man what e'r thou be.
I suffer for thy crooked thoughts, not thee :
Thou tak'st thy children to be gifts of nature ;
Their wit, their flourishing beauty, comely stature,
Their perfect health, their dainty disposition,
Their virtues, and their easie acquisition
Of curious Arts, their strengths attain'd perfection,
You attribute to that benign complexion,
Wherewith your Goddess leaves you to deplore,
That such admir'd perfections should be poor :
Advance thine eyes, no less than wilful blind,
And with thine eyes advance thy drooping mind :
Correct thy thoughts ; let not thy wond'ring eye
Adore the Servant, when the Master's by :
Look on the God of Nature: From him come
These underprized blessings of the womb :
He makes thee rich in children ; when his store
Crownstheewithwealth, why mak'st thou thyself poor ?
He opes the womb ; why then should'st thou repine ?
They are his children, mortal, and not thine :
We are but Keepers ; and the more he lends
To our tuition, he the more commends
Our faithful trust ; it is not every one
Deserves that honour, to command his son.
She counts it as a Fortune, that's allow'd
To nurse a Prince: (what nurse would not be proud
Of such a Fortune ?) And shall we repine,
Great God, to foster any babe of thine !
But 'tis the charge we fear ; our stock's but small ;
If Heaven, with children, send us wherewithal

To stop their craving stomachs, then we care not.
Great God!

How hast thou crackt thy credit, that we dare not
Trust thee for bread? How is't we dare not venture
To keep thy babes, unless thou please to enter
In bond for payment? Art thou grown so poor,
To leave thy famish'd Infants at our door;
And not allow them food? Canst thou supply
Thy empty Ravens, and let thy children dye?

Send me that stint thy wisdom shall think fit,
Thy pleasure is my will; and I submit:
Make me deserve that honour thou hast lent
To my frail trust, and I will rest content.

THE ARGUMENT.

*The wife of Manoah attended
with fearful hope, and hopeful fear,
The joyful tydings recommended
To her amazed husband's ear.*

SECT. II.

THus when the great Ambassador of Heaven
Had done that sacred service which was given,
And trusted to his faithful charge, he spread
His air-dividing pinions, and fled:
But now, th' affrighted woman apprehends
The strangeness of the message; recommends
Both it, and him that did it, to her fears;
That news was welcome to her grateful ears,
But what the news-man was, did so encrease
Her doubts, that her strange hopes could find no peace;
For when her hopes would build a Tower of joy,
O, then her fears would shake it, and destroy

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The main foundation ; what her hopes in vain
Did raise, her fears would ruinate again:
One while she thought, it was an Angel sent ;
And then her fears would teach her to repent
That frightful thought ; but when she deeply weigh'd
The joyful message, then her thoughts obey'd
Her first conceit : Distracted with confusion,
Sometimes she fear'd it was a false delusion,
Suggested in her too believing ears ;
Sometimes she doubts it was a dream that bears
No weight, but in a slumber, till at last,
Her feet, advised by her thoughts, made haste
Unto her husband ; in whose ear she brake
This mind-perplexing secret, thus, and spake :

Sir,

*As my discursive thoughts did lately muse
On those great blessings, wherewith Heaven doth use
To crown his children here: among the rest,
Methoughts no one could make a Wife more blest,
And crown her youth, her age with greater measure
Of true content, than the unprized treasure
Of a chaste womb: but as my thoughts were bent
Upon this subject, being in our Tent,
And none but I, appear'd before mine eyes
A man of God, his habit, and his guise
Was such as holy Prophets use to wear,
But in his dreadful looks there did appear
Something that made me tremble; in his eye
Mildness was mixt with awful Majesty:
Strange was his language, and I could not chuse
But fear the man, although I lik'd his news:
Woman (said he) Cheer up, and do not fear:
I have no Vials, nor no judgments here:
My hand hath no Commission, to enquire
Into thy sins: nor am I clad in fire:
I come to bring thee tydings of such things,
As have their warrant from the King of Kings;
Thou shalt conceive, and when thy time is come:
Thou shalt enjoy the blessings of thy womb,*

Before

Before the space of twice five months be run,
 Thou shalt become the Parent of a son;
 Till then, take heed, thou neither drink nor eat
 Wines, or strong drink, or Law-forbidden meat,
 For when this promis'd Child shall see the light,
 Thou shalt be mother to a Nazarite.

*While thus he spake, I trembled: Horrid fear
 Usurpt my quivering heart; only mine ear
 Was pleas'd to be the Vessel of such news,
 Which Heaven make good, and give me strength to use
 My better faith: The holy Prophets name
 I was afraid t' enquire or whence he came.*

Meditat: I L.

AND dost thou not admire? Can such things
 Obtain less privilege, than a tale, that brings
 The audience words, intermixt with pleasure?
 Is't a small thing, that Angels can find leisure
 To leave their blessed seats, where face to face
 They see their God, and quit that heavenly place;
 The least conception of whose joy, and mirth,
 Transcends th' united pleasures of the Earth?
 Must Angels leave their Thrones of glory thus,
 To watch our footsteps, and attend on us?
 How good a God have we! whose eyes can wink,
 For fear they should discover the base sink
 Of our loath'd sins; how doth he stop his ear,
 Lest when they call for Justice, he should hear?
 How often, ah, how often doth he send
 His willing Angels, hourly to attend
 Our steps; and with his bounty, to supply
 Our helpless wants, at our false-hearted cry?
 The bounteous Ocean with a liberal hand,
 Transports her leaden treasure to the land;
 Enriches every Port, and makes each Town
 Broud with that wealth, which now she calls her own;

And

And what return they for so great a gain,
But sinks and noisom gutters, back a gain?
Even so (great God) thou send'st thy blessings in,
And we return thee Dunghils of our sin:
How are thy Angels hackney'd up and down
To visit man? How poorly do we crown
Their blessed labours? They with joy dismount
Laden with blessings, but return th' account
Of filth and trash; they bring th' unvalued prize
Of grace and promis'd glory, while our eyes
Disdain these heavenly Factors, and refuse
Their proffer'd wares; affecting more to chuse
A grain of pleasure than a gem of glory;
We find not treasure but in transitory
And earth-bred toys, while things immortal stand
Like garments to be sold at second hand:
Great God, thou know'st we are but flesh and blood;
Alas! we can interpret nothing good,
But what evil, deceitful are our joys,
We are but children, and we whine for toys:
Of things unknown there can be no desire;
Quicken our hearts with the Cœlestial fire
Of thy discerning Spirit, and we shall know
Both what is good, and good desire too.

Vouchsafe to let thy blessed Angel come,
And bring the tydings, that the barren womb
Of our affections is enlarg'd; O! when
That welcom news shall be revealed, then
Our souls shall soon conceive, and bring thee forth
The firstlings of a new and holy birth.

THE

THE ARGUMENT.

Manoah's wonder turns to zeal;
 His zeal, to pray'r: his pray'rs obtain:
 The Angel that did late reveal
 The joyful news, returns again.

SECT. III.

NOW when th'amazed woman had commended
 Her tongue to silence, and her tale was ended,
 Perplexed Manoah, ravish'd at the News,
 Within himself he thus began to muse:
Strange is the Message: and as strangely done!
Shall Manoah's loins be fruitful? shall a Son
Bless his last days? Or shall an Issue come
From the chill Closet of a barren womb?
Shall Manoah's wife give suck? and now, at last,
Find Pleasure, when her prime of youth is past?
Shall her cold womb be now, in age restor'd?
And was't a Man of God, that brought the word?
Or was't some false delusion that possess
The weakness of a lonely woman's breast?
Or was't an Angel, sent from Heaven, to show
What Heaven hath will, as well as pow'r to do.
Till then thou must refrain to drink, or eat
Wines and strong drink, and Law-forbidden meat:
Evil Angels rather would instruct to Riot,
They use not to prescribe so strict a Dyer,

No, no, I make no further question of it,
 'Twas some good Angel, or some holy Prophet.
 Thus, having mus'd a while, he bow'd his face
 Upon the ground; and prostrate in the place,
 Where first he heard the welcom tydings) pray'd
 (His wonder now transform'd to zeal) and said:

Great God, thou hast engag'd thy self by Vow,
 When e'r thy little Israel begs to bow
 Thy gracious ear, O hearken to the least
 Of Israel's sons, and grant me my request:
 By thee I live and breathe: Thou didst become
 My gracious God, both in, and from the womb;
 Thy precious favours I have still possess'd,
 And have depended on thee from the breast:
 My simple infancy hath been protect'd
 By thee, my childhood taught, my youth correct'd,
 And sweetly chastned with thy gentle Rod;
 I was no sooner but thou wert my God:
 All times declare this good; this very hour
 Can testify the greatness of thy power.
 And promptness of thy mercy which hast sent
 This blessed Angel to us, to augment
 The Catalogue of thy favours, and restore
 Thy servants womb, whose hopes had even given o're
 T' expect an issue: What thou hast begun,
 Prosper, and perfect, till the work be done:
 Let not my Lord be angry, if I crave
 A Boon, too great for me to beg, or have:
 Let that blest Angel, that thou sent'st of late
 Re-bless us with his presence, and relate
 Thy will at large, and what must then be done,
 When time shall bring to light this promis'd son.

About that time, when the declining lamp
 Trebles each shadow: when the evening damp
 Begins to moisten and refresh the land,
 The wife of Manass (under whose command
 The weaned lambs did feed) being lowly seated
 Upon a shrub (where often she repeated
 That pleasing news, the subject of her thought)
 Appear'd the Angel: he, that lately brought

Those

Those blessed tydings to her: Up she rose;
 Her second fear had warrant to dispose
 Her nimble footsteps to unwonted hast;
 She runs with speed (she cannot run too fast)
 At length she finds her husband. In her eyes
 Were joy and fear; whil'st her lost breath denies
 Her speech to him, her trembling hands make signs.
 She puffs and pants; her breathless tongue disjoins.
 Her broken words: *Behold, behold (said she)*
The man of God (if man of God he be)
Appear'd again: These very eyes beheld
The man of God: I left him in our field.

Meditat. III.

HEAV'n is God's Magazine; wherein he hath
 Stor'd up his Vyals both of love, and wrath.
 Justice and Mercy wait upon his Throne;
 Favours and thunderbolts attend upon
 His sacred will and pleasure; life and Death
 Do both receive their influence from his breath;
 Judgments attend his left; and at his right hand
 Blessings and everlasting pleasure stand:
 Heav'n is the Magazine; wherein he puts
 Both good and evil; Pray'r is the Key, that shuts
 And opens this great treasure; 'tis a Key,
 Whose wards, are Faith, and Hope, and Charity:
 Would'st thou prevent a judgment due to sin?
 Turn but the Key, and thou may'st lock it in
 Or would'st thou have a blessing fall upon thee?
 Open the door and it will shower on thee.
 Can Heav'n be false? or can th' Almighty's tongue,
 That is all very truth, do truth that wrong,
 Not to perform a vow his lips have sworn,
 Sworn by himself, that if a sinner turn

To

To him by pray'r, his pray'r shall not be lost
For want of ear, nor his desire, crost.
How is it then we often ask, and have not?
We ask, and often miss, because we crave not
The things we should: His wisdom can foresee
Those blessings better, that we want, than we
Hast thou not heard a peevish Infant bawl,
To gain possession of a Knife? And shall
The indulgent Nurse be counted wisely kind,
If she be mov'd to please his childish mind?
Is it not greater wisdom to deny
The sharp-edg'd Knife and to present his eye
With a fine harmless Puppit? we require
Things, oft, unfit; and our too fond desire
Fastens on goods, that are but glorious ills
Whil'st Heavens high wisdom contradicts our wills,
With more advantage, for we oft receive
Things that are more fit, for us, to have:
Experience tells, we seek, and cannot find:
We seek and often want, because we bind
The giver to our times. He knows we want
Patience; and therefore he suspends his grant.
To increase our faith, that so we may depend
Upon his hand; he loves to hear us spend
Our childish mouths: Things easily obtain'd
Are lowly priz'd; but what our prayers have gain'd
By tears and groans, that cannot be express'd,
Are far more dear, and sweeter, than possess'd.
Great God! whose power hath so oft prevail'd
Against the strength of Princes, and hast quail'd
Their prouder stomach; with thy breath discrown'd,
Their Heads, and thrown their Scepters to the ground,
Striking their swelling hearts with cold despair,
How art thou conquer'd and o'come by pray'r!
Infuse thy Spirit, great God, into my heart,
And I will have a blessing e'r we part.

THE ARGUMENT.

*Manoah desires to know the fashion
And breeding of his promis'd Son :
To whom the Angel makes relation
Of all things needful to be done,*

S E C T. IV.

WITH that her Husband rose, and being guided
By his perplexed wife, they both divided
Their heedless paces till they had attain'd
The field, wherein the Man of God remain'd :
And, drawing nearer to his presence, stay'd
His weary steps, and with obeysance said :
*Art thou the man, whose blessed lips foretold
Those joyful tydings ? shall my tongue be bold,
Without the breach of manners, to request
This Boon ? Art thou that Prophet that possessest
This barren woman, with a hope, that she
Shall bear a son ?* He answered, *I am he :*
Said Manoah then, *Let not a word of thine
Be lost ; let them continue to divine
Our future happiness, let them be crown'd
With truth, and thou with honour, to be found
A holy Prophet ; let performance bless
And speed thy speeches with a fair success :*
*But tell me Sir, when this great work is done,
And time shall bring to light this promis'd son,
What sacred Ceremonies shall we use
What Rites ? what way of breeding shall we chuse
T' observe ? what holy course of life shall he
Be trained in ? what shall his office be ?*
Whereat the attentive Angel did divide
The portal of his lips, and thus reply'd :

The

*The Child, that from thy fruitful loins shall come,
 Shall be a holy Nazarite from the womb;
 Take heed, that womb, that shall inclose this child,
 In no case be polluted or defil'd
 With Law-forbidden meats: Let her forbear
 To tast those things that are forbidden there,
 The bunch-backt Camel shall be no repast
 For her; her palate shall forbear to tast
 The burrow hunting Coney; and decline
 The Swift-foot Hare, and Mire-delighting Swine;
 The striping Goshawk; and the towering Eagle;
 The particoulour'd Pys must not invuegle
 Her lips to move; the brood-devouring Kite;
 The croaking Raven; th' Owl that hates the light;
 The steel-digging bird; the laxy Snail;
 The Cuckow, ever telling of one tale;
 The fish-consuming Osprey, and the Want
 That undermines the greedy Cormorant;
 Th' indulgent Pelican, the preditious Crow;
 The chatring Stork, and ravenous Vultur too;
 The thorn-backt Hedgehog, and the prating Jay,
 The Lapwing flying still the other way;
 The leftry flying Falken, and the Mouse,
 That finds no pleasure in a poor man's house;
 The suck-egg Wiesel, and the winding Swallow,
 From these she shall abstain, and not unhallow
 Her open lips with their polluted flesh;
 Strong drink she must forbear, and so refresh
 Her lingring palate, with lust-breeding Wine;
 The Grapes or what proceedeth from the Vine
 She must not taste, for fear she be defil'd,
 And so pollute her womb-enclosed child:
 When time shall make her Mother of a Son,
 Beware no keen edg'd Razor come upon
 His hallowed Crown: the hair upn his head
 Must not be cut: his bounteous locks must spread
 On his broad shoulders from his first drawn breath
 The child shall be a Nazarite, to his Death.*

Meditat. I V.

WHat shallow judgment, or what easie brain
 Can choose but laugh at those that strive in
 To build a Tower, whose ambitious Spire [vain
 Should reach to Heaven? what fool would not ad-
 To see their greater folly, who would raise [mire
 A Tower to perpetuate the praise
 And lasting glory of their renowned Name?
 What have they left; but monuments of shame?
 How poor and slender are the enterprises
 Of man, that only whispers and advises
 With heedless flesh and blood, and never makes
 His God, of counsel, where he undertakes!
 How is our God, and we of late fal'n out!
 We rather choose to languish in our doubt,
 Than be resolv'd by him: we rather use
 The help of hell-bred wizards that abuse
 The stile of wise men than to have recourse
 To him that is the fountain and the source
 Of all good counsels, and from whom proceeds
 A living Spring, to water all our needs:
 How willing are his Angels to descend
 From off their Throne of glory, and attend
 Upon our wants! how oft return they back
 Mounting to Heaven, as if they griev'd for lack
 Of our imployment! O how prone are they
 To be assistant to us, every way!
 Have we just cause to joy? they'l come and sing
 About our beds: Does any judgment bring
 Just cause of grief? they'l fall a grieving too;
 Do we triumph? their joyful mouth will blow
 Their louder Trumpets; Or do fears affect us?
 They'l guard our heads from danger, and protect
 Are we in prison, or in persecution? [us:
 They'l fill our hearts with joy, and resolution:

Or

Or do we languish in our sickly beds?
 They'l come and pitch their tents about our heads;
 See they a sinner penitent, and mourn
 For his bewail'd offences; and return?
 They clap their hands, and joyn their warbling voices,
 They sing, and all the Quire of Heaven rejoyces.

What is in us poor dust and ashes, Lord,
 That thou should'st look upon us, and afford
 Thy precious favours to us, and impart
 Thy gracious Counsels? what is our desert,
 But death and horror? what can we more claim
 Than they, that now are scorching in that flame,
 That hath not moderation, rest, nor end?
 How does thy mercy, above thought extend
 To them thou lov'st: Teach me (great God) to
 Thy sacred Counsels, open my blind eyes, [prize
 That I may see to walk the perfect way;
 For as I am, Lord I am apt to stray
 And wander to the gulf of endless woe:
 Teach me what must be done, and help to do.

THE ARGUMENT.

Manoah desires to understand;
 But is deny'd the Angel's Name.
 He offers by the Angel's hand:
 The Angel vanishes in a flame.

SECT. V.

SO said, The son of Israel, eas'ly apt
 To credit, what his soul desir'd, and rapt
 With better hopes which serv'd him as a guide
 To his belief (o'rejoy'd) he thus reply'd;

Let not the Man of God, whose heavenly voice
 Hath blest mine ear, and made my soul rejoyce
 Beyond expression, now refuse to come
 Within my Tent, and honour my poor home
 With his desired presence there to taste
 His servants slender diet, and repast
 Upon his Rural fare: These hands shall take
 A tender Kid from out the flocks, and make
 (Without long tarrance) some delightful meat
 Which may invite the Man of God to eat:
 Come, come (my Lord) and what defect of food
 Shall be, thy servant's welcome shall make good;
 Whereto the Angel (who as yet had made
 Himself unknown) re-answer'd thus, and said:
 Excuse me; though thy hospitable love
 Prevail to make my stay, it cannot move
 My thankful lips to taste thy liberal cheer,
 Let not thy bounty urge in vain: Forbear
 To strive with, whom thy welcom cannot lead
 To eat thy Kid, or taste thy proffer'd bread;
 Convert thy bounty to a better end,
 And let thy undefiled hands commend
 A burnt oblation to the King of Kings;
 'Tis he that deserves thanks: his servant brings
 But that bare message, which his lips enjoin;
 His be the glory of the Alt, not mine.
 Said then the Israelite, If my desire
 Be not too over-rash, but may conspire
 With thy good pleasure, let thy servants ear
 Be honour'd with thy Name, that whoso'er
 These blessed tidings (that passs my heart
 With firm belief) shall in due time impart
 Their full perfection, and desir'd success
 To my expecting eye, my soul may bless
 The tongue that brought the message, and proclaim
 An equal honour to his honour'd name.
 To whom the Angel (whose severer brow
 Sent forth a frown) made answer; Do not thou
 Trouble thy busy thoughts with things that are
 Above thy reach; enquire not too far;

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My name is cloath'd in mists ; 'tis not my task
To make it known to thee ; nor thine to ask,
With that the Danite took a tender Kid,
And said, my Lord, The Tribe of Dan's forbid
To burn an offering ; only Levites may,
And holy Prophets ; if thou please to lay
The sacrifice on yonder sacred stone,
I'll fetch the fire, for fire there is none :
Forbear thy needless pains (the Angel said)
Heaven will supply that want ; with that he laid
The offering on ; and, from the stone, there came
A sudden fire, whose high-ascending flame
Burnt and consum'd th' acceptable Sacrifice ;
Nor whilst the amaz'd beholders wondring eyes
Were taken Captives with so strange a sight,
And whilst the new-wrought miracle did affright
Their trembling hearts, the Man of God (whose name
Must not b' inquired) vanish'd in the flame,
And left them both unable to expound
Each others fears ; both groveling on the ground.

Meditat. V

A Thankful heart hath earn'd one favour twice,
But he that is ungrateful, wants no vice :
The beast, that only lives the life of Sense,
Prone to his several actions, and propense
To what he does, without th' advice of will,
Guided by Nature, (that does nothing ill)
In practick *Maxims*, proves it a thing hateful,
T' accept a favour, and to live ungrateful :
But man, whose more diviner soul hath gain'd
A higher step to reason ; nay, attain'd
A higher step than that, the light of grace,
Comes short of them, and in that point more base
Than they, most prompt and versed in that rude,
Unnatural, and high sin, *Ingratitude* :

The

The stall-fed Oxe, that is grown fat, will know
 His careful feeder, and acknowledge too.
 The prouder Stallion will at length espy
 His Masters bounty in his Keepers eye;
 The Air-dividing Falkon will requite
 Her Faulkners pains with a well-pleasing flight.
 The generous Spaniel loves his Masters eye;
 And licks his fingers tho no meat be by;
 But Man, ungrateful Man, that's born and bred
 By Heaven's immediate pow'r; maintain'd and fed
 By his providing hand; observ'd, attended
 By his indulgent grace; preserv'd, defended
 By his prevailing arm; this Man, I say,
 Is more ungrateful, more obdure than they;
 By him we live and move, from him we have
 What blessings he can give, or we can crave:
 Food for our hunger, Dainties for our pleasure;
 Trades, for our business; Pastimes, for our leisure
 In grief, he is our Joy; in want, our Wealth;
 In bondage, Freedom; and in sickness, Health;
 In peace, our Council; and in war, our Leader;
 At Sea, our Pilot; and in Suits, our Pleader;
 In pain, our Help; in triumph, our Renown;
 In life, our Comfort; and in death, our Crown;
 Yet man, O most ungrateful Man, can ever
 Enjoy thy gift, but never mind the Giver;
 And like the Swine, tho' pamper'd with enough,
 His eyes are never higher, than the Trough:
 We still receive; our hearts we seldom lift
 To Heaven; but drown the Giver in the Gift;
 We taste the Scollops, and return the Shells:
 Our sweet Pomegranates want their Silver Bells:
 We take the Gift: the hand that did present it
 We oft reward; forget the Friend that sent it.
 A blessing given to those, will not disburse
 Some thanks, is little better than a curse.
 Great Giver of all blessings, thou that art
 The Lord of Gifts, give me a grateful heart;
 O give me that, or keep thy favors from me!
 I wish no blessings, with a Vengeance to me.

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THE ARGUMENT.

*Affrighted Manoah and his wife,
Both prostrate on the naked Earth,
Both rise: The man despairs of life;
The woman cheers him: Sampson's birth.*

S E C T. II.

[wears

When time (whose progress mod'rates and out-
Th' extream passions of the highest fears)
By his benignant pow'r, had re-inlarg'd
Their captive senses, and at length discharg'd
Their frighted thoughts, the trembling couple rose.
From their unquiet, and disturb'd repose:
Have you beheld a *Tempest*, how the waves,
(Whose unresisted tyranny out-braves
And threats to grapple with the darkned Skies)
How like to moving Mountains they arise
From their destemp' red Ocean, and assail
Heaven's Battlements ; nay, when the winds do fail
To breath another blast, with their own motion,
They still are swelling, and disturb the Ocean :
Even so the *Danire* and his trembling wife,
Their yet confused thoughts are still at strife
In their perplexed breasts, which entertain'd
Continu'd fears too strong to be restrain'd :
Speechless they stood, till *Manoah* that brake
The silence first, disclos'd his lips, and spake :
*What strange aspect was this ; that to our sight
Appear'd so terrible, and did affright
Our scattering thoughts ? what did our eyes behold ?
I fear our lavish tongues have been too bold :
What speeches past between us, Can'st recal
The words we entertain'd the time withal ?*

M

fc

It was no man ; It was no flesh and blood ;
 Methought mine ears did tingle, while he stood
 And commun'd with me : at each word he spake
 Methought my heart recoyl'd ; his voyce did shake
 My very soul ; but when as he became
 So angry, and so dainty of his name,
 O, how my wonder-smitten heart began
 To fail ! O then I knew it was no man
 No, no, it was the face of God ; our eyes
 Have seen his face : (who ever saw't, but dies ?)
 We are but dead, death dwells within his eye,
 And we have seen't and we shall surely die ;
 Whereto the woman (who did either hide
 Or else had overcome her fears) reply'd ;

Despairing Man ! take courage, and forbear
 These false predictions ; there's no cause of fear
 Would heaven accept our offerings, and receive
 Our holy things ; and, after that, bereave
 His servants of their lives ? Can he be thus
 Pleas'd with our offerings, unappeas'd with us ?
 Hath he not promis'd that the time shall come,
 Wherein the fruits of my restored womb
 Shall make thee Father to a hopeful son ;
 Can Heaven be false ? Or can these things be done
 When we are dead ? No, no, his holy breath
 Had spent in vain, if they had meant our death :
 Recal thy needless fears ; Heaven cannot lie ;
 Although we saw his face, we shall not die,
 So said, they brake off their discourse, and went,
 He to the field, she into her Tent.

Thrice forty days not full compleat, being come
 Within th' enclosure of her quick'ned womb,
 The Babe began to spring ; and with his motion
 Confirm'd the faith, and quick'ned the devotion
 Of his believing parents, whose devout
 And Heaven-ascending Orisons, no doubt
 Were turn'd to thanks, and heart-rejoycing praise,
 To holy Hymns and heavenly Roundelaies :
 The child grows sturdy, every day gives strength
 Unto his womb-fed limbs ; till at the length

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Th' apparent Mother having past the date
Of her account, does only now await
The happy hour, wherein she may obtain
Her greatest pleasure, with her greatest pain,
When as the fair directress of the night
Had thrice three times repair'd her waning light,
Her womb no longer able to retain
So great a guest, betraid her to her pain,
And for the toilsome work, that she had done,
She found the wages of a new-born Son:
Sampson she call'd his name; the child encreas'd,
And hourly suck't a blessing with the breast,
Daily his strength did double: he began
To grow in favour both with God and man:
His well-attended Infancy was blest
With sweetness; In his child-hood he express'd
True seeds of honour; and his youth was crown'd
With high and brave adventures, which renown'd
His honour'd name; his courage was supply'd
With mighty strength: his haughty spirit defy'd
An host of men, his power had the praise
'Bove all that were before, or since his days:
And to conclude, Heav'n never yet conjoin'd
So strong a body with so stout a mind.

Meditat. VI

HOW precious were those blessed days wherein
Souls never startled at the name of Sin!
When as the voyce of death had never yet
A mouth to open or to claim a debt!
When bashful nakedness forbore to call
For needless skin to cover shame withal;
When as the fruit-encreasing earth obey'd
The will of man, without the wounding spade,
Or help of Art! when he, that now remains
A curst Captive to infernal Chains,

State singing Anthems in the Heavenly Quire,
 Among his fellow Angels! when the Briar,
 The fruitless Bramble, the fast growing weed,
 And downy Thistle had, as yet, no seed!
 When labour was not known, and man did eat
 The earth's fair fruits, unearned with his sweat!
 When wombs might have conceiv'd, without the
 Of sin, and brought forth children without pain! [stain
 When Heaven could speak to man's unfrighted ear
 Without the sense of Sin-begotten fear!
 How golden were those days! How happy then
 Was the condition, and the state of Man!
 But man obey'd not: and his proud desire
 Sing'd her bold feathers in forbidden fire:
 But man transgress'd; and now his freedom feels
 A sudden change: Sin follows at his heels:
 The voice calls *Adam*; but poor *Adam* flees,
 And, trembling, hides his face behind the trees;
 The voice, while-e'r, that ravish'd with delight
 His joyful ear, does now, alas, affright
 His wounded Conscience with amaze and wonder
 And what of late was musick, now is thunder.
 How have our sins abus'd us! and betray'd
 Our desperate souls! what strangeness have they made
 Betwixt the great Creator, and the work
 Of his own hands! How closely do they lurk
 To our distemper'd souls, and whisper fears
 And doubts into our frighted hearts and ears!
 Our eyes cannot behold that glorious face,
 Which is all life, un-ruin'd in the place:
 How is our nature chang'd, that every breath
 Which gave us being, is become our death!
 Great God! O, whither shall poor mortals flee
 For Comfort? if they see thy face, they die;
 And if thy life-restoring count'nance give
 Thy presence from us, then we cannot live.
 How necessary is the ruine then,
 And misery of sin beguiled Man!
 On what Foundation shall his hopes rely?
 See we thy face, or see it not, we dye:

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THE ARGUMENT.

Sampson at Timnah falls in love
 And jancies a Philistian Maid:
 He moves his parents: They reprove
 His sinful choice: dislike, disswade.

SECT. VII.

[pos'd
NOW when as strong limb'd Sampson had dis-
 Histristling thoughts to children, and disclos'd
 His bud of child-hood, which being over-grown,
 And blossom of his youth so fully blown,
 That strength of nature now thought good to seek
 Her entertainment on his downy cheek,
 And with her manly bounty did begin
 To uneffeminate his smoother chin,
 He went to *Timnah*, whither did resort
 A great concourse of People, to disport
 Themselves with pastime; or perchance, to shew
 Some martial Fears (as they were wont to do;)
 Scaffolds were builded round-about whereon
 The crown of eye-delighted lookers on
 Where closely pil'd: as *Sampson's* wandring eye
 Was running up and down he did espy
 A comely Virgin, beautiful, and young,
 Where she was seated midst the gazing throng:
 The more he view'd, the more his eye desir'd
 To view her face, and as it view'd, admir'd;
 His heart inflam'd; his thoughts were all on fire,
 His passions all were turn'd into desire;
 Such were his looks, that she might well descry
 A speaking Lover in his sparkling eye:
 Sometimes his reason bids his thoughts beware,
 Lest he be catcht in a Philistian snare;

And then his thwarting passion would reply,
 Fear not to be a prisoner to that eye :
 Reason suggests ; 'tis vain to make a choice,
 Where I arents have an over-ruling voice :
 Passion replies, that fear and filial duty
 Must serve affection, and subscribe to beauty ;
 Whilst reason faintly mov'd him to neglect,
 Prevailing Passion urg'd his soul t' affect :
 Passion concludes ; Let her enjoy thy heart :
 Reason concludes ; but let thy tongue impart
 Thy affection to thy Parents, and discover
 To them thy thoughts: with that the wounded
 (Whose quick divided paces had out-run [Lover,
 His lingring heart) like an observant Son,
 Repairs unto his Parents ; fully made
 Relation of his troubled thoughts, and said : *SIR,*
This day, at Timnah to these wretched eyes,
Being taken captive with the novelties
Which entertain'd my pleas'd thoughts, appear'd
A fairer object ; which hath so endear'd
My very soul, (with sadness so distress'd)
That this poor heart can find no ease, no rest ;
It was a Virgin in whose heavenly face,
Unpattern'd beauty, and diviner Grace
Were so conjoyn'd, as if they both conspir'd
To make one Angel ; when these eyes enquir'd
Into the excellence of her pure perfection,
They could not chuse but like, and my affection
Is so enflamed with desire, that I
Am now become close prisoner to her eye ,
Now if my sad petition may but find
A fair success to ease my tortur'd mind ;
And if your tender hearts be pleas'd to prove
As prone to pity mine, as mine to love,
Let me, with joy, exchange my single life,
And be the husband of so fair a wife.
 Whereto th' amazed Parents, (in whose eye
 Distaste and wonder percht) made this reply :
What strange desire ? What unadvis'd request
Hath broken loose from thy distracted breast ?

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What; Are the Daughters of thy brethren grown
 So poor in worth, and beauty? Is there none
 To please that over-curious eye of thine,
 But th' issue of a cursed Philistine?
 Can thy miswandering eyes chuse none, but her
 That is the child of an Idolater?
 Correct thy thoughts, and let thy soul rejoice
 In lawful beauty, make a wiser choice.,
 How well this counsel pleas'd the tyred ears
 Of love-sick Sampson, O, let him that bears
 A crost affection, judge: Let him discover
 The woful case of his afflicted Lover:
 What easie pencil can well represent
 His very looks? How stern his brows were bent
 His drooping head: his very port and guise:
 His bloodless cheeks, and deadness of his eyes,
 Till, at the length, his moving tongue betray'd
 His sullen lips to language, thus, and said: S I R,
 Th' extream affection of my heart does lead
 My tongue (that's quick'ned with my love) to plead;
 What if her Parents be not circumcis'd?
 Her Issue shall; and she perchance advis'd
 To worship Israels God and to forget
 Her Fathers House; Alas she is as yet
 But young; her downy years are green and tender
 She's but a twig, and time may eas'ly bend her
 To imbrat the truth: Our Counsels may controut
 Her sinful breeding and so save a soul.
 Nay, who can tell, but Heaven did recommend
 Her beauty to those eyes for such an end?
 O, lose not that which Heaven is pleas'd to save:
 Let Sampson then obtain, as well as crave;
 You gave me being, then prolong my life,
 And make me husband to so fair a wife.
 With that the Parents joyn'd their whisp'ring heads;
 Sampson observes, and, in their parley, reads
 Some Characters of hope; the Mother smiles;
 The father frowns; which, Sampson reconciles
 With hopeful fears; she smiles, and smiling crowns
 His hopes; which he deposes with his frowns:

The whispering ended, jointly they display'd
A half resolved countenance, and said,

*Sampson, suspend thy troubled mind a while,
Let not thy ever-charged thoughts recoil :
Take heed of Shipwrack ; Rocks are near the Shore ;
We'll see the Virgin, and resolve thee more.*

Meditat. VII.

Love is a noble passion of the heart,
That with its very essence doth impart
All needful Circumstances, and effects
Unto the chosen party ; it affects
In absence, it enjoys ; and with an eye
Fill'd with Cœlestial fire, doth espy
Objects remote: It joys, and smiles in grief ;
It sweetens poverty ; it brings relief ;
It gives the feeble strength ; the coward, spirit ;
The sick man, health ; the undeserving, merit ;
It makes the proud man, humble ; and the stout
It overcomes, and treads him under foot ;
It makes the mighty man of War to droop ;
And him to serve, that never, yet, could stoop ;
It is a fire, whose Bellows are the breath
Of Heaven above, and kindled here beneath :
'Tis not the power of a man's election,
To love, he loves not by his own direction ;
It is not beauty, not benign aspect,
That always moves the Lover, to affect ;
These are but means : heavens pleasure is the cause.
Love is not bound to reason, and her Laws
Are not subjected to th' imperious will
Of man: it lies not in his power to nill :
How is this Love abus'd ! That's only made
A snare for wealth, or to set up a trade ;
T' enrich a great man's table, or to pay
A desperate debt ; or meerly to allay

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A base and wanton lust ; which done, no doubt,
The love is ended and the fire out:
No ; he that loves for pleasure, or for pelf,
Loves truly none ; and falsely, but himself :
The pleasure past, the wealth consum'd and gone,
Love hath no subject now to work upon ;
The props being fal'n, that did support the roof, .
Nothing but rubbish, and neglected stuff,
Like a wild *Chaos* of Confusion, lies
Presenting useless ruines to our eyes :
The Oyl that does maintain Loves sacred fire,
Is vertue mixt with mutual desire
Of sweet society, begun and bred
Ith' soul, nor ended in the Marriage bed :
This is the dew of *Herman* that does fill
The soul with sweetness, watering *Sions* hill ;
This is that holy fire, that burns and lasts
Till quencht by death ; the other are but blasts,
That faintly blaze, like Oyl-forsaken snuffs.
Which every breath of discontentment puffs,
And quite extinguishes ; and leaves us nothing,
But an offensive subject of our loathing.

THE ARGUMENT.

*He goes to Timnah: As he went :
He slew a Lion by the way :
He sues, obtains the Maids consent :
And they appoint the Marriage-day.*

SECT. VIII.

WHen the next day had with his morning light
Redeem'd the East from the dark shades of
And with his golden rayes, had over-spread [night ;
The neighb'ring Mountains ; from his loathed bed
M 5 Sick-

Sick-thoughted Sampson rose, whose watchful eyes
 Morpheus that night had, with his leaden keys
 Not power to close: his thoughts did so incumber
 His restless Soul, his eyes could never slumber:
 Whose softer language by degrees did wake
 His Fathers sleep-bedeafned ears, and spake:

*Sir, Let your early blessings light upon
 The tender bosom of your prosp'rous Son,
 And let the God of Israel repay
 Those blessings double, on your head, this day;
 The long since banisht shadows make me bold
 To let you know, the morning waxes old;
 The Sun-beams are grown strong; their brighter beams
 Have broke the mists, and dry'd the morning dew;
 The sweetness of the Season does invite
 Your steps to visit Timnah, and acquite
 Your last nights promise.*

With that the Danite and his wife arose
 Scarce yet resolv'd, at last they did dispose
 Their doubtful paces to behold the prize
 Of Sampson's heart, and pleasure of his eyes;
 They went, and when their travel had attain'd
 Those fruitful hills, whose clusters entertain'd
 Their thirsty pallats and their swelling pride,
 The musing Lover being stept aside
 To gain the pleasure of a lonely thought;
 Appear'd a full ag'd Lion, who had sought
 (But could not find) his long desired prey;
 Soon as his eye had given him hopes to pay
 His debt to nature, and to mend that fault
 His empty stomach found, he made assault
 Upon th' unarmed Lovers breast, whose hand
 Had neither staff nor weapon to withstand
 His greedy rage; but he whose mighty strength,
 Or sudden death must now appear, at length
 Strecht forth his brawny arm, (his arm supply'd
 With power from Heaven) did with ease divide
 His body limb from limb, and did betray:
 His flesh to Fowls, that lately sought his prey:

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This done, his quick redoubled paces make
His stay amends, his nimble steps o'rtake
His leading Parents, who by this, discover
The smock of *Tinnah*: now the greedy Lover
Thinks every step a mile; and every pace
A measur'd league, until he see that face,
And find the treasure of his heart that lies
In the fair Casket of his Mistress eyes:
But all this while close *Sampson* made not known
Unto his Parents, what his hands had done:
By this the gate of *Tinnah* entertains
The welcom travellers: The parents pains
Are now rewarded with their Son's best pleasure:
The Virgin comes; his eys can find no leisure,
To own another object: O, the greeting
Th' impatient Lovers had at their first meeting!
The lover speaks; she answers; he replies;
She blushes; he demandeth; she denies;
He pleads affection; she doubts; he sues
For nuptial loves; she questions; he renews
His earnest suit; importunes; she relents;
He must have no denial; she consents;
They pass their mutual loves: their joyned hands
Are equal earnest of the nuptial bands:
The Parents are agreed; all parties pleas'd;
The day's set down; the Lovers hearts are eas'd;
Nothing displeases now, but the long stay
Betwixt th' appointment, and the Marriage day.

Meditar. VIII.

THIS too severe a censure: If the Son
Take him a wife; the marriage fairly done.
Without consent of Parents (who perchance
Had rais'd his higher price, knew where t'advance
His better'd fortunes to one hundred more)
He lives a Fornicator; she, a whore:

Too

Too hard a censure! And it seems to me,
 The Parent's most delinquent of the three:
 What if the better minded Son do aim
 At worth? what if rare verues do inflame
 His rapt affection? what if the condition
 Of an admir'd, and dainty disposition
 Hath won his soul; whereas his covetous Father
 Finds her Gold light, and recommends him, rather,
 Than old worn widow, whose more weighty purse
 Is fill'd with Gold, and with the Orphans curse;
 The sweet exuberance of whose full-mouth'd por-
 Is but the curfed issue of extortion; [tion
 Whose worth, perchance, lies only in her weight
 Or in the bosom of her great estate;
 What if the son (that dares not care to buy
 Abundance at so dear a rate) deny
 The soul-detesting proffer of his Father,
 And in his better judgment chooses, rather
 To match with meaner Fortunes, and desert?
 I think that *Mary* chose the better part.

What noble Families (that have out-grown
 The best Records) have quite been overthrown
 By wilful parents, that will either force
 Their Sons to match, or haunt them with a curse,
 That can adapt their humours, to rejoyce,
 And fancy, all things, but their childrens choice!
 Which makes them, often, timorous to reveal
 The close desires of their hearts, and steal
 Such matches, as, perchance, their fair advice
 Might, in the bud, have hindered in a trice;
 Which done, and past, O, then their hasty spirit
 Can think of nothing, under *Dis-inherit*;
 He must be quite discarded, and exil'd;
 The furious Father must renounce his Child:
 Nor Pray'r, nor Blessing must he have; bereaven
 Of all; nor must he live, nor die forgiven.
 When as the Father's rashness, oftentimes,
 Was the first causer of the Childrens crimes.

Parents, be not too cruel: Children do
 Things, oft, too deep for us t' enquire into:

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What Father would not storm, if his wild Son
Should do the deed that *Sampson* here had done ?
Nor do I make it an exemplar act,
Only, let Parents not be too exact
To curse their Children, or to dispossess
Them of their blessings, Heaven may chance to bless :
Be not too strict : Fair language may recure
A fault of youth, whilst rougher words obdure.

THE ARGUMENT.

*Sampson goes down to celebrate
His Marriage and his Nuptial Feast :
The Lion, which he slew of late
Hath bony in his putrid breast.*

SECT. IX.

When as the long expected time was come,
Wherein these lingring Lovers would con-
The promis'd marriage, and observe the rites [sume
Pertaining to those festival delights ;
Sampson went down to *Timnah* : there t' enjoy
The sweet possession of his dearest joy :
But as he past those fruitful Vineyards, where
His hands of late acquit him of that fear,
(Wherewith the fierce assaulting Lion quail'd
His yet unpractis'd courage) and prevail'd
Upon his life, as by that place he past,
He turn'd aside, and borrow'd of his haste
A little time, wherein his eyes might view
The Carcase of the Lion which he slew ;
But when his wandering footsteps had drawn near
The unlamented *Herse*, his wondring ear
Perceiv'd a murm'ring noise, discerning not
From whence that strange confusion was, or what ;
He

He stays his steps, and hearkens; still the voice
 Presents his ear with a continued noise;
 At length, his gently moving feet apply
 Their paces to the Carkase, where his eye
 Discerns a swarm of Bees, whose laden thighs
 Repos'd the burthens, and the painful prize
 Of their sweet labour, in the hollow Chest
 Of the dead Lion, whose unbowel'd breast
 Became their plenteous store-house, where they laid
 The best increase of their laborious trade:
 The fleshy Hive was fill'd with curious Combes,
 Within whose dainty wax-divided rooms
 Were shops of honey, whose delicious taste
 Did sweetly recompence th' adjourned haste
 Of lingring *Sampson*, who does now repay
 The time he borrowed from his better way,
 And with renewed speed and pleasure flies,
 Where all his soul delighting treasure lies;
 He goes to *Timnah*, where his heart doth find
 A greater sweetness, than he left behind;
 His hasty hands invite her gladder eyes
 To see and lips to taste that obvious prize,
 His interrupted stay had lately took,
 And as she tasted, his fixt eyes would look
 Upon her varnisht lips, and there discover
 A Sweeter sweetness to content a Lover:
 And now the busie Virgins are preparing
 Their costly Jewels, for the next dayes wearing;
 Each lap is fill'd with flowers to compose
 The nuptial Garland, for the Brides fair brows:
 The cost-neglecting Cooks have now encreast
 Their pastry dainties to adorn the feast;
 Each willing hand is lab'ring to provide
 The needful ornaments to deck the Bride.

But now, the crafty *Philistines* for fear
 Left *Sampson's* strength (which startled every ear
 With dread and wonder) under that pretence,
 Should gain the means to offer violence,
 And through the shew of nuptial devotion,
 Should take advantages to breed commotion:

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Or lest his Popular power by coaction
Or fair entreats, may gather to his faction
Some loose and discontented men of theirs,
And so betray them to suspected fears;
They therefore to prevent ensuing harms,
Gave strict command, that thirty men of arms,
Under the mask of Bridemen, should attend
Until the nuptial Ceremonies end.

Meditat. I X.

HOW high, unutterable, how profound,
(Whose depth the lines of knowledge cannot
Are the Decrees of the Eternal God! [sound
How secret are his ways, and how untrod
By man's conceit, so deeply charg'd with doubt!
How are his counsels past our finding out!
O how inscrutable are his designs;
How deep, and how inscrutable are the Mines
Of his abundant wisdom! how obscure
Are his eternal judgments! and how sure!
Lifts he to strike? the very stones shall flie
From their unmov'd foundations, and destroy
Lifts he to punish? Things that have no sense
Shall vindicate his quarrel, on th' offence:
Lifts he to send a plague? the winters heat,
And summers damp, shall make his will compleat:
Lifts he to send the sword? Occasion brings
New jealousies betwixt the hearts of Kings:
Wills he a famine? Heaven shall turn to brass,
And Earth and Iron, till it come to pass:
Both stocks, and stones, and plants, and beasts fulfil
The secret counsel of his sacred will.
Man, only wretched man, is disagreeing
To do that thing, for which he had his being:

Sampson must down to *Timnah*; in the way
 Must meet a Lion, whom his hands must slay;
 The Lyons putrid Carcass must inclose
 A swarm of Bees; and from the Bees, arose
 A Riddle; and that Riddle must be read,
 And by the reading, Cholera must be bred,
 And that must bring to pass God's just designs
 Upon the death of the false *Philistines*:
 Behold the progress, and the Royal Guests
 Of Heavens high vengeance; how it never rests,
 Till, by appointed courses, it fulfil
 The secret pleasure of his sacred Will.

Great Saviour of the world; thou Lamb of *Sion*
 That hides our sins; that art the wounded Lyon:
 O, in thy dying body, we have found
 A world of honey; whence we may propound
 Such sacred Riddles, as shall underneath
 Our feet, subdue the power of Hell and Death:
 Such mysteries, as none but he that plough'd
 With thy sweet Heifer's able to uncloud;
 Such sacred mysteries, whose eternal praise
 Shall make both Angels, and Archangels raise
 Their louder voices, and in triumph sing
 All glory and honour to our highest King,
 And to the Lamb that sits upon the Throne;
 Worthy of power, and praise he is alone.
 Whose glory hath advanc'd our Key of mirth;
 Glory to God on high, and peace on Earth.

THE ARGUMENT.

*The bridegroom at his nuptial Feast
 To the Philistians doth propound
 A Riddle, which they all address
 Themselves in council, to expound.*

SECT. X.

NOW when the glory of the next dayes light
 Had chas'd the shadows of the tedious night.
 When coupling *Hymen* with his nuptial bands,
 And golden fetters, had conjoyn'd their hands,
 When jolly welcom had to every guest,
 Expos'd the bounty of the marriage feast;
 Their now appeased stomachs did enlarge
 Their captive tongues, with power to discharge
 And quit their table-duty, and disburse
 Their store of interchangeable discourse.
 Th' ingenious Bridegroom turn'd his rolling eyes
 Upon his guard of Bridemen, and applies
 His speech to them: And whilst that every man
 Lent his attentive ear, he thus began;

*My tongue's in labour, and my thoughts abound;
 I have a doubtful Riddle to propound;*

*Which if your joyned wisdom can discover,
 Before our seven days feasting be past over,
 Then thirty sheets, and thirty new supplies
 Of Raiment shall be your deserved prize:
 But if the seven days feast shall be dissolv'd,
 Before my darkned Riddle be resolv'd,
 Ye shall be all engag'd to resign*

The like to me, that vict'ry being mine:

So said: the Bridemen, whose exchanged eyes
 Found secret hopes of conquest, thus replies:

*Propound thy Riddle: Let thy tongue dispatch
 Her cloudy errand: we accept the match.*

With that the hopeful Challenger convey'd
 His Riddle to their hearkning ears, and said;

The

The Riddle.

*Our food in plenty, doth proceed
From him that us'd to eat;
And he, whose custome was to feed,
Does now afford us meat:
A thing, that I did lately meet,
As I did pass along,
Afforded me a dainty sweet,
Yet was both sharp and strong,*

The doubtful Riddle being thus propounded,
They muse; the more they mus'd the more confound-
One rounds his whispering neighbour in the ear, [ed:]
Whose lab'ring lips deny him leave to hear:
Another trusting rather to his own
Conceit, sits musing, by himself, alone:
Here two are closely whispering, till a third
Comes in, nor to the purpose speaks a word,
There sit two more, and they cannot agree
How rich the cloaths, how fine the sheets must be:
Yonder stands one, that musing, smiles; no doubt
But he is near it, if not found it out;
To whom another rudely rushes in,
And puts him quite besides his thought again:
Here three are whispering, and a fourth intrusion
Spoils all, and puts them all into confusion:
There sits another in a chair so deep
In thought, that he is nodding fast asleep,
The more their busie fancies do endeavour,
The more they err; now farther off than ever;
Thus when their wits spurr'd on with sharp desire,
Had lost their breath, and now began to tire,
They ceas'd to tempt conceit beyond her strength,
And weary of their thoughts, their thoughts at length
Present a new exploit: Craft must supply
Defects of wit; their hopes must now rely
Upon the frailty of the tender Bride;

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She must be mov'd, persuasions may attain ;
If not, then rougher language must constrain :
She must disclose the Riddle, and discover
The bosom secrets of her faithful Lover.

Meditat. X.

T Here is a time, to laugh ; a time, to turn
Our smiles to tears: there is a time to mourn:
There is a time for joy, and a time for grief
A time to want, and a time to find relief ;
A time to bind, and there's a time to break ;
A time for silence, and a time to speak ;
A time to labour, and a time to rest ;
A time to fast in, and a time to feast ;
Things, that are lawful, have their time, and use ;
Created good, and only by abuse,
Made bad: Our sinful usage does unfashion
What Heaven hath made, and makes a new creation:
Joy is a blessing, and too great excess
Makes joy a madness, but does quite unblest
So sweet a gift ; And, what by moderate use,
Crowns our desires, banes them in th' abuse :
Wealth is a blessing ; but too eager thirst
Of having more, makes that we have, accurst :
Rest is a blessing, but when Rest withstands
The healthful labour of our helpful hands,
It proves accurst, and stains our guilt with crime,
Betrays our irrecoverable time :
To feast, and to refresh our hearts with pleasure,
And fill our souls with th' overflowing measure
Of Heavens blest bounty, cannot but commend
The precious favours of so sweet a friend ;

But

But when th' abundance of a liberal diet,
 Meant for a blessing, is abus'd by Riot,
 Th' abus'd blessing leaves the gift, nay, worse,
 It is transform'd, and turn'd into a curse:
 Things that afford most pleasure in the use,
 Are ever found most harmful in th' abuse;
 Use them like Masters, and their tyrannous hand
 Subjects thee, like a slave, to their command;
 Use them as servants, and they will obey thee:
 Take heed, They'l either blest thee, or betray thee.

Could our fore-Fathers but revive, and see
 Their Childrens feasts as now adays they be:
 Their studied dishes, their restoring stuff;
 To make their wanton bodies sin enough;
 Their stomach-whetting Sallats to invite
 Their wastful palate to an appetite;
 Their thirst-procuring dainties, to refine
 Their wanton tastes, as d make them strong for wine;
 Their costly viands, charg'd with rich perfume;
 Their Viper-wines, to make old age presum:
 To feel new lust, and youthful flames again,
 And serve another prentiship to sin:
 Their time-betraying musick; their base noise
 Of odious Fiddlers; with their smooth'd-fac'd boys,
 Whose tongues are perfect, if they can proclaim
 The quintessence of baseness, without shame;
 Their deep-mouth'd curses, new-invented oaths,
 Their execrable blasphemy, that loaths,
 A mind to think on; their obscener words,
 Their drunken quarrels, their unsheathed swords:
 O how they'd blest themselves, and blush for shame,
 In our behalfe, and haste from whence they came,
 To kiss their graves, that hid them from the crimes
 Of these accursed and prodigious times!

Great God! O, can thy patient eye behold
 This height of sin, and can thy vengeance hold?

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THE ARGUMENT.

*The Philistines cannot unsolve
The Riddle; They corrupt the Bride:
She woos her Bridegroom: to resolve
Her doubt; but goes away deny'd.*

SECT. IX.

NOW when three days had run their hours out,
And left no end for wit-forsaken doubt
To be resolv'd, the desp'rate undertakers
Conjoyn'd their whisp'ring heads (being all partak-
And joint-divisers in their new laid plot) [ers,
The time's concluded: have ye not forgot
How the old Tempter when he first began
To work th' unhappy overthrow of Man,
Accosts the simple woman, and reflects
Upon the frailty of her weaker Sex;
Even so these curs'd *Philistians* (being taught
And tutor'd by the self-same spirit) wrought
The self-same way; their speedy steps are bent
To the fair Bride; their haste could give no vent
To their coarcted thoughts; their language made
A little respite; and at length they said:

*Fairest of Creatures: Let thy gentle heart
Receive the Crown due to so fair desert:
We have a suit, that must attend the leisure
Of thy best thoughts, and joy restoring pleasure;
Our names and credit linger at the stake
Of deep dishonour; if thou undertake,
With pleasing language, to prevent the loss,
They must sustain, and draw them from the dross
Of their own ruines, they shall meely owe
Themselves unto thy goodness, and shall know*

No other Patron, and acknowledge none
 As their Redeemer, but thy love alone:
 We cannot read the Riddle, whereunto
 We have engag'd our goods, and credits too;
 Entice thy jolly Bridegroom to unfold
 The hidden mystery (what can be withhold
 From the rare beauty of so rare a brow?)
 And when thou know'st it, let thy servants know,
 What? dost thou frown? and must our case tryal,
 At first, read Hieroglyphicks of denial?
 And art thou silent too? Nay, we'll give o'r
 To tempt thy Bridal fondness any more:
 Betray your lovely husband's secrets? No,
 You'll first betray us, and our Land: But know,
 Proud Sampson's Wife, our furies shall make good
 Our loss of wealth and honour in thy blood:
 Where fair intreaties spend themselves in vain,
 There fire shall consume, or else constrain.
 Know then, false-hearted Bride, if our request
 Can find no place within thy sullen breast,
 Our hands shall vindicate our lost desire,
 And burn thy Father's house, and thee, with fire.
 Thus having lodg'd their errand in her ears,
 They left the room; and her unto her fears;
 Who thus bethought; Hard is the case, that I
 Must, or betray my husband's trust, or die;
 I have a Wolf by th' ears: I dare be bold,
 Neither with safety to let go, nor hold:
 What shall I do? Their minds if I fulfil not,
 'Tis death, and to betray his trust I will not,
 Nay, should my lips demand, perchance his breath
 Will not resolve me; then no way but death:
 The wager is not great; rather the strife
 Were ended in his loss, than in my life;
 His life consists in mine, if ought amiss
 Befal my life, it may endanger his:
 Wagers must yield to life; I hold it best,
 Of necessary evils to choose the least:
 Why dout I then? when reason bids me do,
 I'll know the Riddle, and betray it too.

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With that she quits her chamber with her cares,
 And in her closet locks up all her fears :
 And with a speed untainted with delay,
 She found that breast, wherein her own heart lay
 Where, resting for a while, at length did take
 A fair occasion to look up, and spake :

*Life of my soul, and loves perpetual treasure,
 If my desires be suiting to thy pleasure,
 My lips would move a suit; my doubtful breast
 Would fain prefer an undeny'd request:
 Speak then (my joy) Let thy fair lips expound
 That dainty Riddle, whose dark pleasure crown'd
 Our first days feast; Enlighten my dull brain,
 That ever since have mus'd, and mus'd in vain:
 Who, often smiling on his lovely Bride,
 That longs to go away resolv'd, reply'd :*

*Joy of my heart, let not thy troubled breast
 Take the denial of thy small request,
 As a defect of love; excuse my tongue
 That must not grant thy suit, without a wrong
 To resolution, daring not discover
 The hidden myst'ry till the time be over,
 Cease to importune then, what cannot be;
 My Parents know it not, as well as thee:
 In ought but this, thy suit shall overcome me;
 Excuse me then, and go not angry from me.*

Meditat. XII.

HOW apprehensive is the heart of man
 Of all, and only those poor things that can
 Lend him a minutes pleasure, and appay
 His sweat but with the happiness of a day !
 How can he toil for trifles, and take pain
 For fading goods, that only entertain
 His pleased thoughts with poor and painted shewes;
 Whose joy hath no more truth, than what it owes

To

To change ! how are the objects of his musing
 Worthless, and vain, that perish in the using ?
 How reasonable are his poor desires,
 The height of whose ambition but aspires
 To flitting shadows, which can only crown
 His labour, with that nothing of their own !
 We feed on husks, that might as well attain
 The fatted Calf, by coming home again :
 And, like to *Esau*, while we are suppressing
 Our present wants, neglect and lose the blessing ;
 How wise we are for things whose pleasure cool
 Like breath ; for everlasting joy, what fools !
 How witty, how ingeniously wise

To save our credits, or to win a prize ?
 We plot ; our brows are studious : first we try
 One way ; if that succeed not, we apply
 Our doubtful minds to attempt another course :
 We take advice ; consult, our tongues discourse
 Of better ways, and what our failing brains
 Cannot effect with fair and fruitless pains
 There crooked fraud must help, and lie deceit
 Must lend a hand, which by the potent sleight
 Of right forsaking brib'ry, must betray
 The prize into our hands, and win the day,
 Which if it fail (it does but seldom fail)
 Then open force and fury must prevail :
 When strength of wit, and secret power of fraud
 Grow dull, constraint must conquer, and applaud
 With ill-got vict'ry ; which at length obtain'd,
 Alas how poor a trifle have we gain'd !
 How are our souls distempered, to engross
 Such fading pleasures ! To o'rprize the dross.
 And under-rate pure gold ! For painted joys,
 To sell the true, and Heaven it self for toys !

Lord, clarify mine eyes, that I may know
 Things that are good, from what is good in show ;
 And give me wisdom, that my heart may learn
 The difference of thy favours, and discern
 What's truly good, from what is good in part ;
 With *Martha's* trouble give me *Maries* heart

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THE ARGUMENT.

*The Bride she begs, and begs in vain:
But like to a prevailing wooer,
She sues, and sues, and sues again;
At last he reads the Riddle to her,*

SECT. XII.

WHen the next morning had renew'd the day,
And th' early twilight now had chas'd away
The pride of night, and made her lay aside
Her spangled Robes, the discontented Bride,
(Whose troubled thoughts were tired with the night,
And broken slumbers long had wish'd for light)
With a deep sigh her sorrow did awake
Her drowsie Bridegroom, whom she thus bespake ;
O, if thy love could share an equal part
In the sad griefs of my afflicted heart,
Thy closed eyes had never in this sort,
Born pleas'd with rest, and made thy night so short ;
Perchance, if my dull eyes had slumbred too,
My dreams had done, what thou deny'd to do ;
Perchance, my fancy would have been so kind
T' unsolve the doubts of my perplexed mind,
'Twas a small suit that thy unlucky Bride
Must light upon: Too small to be deny'd:
Can love so soon——? But ere her lips could spend
The following words, he said, Suspend, suspend,
Thy rash attempt, and let thy tongue dispense
With forc'd denial: Let thy lips commence
Some greater suit, and Sampson shall make good
Thy fair desires with his dearest blood:
Speak then, my love, thou shalt not wish, and want;
Thou canst not beg, what Sampson cannot grant:

N

On;

Only in this excuse me, and refrain
To beg, what thou, perforce, must beg in vain.

Inexorable Sampson: Can thy tears
From those fair eyes, not move thy deafened ears?
O can those drops, that trickle from those eyes
Upon thy naked bosome, not surprize
Thy neighb'ring heart, and force it to obey?
O can thy heart not melt, as well as they?
Thou little think'st thy poor afflicted wife
Importunes thee, and wooes thee for her life.
Her suit's as great a Riddle to thine ears,
As thine to hers: O, these distilling tears
Are silent pleaders, and her moistned breath
Would fain redeem her from the gates of death:
May not her tears prevail? alas, thy strife
Is but for wagers; Hers, poor soul, for life.

Now when this day had yielded up his right
To the succeeding Empress of the night,
Whose soon-deposed reign did re-convey
Her Crown and Scepter to the new-born day,
The restless Bride (fears cannot brook denial)
Renews her suit, and attempts a further tryal;
Entreats, conjures, she leaves no way untry'd;
She will not; no, she must not be deny'd:
But he (the portal of whose marble heart
Was lockt and barr'd against the powerful art,
Of oft repeated tears) stood deaf and dumb;
He must not; no, he will not be o'rcome.

Poor Bride; How is thy glory overcast!
How is the pleasure of thy Nuptials past
When scarce begun! Alas, how poor a breath
Of Joy, must puff thee to untimely death!
The day's at hand, whereon thou must untie
The Riddles tangled Snarle, or else must dye.

Now, when that day was come, wherein the feast
Was to expire; the Bride (whose pensive breast
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Grew sad to death) did once more undertake
Her too resolved Bridegroom thus, and spake:

*Upon these knees, that prostrate on the floor,
Are lowly bended, and shall ne'r give o'r
To move thy goodness, that shall never rise,
Until my suit find favour in thine eyes;
Upon these naked knees, I here present
My sad request: O let thy heart relent;
A Suitor sues, that never su'd before;
And she begs now, that never will beg more.
Hast thou vow'd silence? O remember how
Thou art engaged by a former Vow.
Thy heart is mine; the secrets of thy heart
Are mine; why art thou dainty to impart
Mine own to me? Then give me leave to sue
For what my right may challenge as her due;
Unfold thy Riddle then, that I may know
Thy love is more, than only love in show.*

The Bridegroom thus enchanted by his Bride,
Unseal'd his long kept silence, and reply'd;

*Thou sole and great Commandress of my heart,
Thou hast prevail'd; my bosom shall impart
The sum of thy desires, and discharge
Thy faithful secrets of my soul, at large;*

Know then (my joy) upon that very day
I first made known my affection, on the way
I met, and grappled with a sturdy Lion,
Having no staff nor weapon to rely on,
I was inforc'd to prove my naked strength;
Unequal was the match but at the length
This brawny arm receiving strength from him
That gave it life, I tore him limb from limb,
And left him dead: now when the time was come,
Wherein our promis'd Nuptials were to sum,
And perfect all my joys, as I was coming
That very way, a strange confused humming,
Not distant far, possess'd my wondring ear,
Where, guided by the noise, there did appear
A swarm of Bees, whose busie labours fill'd
The carcass of that Lion which I kill'd,

With combs of honey, wherewith I fed
My lips and thine: And now my Riddle's read.

Meditat. XII.

THE soul of man, before the taint of Nature,
Bore the fair Image of his great Creator;
His understanding had no cloud: His will
No Cross: That, knew no error; This, no ill:
But man transgress, and by his woful fall,
Lost that fair Image, and that little All
Was left, was all corrupt; his understanding
Exchang'd her Object; Reason left commanding;
His memory was depraved, and his will
Can find no other subject now, but ill:
It grew distemper'd, lest the righteous rein
Of better Reason, and did entertain
The rule of passion, under whose command
It suffereth Shipwrack, upon every Sand:
Where it should march, it evermore retires;
And what is most forbid, it most desires:
Love makes it see too much, and often, blind;
Doubt makes it light, and waver, like the wind:
Hate makes it fierce, and studious; Anger mad:
Joy makes it careless; Sorrow dull and sad:
Hope makes it nimble, for a needless trial;
Fear makes it too impatient of denial.
Great Lord of humane souls; O thou that art
The only true refiner of the heart;
Whose hands created all things perfect good,
What canst thou now expect of flesh and blood?
How are our leprous souls put out of fashion!
How are our wills subjected to our passion;
How is thy glorious image foil'd, defac'd,
And stain'd with sin! How are our thoughts displac'd!
How wav'ring are our hopes, turn'd here and there
With every blast! how carnal is our fear!

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Where needs no fear, we start at every shade ;
But fear not, where we ought to be afraid.
Great God ! if thou wilt please but to refine
Our hearts, and re-conform our wills to thine,
Thou'lt take a pleasure in us, and poor we
Should find as infinite delight in thee ;
Our doubts would cease, our fears would all remove,
And all our passions would turn joy, and love ;
Till thou expect for nothing that is good :
Remember, Lord, we are but Flesh and Blood.

THE ARGUMENT.

*The Philistines, by her advice,
Expound the Riddle : Sampson kill'd
Thirty Philistines, in a trice ;
Forsoke his Bride ; His Bed's desil'd.*

SECT. XIII.

NO sooner were the Brides attentive ears
Resolv'd and pleas'd, but her impetuous fears
Call in the Bridemen ; and to them betraid
The secret of the Riddle thus and said :

*You Sins of Thunder, 'twas not the louder noise
Of your provoking threats, nor the soft voice
Of my prevailing fears, that thus address'd
My yielding heart to grant your forc'd request :
Your language needed not have been so rough
To speak too much, when less had been enough :
Your speech at first was honey in mine ear,
At length it prov'd a Lion, and did tear
My wounded Soul : It sought to force me to
What your entreaties were more apt to do :
Know then, (to keep your lingring ears no longer
From what ye long to hear) There's nothing stronger*

N 3

Than

Than a fierce Lion: Nothing can more greet
Your pleased palates with a greater sweet
Than honey: But more fully to expound,
In a dead Lion there was honey found.

Now when the Sun was welking in the West,
(Whose fall determines both the Day and Feast)
The hopeless Bridegroom (he whose smiling brow
Assur'd his hopes a speedy Conquest now)
Ev'n thirsting for victorious triumph, brake
The crafty silence of his lips, and spake,
*The time is come, whose latest hour ends
Our Nuptial Feast, and fairly recommends
The wreath of Conquest to the Victors Brow :*
*Say, is the Riddle read? Expound it now ;
And for your pains, these hands shall soon resign
Your conquer'd prize: If not, the prize is mine.*
With that they join'd their whispering heads, & made
A Speaker, who in louder language, said :

*Of all the sweet that e'r were known,
there's none so pleasing be,
As those rare dainties which do crown
the labour of the Bee :*
*Of all the Creatures in the field,
that ever man set eye on,
There's none whose power doth not yield.
unto the stronger Lion.*

Whereto th' offended Challenger, whose eye
Proclaim'd a quick revenge, made this Reply ;

*No honey's sweeter, than a womans tongue ;
And, when she lists, Lions are not so strong :*
*How thrice accurs'd are they, that do fulfil
The lewd desires of a Womans will !
How more accurs'd is he, that doth impart
His bosom-secrets to a Womans heart !
They plead like Angels ; and, like Crocodiles,
Kill with their tears, they murder with their smiles :*
*How weak a thing is woman ! Nay, how weak
Is senseless man, that will be urg'd to break
His counsels in her ear, that hath no power
To make secure a secret for an hour !*

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No, Victors, no: Had not a Womans mind
Been faithless, and inconstant, as the wind,
My Riddle had till now a Riddle been;
Too might have mus'd and miss'd, and mus'd again.
When the next day had heav'd his golden head
From the soft pillow of his Sea-green bed,
And, with his rising glory, had possess'd
The spacious Borders of th' enlightned East,
Sampson arose, and in a rage went down
(By Heaven directed) to a neighb'ring Town:
His choler was inflam'd, and from his eye
The sudden flashes of his wrath did flie,
Paleness was in his cheeks, and from his breath
There flew the fierce Ambassadors of Death,
He heav'd his hand, and where it fell, it slew;
He spent, and still his Forces would renew:
His quick redoubled blows fell thick, as thunder:
And, whom he took alive, he tore in sunder:
His arm ne'r mist; and often at a blow
He made a Widow, and an Orphan too:
Here it divides the Father from the Child,
The Husband from his Wife: there, it despoil'd
The friend of 's friend, the Sister of her Brother.
And oft with one man he would thrash another.
Where never was, he made a little flood,
And where there was no Kin, he joyn'd in blood,
Wherein his ruthless hands he did imbrue:
Thrice ten, before he scarce could breathe, he slew;
Their upper Garments, which he took away,
Were all the spoils the victor had that day:
Wherewith he quit the wagers that he lost,
Paying Philistians with Philistians cost:
And thus, at length, with blood he did assuage,
But yet not quench the fire of his rage.
For now the thoughts of his disloyal wife,
In his sad soul renew'd a second strife,
From whom, for fear his fury should recoil,
He thought most fit t' absent himself a while;
Unto his Fathers Tent he now return'd;
Where his divided passion rag'd, and mourn'd;

In part he mourned, and he rag'd in part
 To see so fair a face, so false a heart:
 But mark the mischief that this absence brings;
 His Bed's defiled, and the nuptial strings
 Are stretcht and crackt: A second love doth smother
 Their first; and she is wedded to another,

Meditat. XIII.

WAS this that womb the Angel did enlarge
 From barrenness? and gave so strict a charge?
 Was this that womb that must not be defil'd
 With unclean meats, lest it pollute the Child,
 Is this the Nazarite? May a Nazarite then
 Embrue and paddle in the bloods of men?
 Or may their vows be so dispens'd withal,
 That they, who scarce may see a Funeral,
 Whose holy steps must beware to tread
 Upon, or touch the Carcass of the dead?
 May these revenge their wrongs by blood? may these
 Have power to kill; and murder where they please?

'Tis true, a holy Nazarite is forbid
 To do such things as this our Nazarite did:
 He may not touch the Bodies of the dead,
 Without pollution: much less may he shed
 The blood of Man, or touch it being spilt,
 Without the danger of a double guilt:
 But who art thou that art an undertaker,
 To question with, or plead against thy Maker?
 May not that God, that gave thee thy Creation,
 Turn thee to nothing, by his dispensation?
 He that hath made the Sabbath, and commands
It shall be kept with unpolluted hands;
 Yet if he please to countermand again,
 Man may securely labour and not sin:
 A Nazarite is not allow'd to shed
 The blood of man, or once to touch the dead;

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But if the God of Nazarites bids kill,
He may; and be a holy Nazarite still:
But stay, is God like Man? Or can he border
Upon confusion, that's the God of order?
The Persian Laws no time may contradict,
And are the Laws of God less firm and strict?

A earthly Father wills his Child to stand
And wait; within a while he gives command,
(Finding the weakness of his Son oppress'd
With weariness) that he sit down and rest;
Is God unconstant then, because he pleases
To alter, what he will'd us, for our eases?
Know likewise, O ungrateful flesh and blood,
God limits his own Glory for our good:
He is the God of mercy, and he prizes
Thine Asses life above his Sacrifices:
His Sabbath is his glory, and thy rest:
He'll lose some honour, e're thou lose a Beast.

Great God of mercy, O how apt are we
To rob thee of thy due, that art so free
To give unaskt! teach me, O God, to know
What portion I deserve, and tremble too.

THE ARGUMENT.

*Sampson comes down to re-enjoy
His Wife; her Father does withstand:
For which he threatens to destroy
And ruine him, and all the Land.*

SECT. XIV.

BUT Sampson (yet not knowing what was past,
For wronged Husbands ever are the last
That hear the news) thus with himself bethought;
It cannot be excus'd; It was a fault,

And was a foul one too ; and, at first sight,
 Too great for love or pardon to acquit :
 O, had it been a stranger, that betray'd
 Repos'd Secrets, I had only laid
 The blame upon my unadvised tongue ;
 Or had a common friend but done this wrong
 To bosom trust, my patience might out-worn it ;
 I could endur'd, I could have easily born it ;
 But thus to be betray'd by a Wife,
 The partner of my heart ; to whom my life,
 My very soul was not esteemed dear,
 Is more than flesh, is more than blood can bear !
 But yet alas, She was but green and young,
 And had not gain'd the Conquest of her tongue ;
 Unseason'd Vessels oft will find a leak
 At first, but after hold : She is but weak ;
 Nay, cannot yet write woman ; which, at best,
 Is a frail thing ; Alas, young things will quest
 At every turn ; indeed, to say the truth,
 Her years could make it but a fault of youth.
 Sampson, return, and let that fault be set
 Upon the score of youth : forgive, forget :
 She is my Wife ; Her love hath power to hide
 A fouler error ; why should I divide
 My presence from her ? There's no greater wrong
 To love, than to be silent over-long :
 Alas, poor Soul ! no doubt her tender eye
 Hath wept enough ; perchance she knows not why,
 I'm turn'd so great a stranger to her bed.
 And board : No doubt her empty eyes have shed
 A world of tears ; perchance, her guiltless thought
 Conceives my absence, as a greater fault,
 Than that of late her harmless error did ;
 I'll go and draw a reconciling Kid
 From the fair Flock, my sect shall never rest,
 Till I repose me in my Brides fair Breast.
 He went, but e'r his speedy lips obtain'd
 The merits of his haste, darkness had stain'd
 The crystal brow of day ; and gloomy night
 Had spoil'd and rifled Heaven of all his light :
 H'approach'd

H'approach'd the Gates; but being enter'd in,
His careless welcome seem'd so cold and thin,
As if that silence meant, it should appear,
He was no other than a stranger there;
In every servants look he did espy
An easie Copy of their Masters eye;
He call'd his wife, but she was gone to rest:
Unto her wonted Chamber he address'd
His doubtful steps; till by her Father staid,
Who taking him aside a little, said, Son,

*It was the late espousals that do move
My tongue to use that title; not thy love:
'Tis true, there was a marriage lately past
Between my child and you; The knot was fast
And firmly tied, not subject to the force
Of any power, but death or else divorce:
For ought I saw, a mutual desire
Kindled your likings, and an equal fire
Of strong affection, joyned both your hands
With the perpetual knot of nuptial bands:
Mutual delight, and equal joys attended
Your pleased hearts until the feast was ended:
But then, I know no ground, (you know it best)
As if your loves were measur'd by the Feast,
The building fell before the house did shake,
Loves fire was quencht, e're it began to flake;
All on a sudden were your joys disseis'd;
Forsook your Bride, and went away displeas'd;
You left my Child to the opprobrious tongues
Of open censure, whose malicious wrongs
(Maligning her fair merits) did defame
Her wounded honour, and unblemish'd name;
I thought thy love, which was so strong of late,
Had on a sudden, turn'd to perfect hate;
At length, when as your longer absence did
Confirm my thoughts, and time had quite forbid
Our hopes & expect a re-access of love,
Thinking some new affection did remove
Your heart; and that some second choice might smother
The first; I matcht your Bride unto another!*

If we have done amiss, the fault must be
 Imputed yours, and not to her, nor me :
 But if your easie loss may be redeem'd
 With her fair Sister, (who, you know's esteem'd
 More beautiful than She, and younger too)
 She shall be firmly joyn'd by nuptial vow,
 And, by a present Contract shall become
 Thy faithful Sponse, in her lost Sisters room.
 With that poor Sampson, like a man entranc'd,
 And newly wakened, thus his voice advanc'd ;

Presumptuous Philistine! that doth proceed
 From the base loins of that accursed seed,
 Branded for slaughter, and markt out for death
 And utter ruine, this my threatening breath
 Shall blast thy Nation ; this revenging hand
 Shall crush thy Carcass, and thy cursed Land ;
 I'll give thy flesh to Ravens ; and ravenous Swine
 Shall take that rank, and tainted blood of thine
 For Wash and Swill, to quench their eager thirst,
 Which they shall suck, and guzzle till they burst ;
 I'll burn your standing Corn with flames of fire
 That none shall quench ; I'll drag ye in the mire
 Of your own bloods, which shall o'flow the Land,
 And make your pasture barren as the Sand ;
 This ruthless arm shall smite, and never stay
 Until your land be turn'd a Golgotha ;
 And if my actions prove my words untrue,
 Let Sampson dye, and be accur'd as you.

Meditat. XIV.

GOD is the God of Peace ; and if my Brother
 Strike me on one cheek, must I turn the other?
 God is the God of mercy ; and his Child
 Must be, as he is, merciful and mild,
 God is the God of Love ; but Sinner know,
 His love abus'd, he's God of vengeance too:

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Is God the God of vengeance? And may none
Revenge his private wrongs, but he alone?
What means this frantick Nazarite to take
Gods Office from his hand, and thus to make
His wrongs amends? Who warrant his breath
To threaten ruine, and to thunder death?

Curious Inquisitor, when God shall strike
By thy stout arm, thy arm may do the like:
His Parent gives him power to create
A Deputy; to whom he doth collate
Assistant Power, in sufficient measure,
To exercise the office of his pleasure;
A lawful Prince is Gods Lieutenant here:
As great a Majesty as flesh can bear,
He is indu'd withal; in his bright eye
(Cloath'd in the flames of Majesty) doth lye
Both life and death; into his royal heart
Heaven doth inspire, and secretly impart
The treasure of his Laws: Into his hand
He throws his Sword of Justice and Command;
He is God's Champion; where his voice bids kill,
He must not fear t' imbrue his hands and spill
Abundant blood; Who gives him power to do,
Will find him guiltless, and assist him too.
O, but let flesh and blood take heed, that none
Pretends God's Quarrel, to revenge his own;
Malice and base revenge, must step aside,
When Heavens uprighter Battels must be try'd.
Where carnal glory, or ambitious thirst
Of simple conquest, or revenge does burst
Upon a neighbouring Kingdom; there to thrust
Into anothers Crown, the War's not just;
'Tis but a private Quarrel, and bereft
Of lawful Grounds; 'tis but a Princely theft:
But where the ground's Religion, to defend
Abused Faith, let Princes there contend
With dauntless courage: may their acts be glorious:
Let them go prosperous, and return victorious.
What if the grounds be mixt? Fear not to go;
Were not the grounds of *Sampson's* Combate so?

Go

Go then with double courage and renown,
 When God shall mix thy Quarrels with his own;
 'Tis a brave conflict, and a glorious Fray,
 Where God and Princes shall divide the Prey.

THE ARGUMENT.

*He burns their standing Corn; makes void
 their land: the Philistines enquire
 The cause of all their evil; destroy'd
 the Timnite and his house with fire.*

SECT. XV.

AS raging Sampson's threatening language ceas'd,
 His resolution of revenge increas'd;
 Vengeance was in his thoughts, and his desire
 Wanted no fuel to maintain her fire;
 Passion grew hot and furious, whose delay
 Of execution, was but taking day
 For greater payment: his revengeful heart
 Boil'd in his breast, whilst Fury did impart
 Her ready Counsels, whose imperious breath
 Could whisper nothing under blood and death:
 Revenge was studious, quickn'd his conceit,
 And screw'd her engines to the very height:
 At length when time had ripen'd his desires,
 And puffing rage had blown his secret fires
 To open flame now ready for confusion,
 He thus began to tempt his first conclusion.
 The patient Angler first provides his bait,
 Before his eyes can reach him to await
 The enjoyment of his long-expected prey;
 Revengeful Sampson e're he can appay
 His wrong with timely vengeance, must intend
 To gain the instruments to work his end;

He

He plants the Engines, hides his snares about,
Pitches his toils, finds new devices out
To tangle wily Foxes : in few days
(That land had store) his studious hand betrays
A leash of hundreds, which he thus employs
As Agents in his rashful enterprize ;
With tough, and force-enduring thongs of Lether
He joins and couples tail and tail together,
And every thong bound in a Brand of fire,
So made by Art, that motion would inspire
Continual flames, and as the motion ceast,
The thrifty blaze would then retire and rest
In the close brand, until a second strife
Gave it new motion, and that motion, life :
Soon as these coupled Messengers receiv'd
Their fiery Errand, though they were bereav'd
Of power to make great haste, they make good speed ;
Their thoughts were differing, though their tails agree-
T'one drags and draws to th' East, the other West ; [ed ;
One sit they run, another while they rest :
T'one sculks and snarls, th' other tugs and hales ;
At length both flee with fire-brands in their tails :
And in the top and height of all their speed,
T'one stops, before the other be agreed,
The other pulls and drags his Fellow back,
Whilst both their tails were tortur'd on the rack ;
At last, both weary of their warm Embassage,
Their better ease descry'd a fairer passage ;
And time hath taught their wiser thoughts to join
More close, and travel in a straighter line :
Into the open Champian they divide
Their straggling paces (where the plow-mans pride
Found a fair object in his ripen'd Corn ;
Whereof some part was reapt, some stood unshorn)
Sometimes the fiery Travellers would seek
Protection beneath a swelling Reek ;
But soon that Harbour grew too hot for stay
Affording only light to run away ;

Some-

Sometimes the full ear'd standing-wheat must cover
 And hide their flames; and there the flame would
 About their ears, and send them to enquire [hover
 A cooler place; but there the flaming fire
 Would scorch their hides, and send them sing'd a-
 Thus doubtful where to go, or where to stay, [way;
 They range about; flee forward, then retire;
 Now here, now there, where e'r they come they fire;
 Nothing was left, that was not lost and burn'd;
 And now that fruitful Land of Jewry's turn'd
 A heap of Ashes; that fair Land while ere
 Which fill'd all hearts with joy, and every ear
 With news of plenty, and of blest increase,
 (The joyful issue of a happy peace)
 See how it lies in her own ruines, void
 Of all her happiness, disguis'd, destroy'd.
 With that the Philistines, whose sad relief
 And comforts deeply buried in their grief
 Began to question (they did all partake
 In th' irrecoverable loss) and spake :

*What cursed brand of Hell; What more than Devil?
 What curious miscreant hath done this evil?
 Whereto one sadly standing by, repli'd :*

*It was that cursed Sampson (whose fair Bride
 Was lately ravisht from his absent breast
 By her false father) who before the Feast
 Of Nuptial was a month expir'd, and done,
 By second marriage, own'd another Son :
 For which this Sampson, heav'd from off the the hinge
 Of his lost reason, studied this revenge :
 That Timnites falsehood wrought this desolation;
 Sampson the Actor was, but he th' occasion.
 With that they all consulted to proceed
 In height of Justice to revenge this deed :
 Sampson, whose hand was the immediate cause
 Of this foul act, is stronger than their Laws;
 Him they refer to time, for his proud hand
 May bring a second ruine to their Land:
 The cursed Timnite, he that did divide
 The lawful Bridegroom from his lawful Bride,*

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And mov'd the patience of so strong a Foe,
To bring these evils, and work their overthrow;
To him they haste; and with resolv'd desire
Of blood, they burn his house, and him with fire.

Meditat. XV.

Dost thou not tremble? Does thy troubled ear
Not tingle? not thy spirits faint to hear
The voice of those, who dying shrieks proclaim
Their tortures, that are broiling in the flame?
She, whose illustrious beauty did not know
Where to be matcht but one poor hour ago:
She, whose fair eyes were apt to make men err
From his known Faith, and turn Idolater;
She, whose fair cheeks enricht with true complexion,
Seem'd Beauties store-house of her just perfection;
See, how she lies, see, how this Beauty lies,
A foul offence unto thy loathing eyes;
A fleshly Cinder, lying on the floor,
Stark naked, had it not been cover'd o'r
With bashful ruines, which were fallen down
From the consum'd roof, and rudely thrown
On this half roasted earth, O canst thou read
Her double story, and thy heart not bleed?
What art thou more, than She? Tell me wherein
Art thou more privileg'd? Or can thy sin
Plead more t' excuse it? Art thou fair and young?
Why, so was she? Were thy temptations strong?
Why, so were hers: What canst thou plead, but she
Had power to plead the same, as well as thee?
Nor was't her death alone could satisfie
Revenge; her Father, and his house must die:
Unpunisht crimes do often bring them in,
That were no less, than strangers to the sin:
Eli must dye, because his fair reproof
Of too foul sin, was not austere enough.

Was

Was vengeance now appeas'd? Hath not the crime
 Paid a sufficient int'rest for the time?
 Remove thine eye to the Philistian fields,
 See what encrease their fruitful Harvest yields;
 There's nothing there, but a confused heap
 Of ruinous Aihes: There's no Corn to reap.
 Behold the poyson of unpunisht sin,
 For which the very earth's accurs'd again:
 Famine must act her part, her griping hand
 For one man's sin must punish all the Land;
 Is vengeance now appeas'd? Hath sin given o'r
 To cry for Plagues? Must vengeance yet have more?
 O, now th' impartial Sword must come, and spill
 The blood of such as Famine could not kill.
 The language of unpunisht sin cries loud,
 It roars for Justice, and it must have blood:
 Famine must follow, where the fire begun;
 The Sword must end what both have left undone.
 Just God! our sins do dare thee to thy face;
 Our score is great, our *Ephah* fills apace;
 The leaden Cover threatens every minute,
 To close the *Ephah* and our sins within it.
 Turn back thine eye: Let not thine eye behold
 Such vile pollutions, let thy vengeance hold:
 Look on thy dying Son, there shall thou spie
 An object that's more fitter for thine eye;
 His sufferings (Lord) are far above our sins,
 O, look thou there; e're Justice arm begins
 T' unsheath her Sword; O, let one precious drop
 Fall from that pierced side, and that will stop
 The ears of vengeance, from that clamorous voice
 Of our loud sins, which make so great a noise:
 O send that drop, before revenge begins,
 And that will cry far louder, than our sins,

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THE ARGUMENT.

*He makes a slaughter ; doth remove
To Etan's Rock, where, to re-pay him
The wrongs that he had done, they move
The men of Judah to betray him.*

SECT. XVI.

THUS when th' accurs'd Philistines had appaid
The Timnites sin, with ruine, and betraid
Th' unjust Offenders to their fierce desire,
And burn'd their cursed Family with fire :
Sampson, the greatness of whose debt deny'd
So short a payment, and whose wrongs yet cry'd
For further vengeance, to be further laid
Upon the sin-conniving Nation, said :

*Unjust Philistines, you that could behold
So capital a crime, and yet with-hold
This well-deserved punishment so long,
Which made you partners in their sin, my wrong ;
Had ye at first, when as the fault was young,
Before that Time had lent her clamorous tongue
So great a strength to call for so much blood ;
O, had your early Justice but thought good
To strike in time ! Nay, had you then devis'd
Some easier punishment, it had suffic'd :
But now it comes too late, the sin has cried,
Till Heaven hath heard, and mercy is denied :
Nay, had the sin but spar'd to roar so loud,
A drop had serv'd, when now a tide of blood
Will hardly stop her mouth :
Had ye done this betimes ! But now, this hand
Must plague your Persons, and afflict your Land.*

Have

Have ye beheld a youth-instructing Tutor,
 (Whose wisdom's seldom seen but in the future)
 When well-deserved punishment shall call
 For the delinquent Boy; how first of all,
 He preaches fairly; then proceeds austerer
 To the foul crime, whilst the suspicious hearer
 Trembles at every word, until at length,
 His language being ceas'd, th' unwelcom strength
 Of his rude arm, that often proves too rash,
 Strikes home, and fetches blood at every lash:
 Even so stout *Sampson*, whose more gentle tongue
 In easie terms doth first declare the wrong
 Injustice did, then tells the evil effects
 That man's connivence, and unjust neglects
 Does often bring upon th' afflicted Land;
 But, at the last, upheaves his ruthless hand;
 He hews, he hacks, and fury being guide,
 His unrelisted power doth divide
 From top to toe; his furious weapon cleft,
 Where-e'r it struck: It slew, and never left
 Until his flesh-destroying arm, at length,
 Could find no subject where t' employ his strength;
 Here stands a head-strong Steed, whose fainting guide
 Drops down; another drags his wounded Rider:
 Now here, now there, his frantick arm would thunder,
 And at one stroke cleaves man and horse in sunder,
 In whose mixt blood his hands would oft imbrue,
 And wheresoe'r they did but touch, they slew:
 Here's no employment for the Surgeons trade,
 All wounds were mortal that his weapon made;
 There's none was left, but dying, or else dead,
 And only they that scap'd his fury, fled;
 The slaughter ended, the proud victor past
 Through the afflicted Land, until at last,
 He comes to *Judah*, where he pitcht his Tent,
 At the Rock *Etan*; there some time he spent;
 He spent not much, till the Philistian Band
 That found small comfort in their wasted Land,
 Came up to *Judah*, and there pitcht not far
 From *Sampson's* Tent, their hands were arm'd to war:

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With that the Men of Judah, struck with fear,
To see so great an Army; straight drew near,
To the sad Camp; who, after they had made
Some signs of a continued peace, they said:

*What new designs have brought your Royal Band
Upon the Borders of our peaceful Land?*

*What strange adventures, what disastrous weather
Drove you this way? what business brought you hither?*

*Let not my Lords be angry, or conceive
An evil against your Servants: what we have,*

*Is yours; the peaceful plenty of the Land,
And we are yours, and at your command:*

*Why? to what purpose are you pleas'd to shew us
Your strength? Why bring you thus an Army to us?*

*Are not our yearly Tributes justly paid?
Have we not kept our vows? have we delay'd*

*Our faithful Service or deny'd to do it,
When you have pleas'd to call your servants to it?*

*Have we at any time, upon your tryal,
Shrunk from our plighted faith, or prov'd disloyal?*

*If that proud Sampson have abus'd your Land;
'Tis not our faults: Alas we had no hand*

*In his designs; we lent him no relief;
No aid; no, we were your partners in your grief,*

*Whereto the Philistines, whose hopes rely'd
Upon their fair assistance, thus reply'd.*

*Fear not, ye men of Judah, Our intentions
Are not to wrong your Peace: Your apprehensions*

*Are too too timorous; our desires are bent
Against the common Foe, whose hands have spert*

*Our lawish blood, and robb'd our wasted Land
Of all her joys: 'Tis he our armed Band*

*Expects, and follows: He is cloystred here,
Within your Quarters: Let your faiths appear*

*Now in your loyal actions, and convey
That skulking Rebel to us, that we may*

*Revenge our blood, which he hath wasted thus,
And do to him, as he hath done to us.*

Mediat.

to war:
With

Meditat. XVI.

IT was a sharp revenge ; but it was just ?
 Shall one man suffer for another ? Must
 The Childrensteeth be set on edge, because
 Their Fathers eat the Grapes ; Are heaven's Laws
 So strict ? whose lips did, with a promise, tell,
 That no such Law should pass in *Israel* :
 Because the injurious *Timmies* treacherous hand
 Commits the fault, must *Sampson* scourge the Land ?
 Sin is a furious plague, and it infects
 The next inhabitant, if he neglects
 The means t' avoid it : 'Tis not because he sins
 That thou art punisht : No, it then begins
 T' infect thy soul, when thou a stander by,
 Reprov'st it not : or when thy careless eye
 Slights it as nothing : If a sin of mine
 Grieve not thy wounded soul, it becomes thine.
 Think ye that God commits the Sword of power
 Into the hands of Magistrates, to scower
 And keep it bright ? Or only to advance
 His yet unknown Authority ; Perchance
 The glorious Hilt and Scabbard make a show
 To serve his turn ; have it a blade, or no,
 He neither knows, nor cares : Is this mad fit
 T' obtain so great an honour, as to sit
 As God's Lieutenant, and to punish sin ?
 Know leaden Magistrates, and know again,
 Your Sword was given to draw, and to be dy'd
 In guilty blood, not to be laid aside
 At the request of Friends, or for bare fear
 Left when your honour's ended with the year.
 Ye may be baffled : 'tis not enough that you
 Find bread by weight, or that the weights be true :
 'Tis not enough, that every foul disorder
 Must be referr'd to your more wise Recorder :

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The charge is given to you, you must return
A fair account or else the Land must mourn ;
You keep your swords too long a season in,
And God strikes us, because you strike not sin :
Y' are too remiss, and want a resolution :
Good laws lie dead, for lack of execution ;
An oath is grown so bold, that it will laugh
The easie act to scorn ; Nay, we can quaff
And reel with privilege : and we can trample
Upon your shame-shrunk cloaks, by your example :
You are too dull : too great offences pass
Untoucht ; God loves no service from the Ass ;
Rouse up, O, use the spur, and spare the bridle,
God strikes, because your swords and you are idle :
Grant Lord that every one may mend a fault ,
And then our Magistrates may stand for nought.

THE ARGUMENT.

*The faithless men of Judah went
To make him subject to their Band :
They bound him by his own consent,
And brought him pris'ner to their hand.*

SECT. XVII.

SO said, the men of Judah (whose base fear
Taught them to open an obedient ear
To their revengeful and unjust request)
Accept the treacherous motion, and address
Their slavish thoughts to put in execution
The subject of their servile resolution :
With that, three thousand of their ablest men
Are soon employ'd ; to the fierce Lyons den
They come, (yet daring not approach too near)
And send this louder language to his ear ;

Victorious

*Victorious Sampson, whose renowned facts
 Have made the world a Register of thy acts ;
 Great Army of men, the wonder of whose power
 Gives thee the title of a walking Tower,
 Why hast thou thus betray'd us to the hand
 Of the curs'd Philistines ? Thou knew'st our Land,
 Does owe it self to thee, there's none can claim
 So great an interest in our hearts : thy name,
 Thy highly honour'd name for ever bears
 A welcom Accent in our joyful ears ;
 But now the times are dangerous, and a Band
 Of proud Philistians quarter in our Land,
 And for thy sake the tyranny of their tongues
 Hath newly threatned to revenge their wrongs
 Upon our peaceful lives. Their lips have vow'd
 And sworn to salve their injuries with blood ;
 Their jealous fury hollows in our ears,
 They'l plague our Land, as thou hast plagued theirs ,
 If we refuse to do their fierce command,
 And bring not Sampson prisoner to their hand ;
 Alas, thou know'st our servile necks must bow
 To their imperious Yoke ; Alas, our vow
 Of loyalty is past : If they bid, Do,
 We must ; or lose our lands and our lives too .
 Were but our lives in hazard, or if none
 Should feel the smart of death, but we alone,
 Wee'd turn thy Martyrs, rather than obey'n ,
 Wee'd die with Sampson, sooner than betray'n ;
 But we have Wives and Children, that must be
 The subjects of their rage, as well as we :
 Wherefore submit thy person, and fulfil
 What we desire so much against our will ,
 Alas, our griefs in equal poisure lie ;
 Yield, and thou diest ; yield not, and we must die
 Whereto sad Sampson, whose fair thoughts did guide
 His lips to fairer language, thus reply'd :*

*To Men of Judah, what distrustful thought
 Of single Sampson's violence hath brought
 So great a strength, as if you meant t'o'rtrow
 Some mighty Monarch, or surprize a Foe !*

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The History of SAMPSON.

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Your easie errand might as well been done
By two or three, or by the lips of one ;
The meanest child of holy Israel's seed
Might conquer Sampson with a bruised reed :
Alas ! the boldness of your welcom words
Need no protection of these staves and swords :
Brethren, th' intention of my coming hither
Was not to wrong you, or deprive you either
Of lives or goods, or of your poorest due ;
My self is cheaper to my self, than you ;
My coming is on a more fair design,
I come to crush your tyrannous foes, and mine,
I come to free your country, and recal
Your servile shoulders from the slavish thrall
Of the proud Philistines ; and with this hand
To make you freemen in your promis'd Land ;
But you are come to bind me, and betray
Your faithful Champion to those hands, that lay
Perpetual burthens on, which daily vex
Your galled shoulders, and your servile necks :
The wrongs these cursed Philistines have done
My simple innocence, have quite out-run
My easie patience : if my arm may right
My too much injur'd sufferance, and requite
What they have done to me, it would appease
My raging thoughts, and give my tortures ease ;
But ye are come to bind me ; I submit ;
I yield ; and if my bondage will acquit
Your new-born fears, 'tis well : But they that do
Attempt to ruine me will ransack you ;
First, you shall firmly engage your plighted troth,
By the acceptance of a sacred oath,
That when I shall be pris'ner to your Bands,
I may not suffer violence by your hands.
With that, they drawing nearer to him, laid
Their hands beneath his brawny thigh, and said :
Then let the God of Jacob cease to bless
The tribe of Judah with a fair success,
Inought they put their cursed hand unto,
And raze their seed, if we attempt to do

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O

Bound

Bound Sampson violence: And if this curse
 Be not sufficient, Heaven contrive a worse,
 With that the willing pris'ner joyn'd his hands,
 To be subjected to their stronger Bands:
 With treble twisted cords, that never tried
 The twitch of strength, their busie fingers tied
 His finewy wrists which being often wound
 About his beating pulse, they brought him bound
 To the forefront of the Philistian Band,
 And left him captive in their cursed hand.

Meditat. XVII.

O What a pearl is hidden in this field,
 Whose orient lustre, and perfections yield
 So great a treasure, that the Eastern Kings,
 With all the wealth, their colder Climate brings,
 Ne'r saw the like! It is a pearl, whose glory
 Is the diviner subject of a story,
 Penn'd by an Angels quill; not understood
 By the too dull conceit of flesh and blood!
 Unkind *Judeans*, what have you presented
 Before your eyes? O, what have you attempted
 He that was born on purpose to release
 His life for yours, to bring your Nation peace;
 To turn your mournings into joyful Songs;
 To fight your battels, to revenge your wrongs:
 Even him, alas, your cursed hands have made
 This day your pris'ner; Him have you betraid
 To death; O, he whose finewy arm had power
 To crush you all to nothing, and to shower
 Down strokes like Thunder-bolts, whose blasting
 Might in a moment puff you all to death, [breath
 And make ye fall before his frowning brow,
 See how he goes away, betray'd by you!

Thou great Redeemer of the wold! whose Blood
 Hath power to save more worlds, than *Noah's* Flood

Destroyed

Destroyed bodies; thou, O thou that art
 The *Sampson* of our souls! How can the heart
 Of man give thanks enough, that does not know
 How much his death-redeemed soul does owe
 To thy dear merits? We can apprehend
 No more than flesh and blood does recommend
 To our confined thoughts: Alas, we can
 Conceive thy love, but as the love of man:
 We cannot tell the horror of that pain
 Thou broughtst us from; nor can our hearts attain
 Those joys that thou hast purchas'd in our name,
 Nor yet the price thou paidst; our thoughts are lame
 And craz'd; Alas, things mortal have no might,
 No means to comprehend an Infinite:
 We can behold thee cradled in a Manger,
 In a poor Stable, we can see the danger
 The *Tetrarch's* fury made thee subject to;
 We can conceive thy poverty; we know
 Thy blessed hands that might been freed were bound
 We know, alas, thy bleeding hands were crown'd
 With pricking thorns; thy body torn with whips;
 Thy palms impierc'd with ragged nails; thy lips
 Saluted with a Traytor's kiss; thy Brows
 Sweating forth blood; thy oft repeated-blows;
 The fastening to the Crots; thy shameful death;
 These outward tortures all come underneath
 Our dull conceits: but what thy blessed Soul
 (That bore the burthen of our guilt, and Scroul
 Of all our sins, the horrid pains of Hell)
 O, what that soul endur'd, what soul can tell?

THE ARGUMENT.

*He breaks their Bands ; and with a Bone
A thousand Philistines he flew ;
He thirsted ; fainted ; made his moan
To Heaven : He drinks ; his spirits renew.*

SECT. XVIII.

THus, when the glad Philistines had obtain'd
The sum of all their hopes, they entertain'd
The welcom Pris'ner with a greater noise
Of triumph, than the greatness of their joys
Required: Some with sudden death would greet
The new-come Guest ; whil'st others, more discreet,
With lingring pains, and tortures more exact,
Would force him to discover, in the Fact,
Who his Abettors were: others gainsaid
That course, for fear a rescue may be made :
Some cry, 'Tis fittest that the Offender bleed
There, where his cursed hands had done this deed ;
Others cry'd No, where fortune hath consign'd him,
We'll kill him : Best to kill him where we find him :
Thus variously they spent their doubtful breath,
At last they all agreed on sudden death ;
There's no contention now, but only who
Shall strike the first, or give the bleeding blow.
Have ye beheld a single thred of flax,
Touch'd by the fire, how the fire cracks
With ease, and parts the tender twine in funder :
Even so, as the first arm began to thunder
Upon the Pris'ners life, he burst the Bands,
From his strong wrists, and freed his loos'ned hands ;
He stoop'd, from off the blood-expecting grass
He snatcht the crooked Jaw-bone of an Ass ;
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Wherewith his fury dealt such down-right blows
 So oft redoubled, that it overthrows
 Man after man; and being ring'd about
 With the distracted and amazed Rout
 Of rude Philistians, turn'd his body round:
 And in a circle dings them to the ground:
 Each blow had proof; for where the Jaw-bone mist,
 The furious Champion wounded with his fist:
 Betwixt them both his Fury did uncase
 A thousand souls, which in that fatal place
 Had left their ruin'd Carcasses, to feast
 The flesh-devouring fowl, and rav'nous beast:
 With that the Conqueror, that now had fed
 And surfeited his eye upon the dead
 His hand had slain, sat down; and having flung
 His purple weapon by, triumph'd and sung:

Sampson rejoice: Be fill'd with mirth;
 Let all Judea know,
 And tell the Princes of the Earth
 How strong an arm hast thou!
 How has thy dead enrich'd the Land,
 And purpled o'r the grass,
 That hadst no weapon in thy hand,
 But the Jaw-bone of an Ass!
 How does thy strength, and high renown,
 The glory of men surpass!
 Thine arm hath struck a thousand down
 With the Jaw-bone of an Ass:
 Let Sampson's Glorious name endure,
 Till time shall render One,
 Whose greater glory shall obscure
 The glory thou hast won.

His Song being ended, rising from the place
 Whereon he lay, he turn'd his ruthless face
 Vpon those heaps his direful hands had made,
 And op'ning of his thirsty lips he said:

Great God of conquest, thou, by whose command
 This heart received courage, and this hand

Strength to revenge thy quarrels, and fulfil
 The secret motion of thy sacred Will;
 What shall thy Champion perish now with thirst?
 Thou know'st I have done nothing, but what first
 Was warranted by thy command: 'Twas thou
 That gave my spirit boldness, and my brow
 A resolution: this mine arm did do
 No more, than what thou didst enjoin me to:
 And shall I die for thirst? O thou that sav'd
 Me from the Lyons rage, that would have rav'd
 Upon my life: by whom I have subdu'd
 Thy cursed enemies, and have imbrued
 My heaven-commanded hands, in a spring-tide
 Of guilty blood: Lord, shall I be deny'd
 A draught of cooling water to allay
 The tyranny of my thirst? I that this day
 Have labour'd in thy Vineyard, rooted out
 So many weeds, whose lofty crests did spread
 Above thy trodden vines; What, shall I die
 For want of Water, thou the Fountain by?
 I know that thou wert here, for had'st thou not
 Supply'd my arm with strength, I ne'r had got
 So strange a victory: Hath thy servant taken
 Thy work in hand, and is he not forsaken?
 Hast thou not promis'd that my strengthened hand
 Shall scourge thy Foe-men, and secure thy Land
 From slavish bondage? will that arm of thine
 Make me their slave, whom thou hast promis'd mine?
 Bow down thy ear, and hear my needful cry;
 O quench my thirst, great God, or else I die.
 With that the Jaw, wherewith his arm had laid
 So many sleeping in the dust, obey'd
 The voice of God, and cast a tooth, from whence
 A sudden spring arose, whose confluence
 Of crystal waters; plenteously disburst
 Their precious streams, and so allay'd his thirst.

Meditat.

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Meditat. XVIII.

THE Jaw-bone of an Ass! how poor a thing
 God makes his powerful Instrument, to bring
 Some honour to his name, and to advance
 His greater glory? Came this Bone by chance
 To *Sampson's* hand? Or could the Army go
 No further? but must needs expect a Foe
 Just where his weapon of destruction lay?
 Was there no fitter place for them to stay
 But even just there? how small a thing't had bin
 (If they had been so provident) to win
 The day with ease? Had they but taken thence
 That cursed bone, what colour of defence
 Had *Sampson* found? Or how could he withstood
 The necessary danger of his Blood?

Where Heav'n doth please to ruine, humane wit
 Must fail, and deeper policy must submit:
 There wisdom must be fool'd, and strength of brain
 Must work against it self, or work in vain:
 The track that seems most likely, often leads
 To death; and where security most pleads,
 There dangers in their fairest shapes appear,
 And give us not so great help, as fear:
 The things we least suspect, are often they,
 That most effect our ruine and betray:
 Who would have thought, the silly Asses Bone,
 Not worth the spurning should have overthrown
 So stout a Band? Heaven oftentimes thinks best
 To overcome the greatest with the least:
 He gains most glory in things that are most slight,
 And wins in honour what they want in might:
 Who would have thought that *Sampson's* deadly thirst
 Should have been quencht with waters, that did burst
 And flow from that dry Bone? who would not think
 The thirsty Conqueror, for want of drink,

Should have first died? what mad-man could presume
 So dry a tooth should yield so great a Rhume?
 God does not work like man; nor is the tide
 To outward means: His pleasure is his guide,
 Not Reason: He that is the God of Nature,
 Can work against it: He that is Creator
 Of all things, can dispose them, to attend
 His will, forgetting their created end:
 He, whose Almighty power did supply
 This Bone with water, made the Red Sea dry,
 Great God of Nature, 'tis as great an ease,
 For thee to alter nature, if thou please,
 As to create it; Let that hand of thine
 Shew forth thy power, and please to alter mine.
 My sins are open, but my sorrow's hid;
 I cannot drench my Couch, as *David* did;
 My brains are marble, and my heart is stone:
 O strike mine eyes, as thou didst strike that Bone.

THE ARGUMENT.

*He lodgeth with a Harlot; Wait
 Is laid, and Guards are pitcht about:
 He bears away the City Gate
 Upon his shoulders, and goes out.*

SECT. XIX.

THus when victorious *Sampson* had unliv'd
 This Hoast of armed men; and had reviv'd
 His fainting spirits and refresht his tongue
 With those sweet crystal streams, that lately sprung
 From his neglected weapon, he arose,
 (Secured from the tyranny of his Foes
 By his Heaven-borrowed strength) and boldly came
 To a Philistian City, known by th' name

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Of *Azza*; where, as he was passing by,
 The careless Champion cast his wandering eye
 Upon a face, whose beauty did invite
 His wanton heart to wander and delight:
 Her curious hair was crisp'd: Her naked breast
 Was white as Ivory, and fairly drest
 With costly Jewels; in her glorious face
 Nature was hidden, and dissembled grace,
 Damaskt her rosiè cheeks; her eyes did spark
 At every glance, like Diamonds in the dark:
 Bold was her brow; whose frown was but a foil
 To glorifie her better-pleasing smile;
 Her pace was careless, seeming to discover
 The passions of a discontented Lover:
 Sometimes her op'ned Casement gives her eye
 A twinkling passage to the passer by;
 And when her fickle fancy had given o'r
 That place, she comes and wantons at the door;
 There *Sampson* view'd her, and his steps could find
 No further ground; but (guided by his mind)
 Cast Anchor there. Have thy observing eyes
 E'r mark'd the Spiders garb, how close she lies
 Within her curious web; and by and by
 How quick she hastes to her entangled Fly;
 And whisp'ring poison in her murm'ring ears,
 At last she tugs her silent guest, and bears
 His hamper'd body to the inner room
 Of her obscure, and solitary Home:
 Even so this snaring beauty entertains
 Our eye-lid *Sampson*, hamper'd with the chains
 Of her imperious eyes; and he, that no man
 Could conquer, now lies conquer'd by a woman
 Fair was his welcom, and as fairly exprest
 By his delicious language, which profess
 No less affection, than so sweet a Friend
 Could, with her best expressions, recommend;
 Into her glorious chamber she directs
 Her welcom guest, and with her fair respects
 She entertains him; with a bounteous kiss,
 She gives him earnest of a greater bliss;

And with a brazen countenance, she brake
The way to her unchast desires, and spake :

*Mirror of mankind, thou selected flower
 Of love's fair knot, welcom to Flora's Bower ;
 Chear up my love ; and look upon these eyes,
 Wherein my beauty, and thy picture lies ;
 Come, take me pris'ner in thy folded arms ;
 And boldly strike up sprightly loves alarms ;
 Upon these ruby lips, and let us try
 The sweets of love ; Here's none but thee, and I ;
 My beds are softest Down, and purest Lawn
 My Sheets ; my Vallents and my Curtains drawn
 In Gold and Silks of curious Die: Behold,
 My Coverings are of Tap'stry, enricht with Gold ;
 Come, come, and let us take our fill of pleasure ;
 My husband's absence lends me dainty leisure
 To give thee welcome ; come, let's spend the night
 In sweet enjoyment of unknown delight.*

Her words prevail'd : And being both undrest,
Together went to their defiled rest.

By this, the news of Sampson's being there
Possess the City, and fill'd every ear :

His death is plotted ; And advantage lends
New hopes of speed : An armed Guard attends
At every Gate, that when the breaking day
Shall send him forth, expecting forces may
Betray him to his sudden death ; and so
Revenge their Kingdoms ruins at a blow :
But lustful Sampson (whose distrustful ears
Kept open house) was now possess'd with fears :
He hears a whisp'ring, and the trampling feet
Of People passing in the silent Street ;
He, whom undaunted courage lately made
A glorious Conqueror, is now afraid ;
His conscious heart is smitten with his sin ;
He cannot chuse but fear, and fear again :
He fears ; and now the terrible alarms
Of sin do call him from th' unlawful arms
And lips of his luxurious Concubine ;
Bids him arise from dalliance, and resign

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The usurpation of his lukewarm place
To some new sinner, whose less dangerous ease
May lend more leisure to so foul a deed :
Sampson with greater and unwonted speed
Leaps from his wonted bed ; his fears do press
More haste to cloath, than lust did to undress ;
He makes no tarriance, but with winged haste,
Belstrides the street, and to the gates he past,
And through the armed troupes he made his way,
Bears gates, and bars, and pillars all away ;
So scap'd the rage of the *Philistian* band,
That still must owe his ruine to their land.

Meditat. XIX.

HOW weak, at strongest, is poor flesh and blood
Sampson, the greatness of whose power with-
A little world of armed men, with death, [stood
Must now be foyled with a womans breath :
The Mother sometimes lets her Infant fall,
To make it hold the surer by the wall :
God lets his servant often go amiss,
That he may turn and see how weak he is,
David that found an overflowing measure
Of Heavens high favours, and as great a treasure
Of saving grace, and portion of the Spirit,
As flesh and blood was able to inherit,
Must have a fall to excercise his fears,
And make him drown his restless couch with tears :
Wise *Solomon*, within whose heart was planted
A fruitful stock of heavenly wisdom wanted
Not that, whereby her weakness understood
The perfect Vanity of flesh and blood :
Whose hand seem'd prodigal of his *Isaac's* life,
He durst not trust God's Providence with his wife ;
The righteous *Lot* had slidings: holy *Paul*
He had his prick ; and *Peter* had his fall :

The sacred Bride, in whose fair face remains
 The greatest earthly beauty, hath her stains:
 If man were perfect and intirely good,
 He were not man, he were not flesh and blood:
 Or should he never fall, he would at length,
 Not see his weakness, and presume in strength:
 Ere children know the sharpness of the edge,
 They think their fingers have a privilege
 Against a wound; but having felt the knife,
 A bleeding finger sometimes saves a life.

Lord, we are children, and our sharp-edg'd knives,
 Together with our blood, let out our lives;
 Alas, if we but draw them from the sheath,
 They cut our fingers, and they bleed to death.

Thou great Chirurgeon of a bleeding soul,
 Whose sovereign balm, is able to make whole
 The deepest wound, thy sacred salve is sure:
 We cannot bleed so fast as thou canst cure:
 Heal thou our wounds, that having salv'd the sore,
 Our hearts may fear, and learn to sin no more;
 And let our hands be strangers to those knives,
 That wound not fingers only, but our lives,

THE ARGUMENT.

He falls in league with Delila:

The Nobles bribe her to discover

*Her Sampson's strength, and learn the way
 To bind her arm-prevailing Lover.*

SECT. XX.

NOT far from *Azza*, in a fruitful Vally
 Close by a brook, whose silver streams did
 With the sweet bosom of the wanton sands, (dally
 Whose winding current parts the neighb'ring Lands,
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And often washes the beloved sides
 Of her delightful banks, with gentle tides:
 There dwelt a *Beauty*, in whose Sun-bright eye
 Love sat enthron'd, and full of Majesty,
 Sent forth such glorious eye-surprizing rays,
 That she was thought the wonder of her days:
 Her name was called *Delila*, the fair;
 Thither did amorous *Sampson* oft repair,
 And with the piercing flame of her bright eye,
 He toy'd so long; that like a wanton Flie
 He burnt his lustful wings, and so became
 The slavish Pris'ner to that conquering flame:
 She askt and had: There's nothing was too high
 For her to beg, or *Sampson* to deny:
 Who now but *Delila*? what name can raise
 And crown his drooping thoughts, but *Delila*?
 All time's mispent, each hour is cast away,
 That's not employ'd upon his *Delila*:
 Gifts must be given to *Delila*: No cost,
 If sweetest *Delila* but smile, is lost:
 No joy can please, no happiness can crown
 His best desires: if *Delila* but frown,
 No good can bless his amorous heart, but this,
 He's *Delila's*, and *Delila* is his.
 Now when the louder breath of fame had blown
 Her news-proclaiming Trumpet, and made known
 This lovers passion to the joyful ears
 Of the cow'd *Philistines*; their nimble fears
 Advis'd their better hopes, not to neglect
 So fair advantage, which may bring t' effect
 Their best desires, and right their wasted land
 Of all her wrongs, by a secure hand
 With that some few of the *Philistian* Lords
 Repair to *Delila*, with baited words
 They tempt the frailty of the simple Maid,
 And having sworn her to their Council, said:
 Fair *Delila*, thou canst not choose but know
 The miseries of our Land: whose ruines show
 The danger, whereinto not we, but all,
 If thou deny thy helpful hand, must fall.

Those

Those fruitful fields, that offer'd, but of late,
 Their plenteous savours to our prosperous State;
 See how they lie a ruinous heap, and void
 Of all their plenty, wasted, and destroy'd:
 Our common foe hath sported with our lives,
 Hath slain our children, and destroy'd our wives:
 Alas, our poor distress'd Land doth groan
 Under that mischief that his hands have done;
 Widows implore thee, and poor Orphans tongues
 Call to fair Delila, to right their wrongs:
 It lies in thee to help; thy helpful hand
 May have the glory to revenge thy Land;
 For which our thankful Nation shall allow
 Not only honour, but reward; and thou,
 From every hand that's here, shall gain
 Above a thousand Sicles for thy pain.

To whom fair Delila, whom reward had ty'd
 To satisfy her own desires, replid;

[My Lords,

My humble service I acknowledge due,
 First to my native Country, next to you:
 If Heaven and fortune have intrust my hand
 With so much power to relieve our Land,
 When ere your Honors please to call me to it,
 Believe it, Delila shall dye, or do it:
 Say then (my Lords) wherein my power may do
 This willing service to my land, or you.
 Thou know'st (say they) no forces can withstand
 The mighty strength of cursed Sampson's hand;
 He ruins Armies, and does overthrow
 Our greatest bands, nay, Kingdoms at a blow;
 The limits of his, more than manly, powers
 Are not confin'd nor is his arm like ours:
 His strength is more than man, his conquering arm
 Hath, sure, th' assistance of some potent charm;
 Which nothing but the glory of thine eyes
 (Wherein a far more strong enchantment lies)
 Can overthrow: he's prisoner to thine eye,
 Nor canst thou ask, what Sampson can deny:
 The sweetness of thy language hath the Art
 To dive into the secrets of his heart;

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Move Sampson then : unbar his bolted breast,
And let his deafned ears attain no rest,
Until his eye-enchanted tongue replies,
And tell thee where his hidden power lies :
Uge him to whisper in thy private ear,
And to repose his magick mystery there ;
How, by what means, his strength may be betray'd
To bonds, and how his power may be allay'd ;
That we may right these wrongs, which his proud hand
Hath rudely offer'd to our ruinous Land :
In this thou shalt obtain the reputation
To be the sole Redeemer of thy Nation,
Whose wealth shall crown thy loyalty with a meed
Due to the merits of so fair a deed,
**Whereto fair Delila (whose heart was tyed
To Sampson's love for her own ends) replied :**

My honourable Lords : If my success
In these your just employments prove no less
Than my desires, I should think my pains
Rewarded in the action : If the reins
Of Sampson's headstrong power were in my hands,
These lips should vow performance, your commands
Should work obedience, in the loyal breast
Of your true servant who would never rest,
Till she had done the deed ; But, know my Lords,
If the poor frailty of a woman's words
May shake so great a power, and prevail,
My best advis'd endeavours shall not fail
To be employ'd, I'll make a sudden tryal,
And quickly speed, or find a foul denial.

Meditat. XX.

Insatiate Sampson ! Could not Azza smother
Thy flaming lust, but must thou find another ?
Is th' old grown stale ? and seek'st thou for a new ?
Alas, where Two's too many, Three's too few :

Man's

Man's soul is infinite, and never tires
 In the extension of her own desires:
 The sprightly nature of his active mind
 Aims still at further; will not be confin'd
 To th' poor dimensions of flesh and blood;
 Something it still desires: Covers good;
 Would fain be happy, in the sweet enjoyment
 Of what it procures, with the employment
 Of best endeavours; but it cannot find
 So great a good, but something's still behind:
 It first propounds, applauds, desires, endeavours:
 At last enjoys; but (like to Men in favours,
 Who fancy always those things that are worst)
 The more it drinks, the more it is a thirst:
 The fruitful Earth (whose nature is the worse
 For sin; with Man partaker in the curse)
 Aims at perfection; and would fain bring forth
 (As first it did) things of the greatest worth;
 Her colder womb endeavours (as of old)
 To ripen all her Metals unto Gold;
 O, but that sin-procured curse hath chill'd
 The heat of pregnant nature, and hath fill'd
 Her barren seed with coldness, which does lurk
 In her faint womb, that her more perfect work
 Is hindred; and, for want of heat brings forth
 Imperfect Metals of a baser worth:
 Even so the soul of man in her first State,
 Receiv'd a power and a will to that
 Which was most pure, and good; but, since the loss
 Of that fair freedom, only trades in dross
 Aims she at wealth? Alas, her proud desire
 Strives for the best; but failing to mount higher
 Than Earth, her error grapples, and takes hold
 On that, which Earth can only give her, Gold,
 Aims she at Glory? Her ambition flies
 As high a pitch as her dull wings can rise;
 But, failing in her strength, she leaves to strive,
 And takes such honour, as base Earth can give.
 Aims she at pleasure? Her desires extend
 To lasting joys, whose pleasures have no end;

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But wanting wings, she grovels on the dust,
 And there she lights upon a carnal lust:
 Yet ne'rtheless, th' aspiring soul desires
 A perfect good; but, wanting those sweet fires,
 Whose heat should perfect her unrip'ned will,
 Cleaves to th' apparent good, which good is ill;
 Whose sweet enjoyment being far unable
 To give a satisfaction answerable
 To her unbounded wishes, leaves a thirst
 Of re-enjoyment, greater than the first.
 Lord, when our fruitless fallows are grown cold,
 And out of heart, we can enrich the mould
 With a new heat; we can restore again
 Her weakned soil, and make it apt for grain;
 And wilt thou suffer our faint souls to lie
 Thus unmanur'd, that is thy husbandry?
 They bear no other bulk but idle weeds,
 Alas, they have no heart, no heat; thy seeds
 Are cast away, until thou please t' inspire
 New strength, and quench them with thy sacred fire.
 Stir thou my fallows, and enrich my mould,
 And they shall bring thee encrease a hundred-fold.

THE ARGUMENT.

False Delila accosts her Lover:

Her lips endeavour to entice

His gentle nature to discover

His strength: Sampson deceives her thrice.

Meditat. XXI.

SOON as occasion lent our Champion ear
 To Delila, which could not chose but hear,
 If Delila but whisper'd; she, whose wiles
 Were neatly baited with her simple smiles,

Ac

Accosted Sampson, her alluring hand [spand
 Sometimes would stroke his temples, sometimes
 His brawny arm; sometimes would gently gripe
 His sinewy wrist; another while would wipe
 His sweating brows; her wanton fingers plaid,
 Sometimes, with his fair locks; sometimes would
 His long dishevell'd hair; her eyes one while [braid
 Would steal a glance upon his eyes, and smile;
 And then her crafty lips would speak; then smother
 Her broken speech; and then begin another:
 At last, as if a sudden thought had brake
 From the fair prison of her lips, she spake;

*How poor a Gristle is this arm of mine!
 Methinks 'tis nothing in respect of thine;
 I'd rather feel the power of thy love,
 Than of thy hand, in that my heart would prove
 The stouter Champion, and would make thee yield,
 And leave thee captive in the conquer'd field.
 The strength of my Affection passes thine,
 As much as thy victorious arm does mine;
 The greatest conquest then is due to me:
 Thou conquer'st others, but I conquer thee:
 But say my love, is it some hidden charm,
 Or does thy stock of Toith enrich thy arm
 With so great power that can overthrow,
 And conquer mighty Kingdoms at a blow?
 What cause have I to joy! I need not fear
 The greatest danger, now my Sampson's here:
 I fear no Rebels now; methinks thy power
 Makes me a Princess, and my house a Tower:
 But say, my love, if Delila should find thee
 Lost in a sleep, could not her fingers bind thee?
 Methinks they should: But I would scorn to make
 So poor a conquest: When th'art broad a-wake,
 Teach me the trick: Or, if thou wilt deny me;
 Know, that my own Invention shall supply me,
 Without thy help: I'll use a Woman's charms,
 And bind thee fast within these circled Arms:
 To whom the Champion smiling, thus reply'd:
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And bind thy Sampson's wrist together, then
He shall be fast, and weak as other Men:
With that the Philistines that lay in wait
Within an ears command, commanded straight
That Others should be brought; wherewith the ty'd
Victorious Sampson's joyned hands, and cry'd:
Sampson, make hast, and let thy strength appear:
Sampson take heed, the Philistines are here:
He starts, and as the flaming fire cracks
The slender substance of th' untwisted flax,
He twicht in sunder his divided bands,
And in a moment freed his fastned hands;
With that offended Delila bewraid
A frown, half sweetned with a smile, and said,

Think'st thou, thy Delila does go about
To intrap thy life? Or can my Sampson doubt
To lodge a secret in the loyal breast
Of faithful Delila, that finds no rest,
No happiness, but in thy heart, alone,
Whose joy I prize far dearer than my own?
Why then should'st thou deceive me, and impart
So soon! a falshood to so true a heart?
Come, grant my suit, and let that faithless tongue
Make love amends, which hath done love this wrong:
To whom dissembling Sampson thus replied;
Take twisted ropes, whose strength was never tryed,
And tye these closed hands together, then
I shall be fast, and weak as other Men:
With that he bound him close; and having made
The knot more sure than her love's, she said;
Sampson arise, and take thy strength upon thee,
Sampson make hast, the Philistines are on thee:
He straight arose, and as a striving hand
Would break a singed thread, he cracks the band
That bound his arms, he crackt the bands in sunder;
But frowning Delila, whose heart did wonder
No less, thon vex, being fill'd with discontent,
She said, False Lover, If thy heart had meant
What thy fair tongue had formerly profess'd,
Thou ne'r had'st kept thy secrets from my breast:

There is

Wherein both Delila been found unjust,
 Not to deserve the honour of thy trust?
 Wherein have I been faithless, or dishonest?
 Or what request of thine e'er found denial?
 Had I but been so wise, as to deny,
 Sampson might beg'd, and must, as well as I:
 But 'tis my fortune, still to be most free
 To those, that are the most reserv'd to me:
 Be not ingrateful, Sampson; If my br. ast
 Were but as false, as thine is hard, I'd rest
 To tempt thy silence, or to move my suit:
 Speak then, but speak the truth, or else be mute.
 To whom fond Sampson: If thy hands would tye
 These locks to yonder beam, they will descry
 My native weakness; and thy Sampson then
 Would be, as poor in strength, as other men.
 So said; her busie fingers soon obey'd,
 His locks being platted to the Beam, she said:
 Sampson, bestir thee; and let thy power appear,
 Sampson take heed, the Philistines are here:
 With that he quits the place (whereon he lay
 Fain fast asleep) and bore the Beam away.

Meditat. XXI.

SEE how the crafty Serpent twists and winds
 Into the breast of man ' what paths he finds,
 And crooked by-ways! with how sweet a bait
 He hides the hook of his inveterate hate!
 What sugar'd words; and ear-delighting Art
 He uses, to supplant the yielding heart
 Of poor deceived man, who stands and trusts
 Upon the broken staff of his false lusts?
 He tempts, allures, suggests, and in conclusion,
 Makes man the Pander to his own confusion:
 The fruit was fair and pleasing to the eyes,
 Apt to breed knowledge, and to make them wise;

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Must they not taste so fair a fruit, nor touch?
 Yes, do: 'Twill make you gods, and know as much
 As he that made it: Think you, you can fall
 Into death's hands? Ye shall not dye at all.
 Thus fell poor man; his knowledge proved such,
 Better 't had been had he not known so much:
 Thus this old Serpent takes advantage still
 On our desires, and distemper'd will; [Rich?
 Art thou grown Covetous? Would'st thou fain be
 He comes and strikes thy heart with the dry itch
 Of having: Wealth will rouse thy heartless Friend;
 Make thee a potent Master of thy ends;
 'Twill bring thee honour, make thy suits at Law
 Prosper at will, and keep thy foes in awe.
 Art thou ambitious? he will kindle fire
 In thy proud thoughts, and make thy thoughts inspire;
 He'll come and teach thy Honour how to scorn
 Thy old acquaintance, whom thou hast outworn:
 He'll teach thee how to Lord it, and advance
 Thy servants fortunes with thy countenance,
 Would'st thou enjoy the pleasures of the flesh?
 He'll bring thee wanton Ladies to refresh
 Thy drooping soul: he'll take thine eyes to wander;
 Instruct thee how to woo; he'll be thy Pander:
 He'll fill thy amorous soul with the sweet passion
 Of powerful Love; he'll give thee dispensation
 To sin at pleasure; he will make thee slave
 To thy own thoughts; he'll make thee beg and crave
 To be a drudge; he'll make thy treacherous breath
 Destroy thee, and betray thee to thy death,
 Lord, if our Father *Adam* could not stay
 In his upright perfection, one poor day;
 How can it be expected, we have power
 To hold our Siege, one scruple of an hour?
 Our arms are bound with too unequal bands;
 We cannot strive; we cannot loose our hands.
 Great *Nazarite*, awake, and look upon us:
 Make haste to help, the *Philistines* are on us.

T H E

THE ARGUMENT.

*She sues again: Sampson replies
The very truth: Her lips betray him:
They bind him; they put out his eyes,
And to the prison they convey him,*

SECT. XXII.

WITH that, the wanton, whose distrustful eye
Was fixt upon reward, made this reply;
Had the denial of my poor request
Proceeded from th' inexorable brest
Of one, whose open hatred sought t' endanger
My haunted life; or had it been a stranger,
That wanted so much nature, to deny
The doing of a common courtesie;
Nay, had it been a friend that had deceiv'd me,
An ordinary friend, it ne'r had griev'd me:
But thou, even thou, my bejona-friend, that art
The only joy of my deceived heart;
Nay thou, whose honey-dropping lips so often
Did plead thy undisssembled love, and soften
My dear affection, which could never yield
To easier terms, by thee to be beguil'd?
How often hast thou mockt my slender suit
With forged falsehood? hadst thou been but mute,
I ne'r had hop'd! but being fairly led
Towards my prompt desires, which were fed
With my false hopes, and thy false hearted tongue,
And then beguil'd? I hold it as a wrong:
How canst thou say thou lov'st me? How can I
Think but thou hat'st me, when thy lips deny
So poor a suit? Alas, my fond desire
Had slak'd, had not denial blown the fire:

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Grant then at last, and let thy open breast
Shew that thou lov'st me, grant my fair request :
Speak, or speak not, thy Delila shall give o'r
To urge ; her lips shall never urge thee more :
To whom the yielding Lover thus betray'd
His heart, being tortur'd unto death, and said ;

My Dear, my Delila ; I cannot stand
Against so sweet a pleader, in thy hand
I here intrust, and to thy breast impart
Thy Sampson's life, and secrets of his heart ;
Know then my Delila, that I was born
A Nazarite ; those locks were never shorn ;
No Razor yet came e'r upon my crown ;
There lies my strength, with them my strength is gone :
Were they but shaven, my Delila ; O, then
Thy Sampson should be weak, as other men ;

No sooner had he spoken, but he spread
His body on the floor, his drowzy head,
He pillow'd on her lap, until, at last
He fell into a sleep ; and being fast,
She clipt his locks from off his careless head,
And beckning the Philistians in, she said ;
Sampson awake ; take strength and courage on thee ;
Sampson arise, the Philistines are on thee
Even as a Dove, whose wings are clipt for flying,
Flutters her Idle stumps, and still's relying
Upon her wonted refuge, strives in vain,
To quit her life from danger, and attain
The freedom of her air-dividing plumes ;
She struggles often, and she oft presumes
To take the Sanctuary of the open fields ;
But, finding that her hopes are vain, she yields :
Even so poor Sampson (frighted at the sound,
That rouz'd him from his rest) forsook the ground ;
Perceiving the Philistians there at hand
To take him pris'ner he began to stand
Upon his wonted guard ; his threatening breath
Brings forth the Prologue to their following death :
He rouz'd himself, and like a Lion, shook
His drowzy limbs, and with a cloudy look,
(Foretelling

(Fortelling boistrous and tempestuous weather)
 Desi'd each one, desi'd them all together,
 Now when he came to grapple, he upheav'd
 His mighty hand, but now (alas bereav'd
 Of wonted power) that confounding arm
 (That could no less than murder) did no harm;
 Blow was exchang'd for blow, and wound for wound;
 He that of late disdain'd to give ground,
 Flies back apace, who lately stain'd the field
 With conquer'd blood, does now begin to yield;
 He that of late brake twisted Ropes in twain
 Is bound with packthread: he that did disdain
 To fear the power of an armed Band,
 Can now walk pris'ner in a single hand:
 Thus have the treacherous *Philistines* betray'd
 Poor captive *Sampson*: *Sampson* now obey'd:
 These glowing eyes, that whirled death about,
 Where'er they view'd, their cursed hands put out,
 They led him pris'ner, and convey'd him down
 To strong wall'd *Azza* (that *Philistian* Town,
 Whose gates his shoulders lately bore away)
 There, in the common prison, did they lay
 Distressed *Sampson*, who obtain'd no meat,
 But what he purchas'd with his painful sweat:
 For every day they urg'd him to fulfil
 His twelve-hours task, at the laborious Mill:
 And when his wasted strength began to tire,
 They quicken his bare sides with whips of wire.
 Fill'd was the Town with joy and triumph: All,
 From the high Prince to th' Cocker on the stall,
 Kept holy-day whilst every voice became
 Hoarse as the Trump of news-divulging fame;
 All tongues were fill'd with shouts; and every ear
 Was grown impatient of the whisperer:
 So general was their triumph, their applause,
 That children shouted e'r they knew a cause:
 The better sort betook them to their knees,
Dagon must worship'd be; *Dagon* that frees
Both Sea and Land; *Dagon*, that did subdue
 Our common foe: *Dagon* must have his due:

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Dagon must have his praise ; must have his prize :

Dagon must have his holy Sacrifice :

Dagon has brought to our victorious hand

Proud Sampson : Dagon has redeem'd our Land .

We call to Dagon, and our Dagon hears :

Our groans are come to holy Dagon's ears :

To Dagon all renown and glory be ;

Where is there such another god as he ?

Meditat. XXII.

HOW is our story chang'd? O more than strange
Effects of so small time ! O sudden change ?
Is this that holy Nazarite, for whom
Heaven shew'd a miracle on the barren womb ?
Is this that holy thing, against whose birth
Angels must quit their Thrones, and visit Earth ?
Is this that blessed Infant, that began
To grow in favour so with God and man ?
What, is this he, who strengthen'd by Heavens hand
Was born a Champion to redeem the land ?
Is this that man, whose courage did contest
With a fierce Lion, grappling brest to brest ;
And in a twinkling tore him quite in sunder ?
Is this the Conqueror whose arm did thunder.
Upon the men of *Askelon*, the Power
Of whose bent Fist flew thirty in hour ?
Is this the daring Conqueror, whose hand
Thrasht the proud Philistines in their wasted Land ?
And was this He, that with the help of none,
Destroy'd a thousand with a silly Bone ?
Or he, whose wrists, being bound together, did
Break Cords like Flax, and double Ropes like Thrid ?
Is this the Man, whose hands unhing'd those Gates,
And bare them thence, with Pillars, Bars, and Grates ?

P

And

And is he turn'd a Mill-Horse now ; and blind ?
 Must this great Conqueror be forc'd to grind
 For Bread and Water ? Must this Hero spend
 His later times in drudgery ? Must he end
 His weary days in darkness ? Must his hire
 Be knotted Cords, and torturing Whips of Wire ?
 Where Heav'n withdraws, the Creatures power shakes :
 What misery's wanting there, where God forsakes ?
 Had Sampson not abus'd his borrow'd power,
 Sampson had still remain'd a Conquerour :
 The Philistines did act his part ; No doubt
 His Eyes offended, and they pluckt them out :
 Heaven will be just : He punishes a sin
 Oft in the member that he finds it in.
 When faithless Zacharias did become
 Too curious his lips were stricken dumb :
 Sampson, whose lustful view did over-prize
 Unlawful Beauty's Punisht in his eyes ;
 Those flaming eyes seduc'd his wanton mind
 To act a sin ; those eyes are stricken blind ;
 The Beauty he invaded, did invade him,
 And that fair tongue, that blest him so, betray'd him :
 That strength, intemperate lust employ'd so ill,
 Is now a driving the laborious Mill ;
 Those naked sides, so pleas'd with lusts desire,
 Are now as naked, lashed with Whips of Wire.
 Lord, should'st thou punish every part in me
 That does offend, what member would be free ?
 Each member acts his part : they never lin
 Until they joyn, and make a Body of sin :
 Make sin my burthen ; Let it never please me ;
 And thou hast promis'd, when I come, to ease me.

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THE ARGUMENT.

*They make a Feast : And then to crown
 Their mirth, blind Sampson is brought thither
 He pulls the mighty Pillars down :
 The Building falls : All slain together.*

SECT. XXIII.

THUS when the vulgar Triumph (which does last
 But seldom longer than the news) was past ;
 And Dagon's holy Altars had surceast
 To breathe their idle fumes ; they call'd a Feast,
 A common Feast ; whose bounty did bewray
 A common joy to gratulate the day ;
 Whereto the Princes, under whose command
 Each Province was, in their divided Land ;
 Whereto the Lords Lieutenants, and all those,
 To whom the Supreme Rulers did repose
 An under-trust ; whereto the better sort
 Of Gentry, and of Commons did resort,
 With Mirth, and jolly triumph, to allay
 Their sorrows, and to solemnize the day ;
 Into the common Hall they come : the Hall
 Was large and fair ; Her arched Roof was all
 Builded with massie stone, and over-laid
 With ponderous Lead : Two sturdy Pillars stay'd
 Her mighty Rafter up ; whereon rely'd
 The mighty burthen of her lofty pride
 When lusty Diet, and the frolick Cup
 Had rouz'd and rais'd their quickned spirits up,
 And brave triumphing Bacchus had displai'd
 His conquering colours in their Cheeks, they said :

Call Samson forth; he must not work to day:
 'Tis a boon Feast; we'll give him leave to play;
 Does he grind bravely? Does our Mill-horse sweat?
 Let him lack nothing; what he wants in meat,
 Supply in lashes; He is strong and stout,
 And with his breath can drive the Mill about:
 He works too hard, we fear: Go down, and free him;
 Say that his Mistress Delila would see him:
 The sight of him will make our hours short:
 Go fetch him then to make our Honours sport:
 Bid him provide some Riddles; let him bring
 Some Song of Triumph; he that's blind, may sing
 With better boldness. Bid him never doubt
 To please: what matter though his eyes be out?
 'Tis no dishonour that he cannot see;
 Tell him the God of Love's as blind as he.
 With that they brought poor Sampson to the Hall:
 And as he pass'd, he sought to find the wall;
 His pace was slow; his feet were lifted high:
 Each tongue would taunt him: every scornful eye
 Was fill'd with laughter; some would cry aloud,
 He walks in state; his Lordship is grown proud:
 Some bids his Honour, Hale, while others cast
 Reproachful terms upon him, as he pass'd:
 Some would salute him fairly, and embrace
 His wounded sides, then spit upon his Face:
 Others would cry, For shame forbear t' abuse
 The high and great Redeemer of the Jews:
 Some gibe and flout him with their taunts and quips,
 Whilst others flurt him on the starting lips:
 With that poor Sampson, whose abundant grief,
 Not finding hopes of comfort or relief,
 Resolv'd for patience: Turning round, he made
 Some shift to feel his Keeper out, and said,

Good Sir, my painful labour in the Mill
 Hath made me bold (although against my will)
 To crave some little rest; If you will please
 To let the Pillar but afford some ease
 To my worn limbs, your mercy shall relieve
 A Soul that has no more but thanks to give,

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The Keeper yielded: (Now the Hall was fill'd
With Princes, and their People that beheld
Abused Sampson; whilst the Roof retain'd
A leath of thousands more, whose eyes were chain'd
To this sad Object, with a dull delight,
To see this flesh and blood-relent'g sight)
With that the Pris'ner turn'd himself and pray'd
So soft that none but Heaven could hear, and said,

My God, my God: Although my sins do cry
For greater vengeance, yet thy gracious eye
Is full of mercy; O, remember now
The gentle Promise, and that sacred Vow
Thou mad'st to faithful Abraham, and his Seed;
O hear my wounded Soul, that has less need
Of life, than mercy; Let thy tender ear
Make good thy plenteous promise now, and hear;
See, how thy curs'd enemies prevail
Above my strength: Behold, how poor and frail
My native power is, and, wanting thee,
What is there, Oh, what is there (Lord) in me?
Nor is it I that suffer: My desert
May challenge greater vengeance, if thou wert
Extream to punish: Lord, the wrong is thine;
The punishment is just, and only mine.
I am thy Champion, Lord; It is not me
They strike at; through my sides they thrust at thee;
Against thy Glory 'tis their malice lies;
They aim'd at that, when they put out these eyes;
Alas, their blood-bedabl'd hands would fly
On thee, wert thou but cloath'd in flesh, as I:
Revenge thy wrongs, Great God; O let thy hand
Redeem thy suff'ring honour, and this Land:
Lend me thy power; renew my wasted strength,
That I may fight thy Battels, and at length,
Rescue thy Glory: that my hands may do
That faithful service they were born unto;
Lend me thy power, that I may restore
Thy loss, and I will never urge thee more.
Thus having ended, both his arms he laid
Upon the Pillars of the Hall, and said;

Thus with the Philistines I resign my breath;
And let my God find Glory in my death.

And having spoke, his yielding Body strain'd
Upon those Marble Pillars, that sustain'd [fall,
The pond'rous Roof; they crackt, and, with their
Down fell the Battlements, and Roof, and all;
And with their Ruins slaughter'd at a blow
The whole Assembly; they that were below
Receiv'd their sudden deaths from those that fell
From off the top; whilst none was left to tell
The horrid shrieks that fill'd the spacious Hall,
Whose ruines were impartial, and slew all:
They fell, and with an unexpected blow,
Gave every one his Death, and Burial too.

Thus dy'd our Sampson, whose brave death has won
More honour, than his honour'd Life had done:
Thus dy'd our Conqueror, whose latest breath
Was crown'd with Conquest; triumph'd over death
Thus dy'd our Sampson, whose last drop of Blood
Redeem'd Heav'n's Glory, and his Kingdom's Good:
Thus dy'd Heav'n's Champion, and the earth's bright
The heavenly Subject of this sacred Story - [Glory,
And thus th' impartial hand of Death, that gathers
All to the Grave, repos'd him with his Fathers;
Whose name shall flourish, and be still in prime,
In spite of ruine, or the Teeth of Time;
Whose fame shall last, till Heaven shall please to free
This Earth from sin, and time shall cease to be.

Meditat. XXIII.

W Ages of sin is death: The day is come,
[summ
Wherein the equal hand of death must
The several Items of Man's fading Glory,
Into the easie total of one Story:

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The brows that sweat for Kingdoms, and renown,
To glorify their Temples with a Crown;
At length grow cold, and leave their honour'd name
To flourish in th' uncertain blast of Fame:
This is the height that glorious Mortals can
Attain; this is the highest pitch of Man:
The quilted Quarters of the Earth's great Ball,
Whole unconfined limits were too small.
For his extreme Ambition to deserve,
Six Foot of length, and three of breadth must serve;
This is the highest pitch that man can flye;
And after all his Triumph, he must dye.

Lives he in wealth? Does well deserved store
Limit his wish, that he can wish no more?
And does the fairest bounty of encrease
Crown him with plenty, and his Days with Peace?
It is a right-hand Blessing: But supply
Of wealth cannot secure him; he must dye.

Lives he in Pleasure? Does perpetual mirth
Lend him a little Heaven upon this Earth?
Meets he no sullen care, no sudden loss
To cool his joys? Breathes he without a cross?
Wants he no pleasure that his wanton eye
Can crave or hope from Fortune? He must dye.

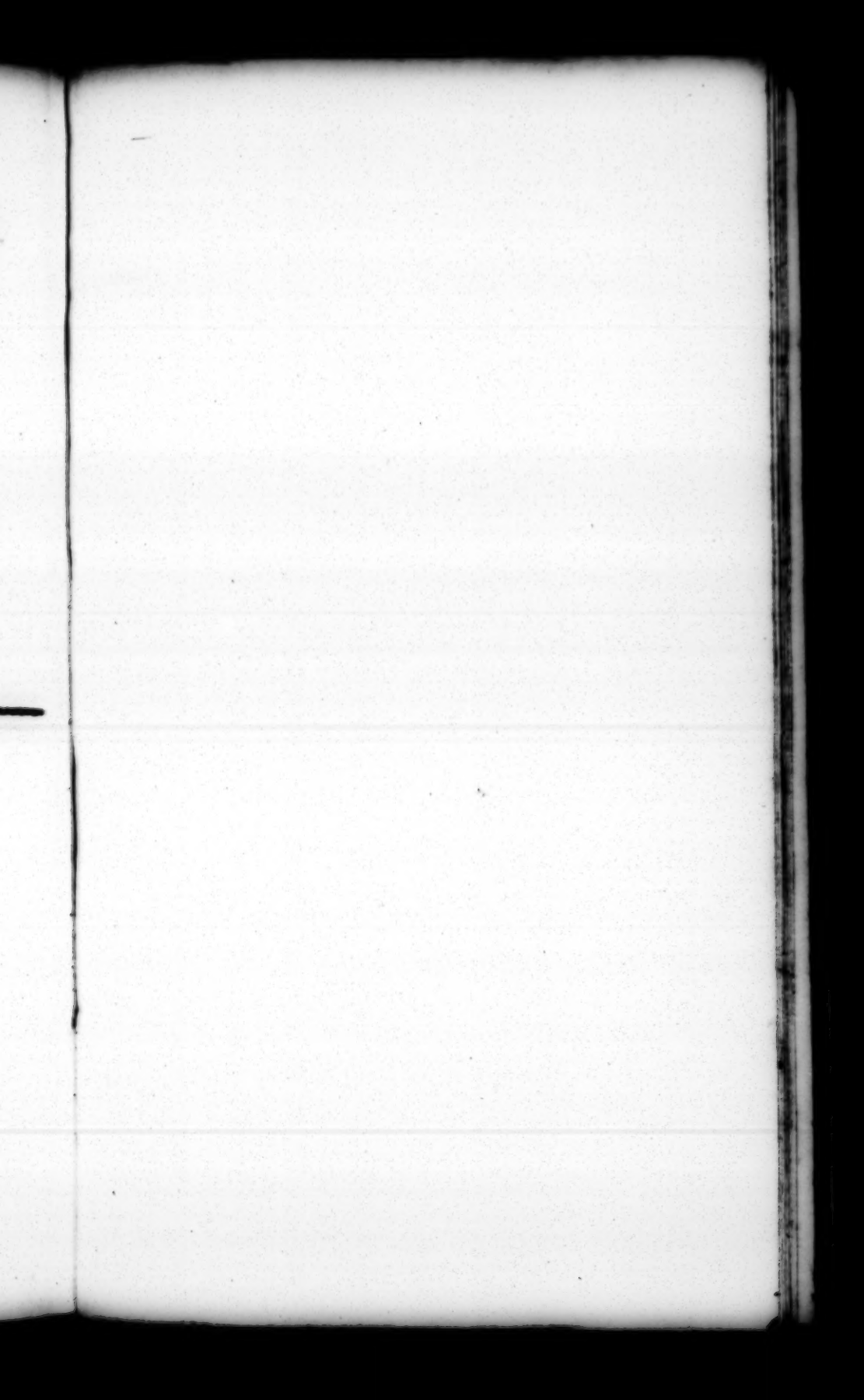
Lives he in Honour? hath his fair desert
Obtain'd the freedom of his Prince's heart?
Or may his more familiar hands disburse
His liberal favours from the Royal Purse?
Alas, his Honour cannot soar too high
For pale-fac'd Death to follow: He must die.

Lives he a Conqueror? And doth Heaven bless
His heart with spirit; that spirit with success;
Success, with Glory; Glory with a Name,
To live with the Eternity of Fame?
The progress of his lasting Fame may vie
With time; But yet the Conqueror must die.

Great and good God: Thou Lord of Life and
In whom the Creature hath his being, breath;

Teach me to under-prize this Life, and I
Shall find my loss the easier when I dye ;
So raise my feeble thoughts, and dull desire,
That when these vain and weary days expire,
I may discard my flesh with joy, and quit
My better part of this false Earth ; and it
Of me more sin ; and for this transitory
And tedious life, enjoy a life of Glory.

The End.



Resist the Devill, etc. *James 4*
For if ye live after the flesh
ye shall die: *Rom: 8. 13.*



Devill. Soul. Flesh

For their worm shall not die
neither shall their fire be quenched. *Ysaiah 66. 24.*



The Holy Jerusalem had
no need of the Sun etc: for
the glory of God did lighten it: *Revelation 21. 23.*



And he shall send his Angels
with a great sound of a Trumpet
Mat: 24. 31.



I will deliver my flock. *Ezekiel 34. 31.*

before Sions Sonnets

S I O N S

SONETS:

SUNG BY

SOLOMON

THE

KING.

AND

PARAPHRAS'D

By **FRANCIS QUARLES:**

T O . T H E

R E A D E R S .

Readers, now you have them, may
 the end of my Pains be the be-
 ginning of your Pleasures. Ex-
 cuse me for soaring so high, else
 give me leave to excuse my self; Indeed
 I flew with Eagle's Feathers, otherwise I
 had not flown, or faln. It is the Song of
 Songs, I here present you with: The Au-
 thor, King SOLOMON, the wisest
 of Kings; The matter Mystical, the
 divinest of subjects; The Speakers;
 CHRIST, the Bride-Groom; the
 CHURCH, the Bride; The end to
 invite you all to the Wedding.

Farewel

A N

A N

EPITHALME

T O T H E

BRIDE-GROOM.

HOsanna to the Highest, Joy betide
 The Heavenly Bride-Groom, and his Holy Bride;
 Let Heaven above be fill'd with Songs,
 Let Earth triumph below;
 For ever silent be those tongues,
 That can be silent now.

You Rocks, and Stones, I charge you all to break
 Your stinty silence, if men cease to speak:
 You that profess the sacred Art,
 Or now, or never shew it,
 Plead not your Muse is out of heart,
 Here's that creates a Poet.

Be ravish'd Earth to see this Contrast ariven,
 'Twixt sinful Man, and reconciled Heaven.
 Dismount you Quire of Angels; come,
 With Man, your joys divide;
 Heaven never shew'd so sweet a Groom,
 Nor Earth so fair a Bride,

S T O N S

SIONS SONETS.

BRIDE, SONET I.

[1.]

O That the bounty of those lips Divine
 Would seal those favours on these lips of mine,
 That by those welcome * kisses I might see
 The mutual love betwixt my Love and me !
 For truer blifs no wordly joys allows,
 Than sacred Kisses from so sweet a Spouse,
 With which no earthly pleasure may compare,
 Rich Wines are not so delicate as they're.

* *Sensible Graces.*

[2.]

NOR Myrrh, nor Cassia, nor the choice perfumes
 Of unctious Nard, or Aromatick Fumes
 Of hot *Arabia*, do enrich the Air
 With more delicious sweetness, than the fair
 Reports, that crown the merits of thy Name
 With heaven'y Lawrels of eternal Fame ;
 Which makes the * Virgins fix their eyes upon thee,
 And all that view thee, are enamoured on thee.

* *Pure in heart.*

[3]

O Let the beauty of thy Sun-like Face
 In flame my Soul, and let thy Glory chase
 Disloyal thoughts : let not the World allure
 My chaste desires from a Spouse so pure :

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But when as time shall place me on thy * Throne,
My fears shall cease, and interrupt by none
I shall transcend the stile of Transitory,
And full of Glory, still be fill'd with Glory,

* *The Kingdom of Heaven.*

[4.]

BUT you, my curious (and too nice) allies,
That view my fortunes with too narrow eyes,
You say my face is * black and foul; 'tis true;
I'm beauteous to my Love, though black to you;
My censure stands not upon your esteem,
He sees me, as I * am; you, as I seem;
You see the Clouds, but he discerns the Sky;
Know 'tis my † flesh that looks so black, not I.

* *Through apparent infirmities. † Glorious in him. * Weakness of the Flesh.*

[5.]

WHAT if Afflictions do dis-imblish
My natural Glory, and deny the relish
Of my adjourned Beauty, yet disdain not
Her, by whose necessary loss, you gain not;
I was inforc'd to † swelter in the Sun,
And † keep a Strangers Vine, lest mine alone:
I left my own, and kept a Strangers Vine;
The fault was * mine, but was * not only mine.

* *Afflictions. † Forced to Idolatrous superstitions. * By reason of my weakness. * Being seduced by false Prophecs*

[6.]

O Thou, whose love I prize above my life,
More worthy far t'enjoy a fairer wife,
Tell me, to what cool shade dost thou resort?
Where graze thy Sheep, where do thy Lambs disport
Free from the scorching of this * soultry weather?
O tell thy Love and let thy Love come thither:
Say (gentle Shepherd) fits it thee to cherish
Thy private Flocks, and let thy true Love † perish?

* *Persecutions. † By Idolatry.*

BRIDE.

BRIDE-GROOM.

SONET II.

I Lustrious *Bride* ; more radiant and more * bright,
 Than th'eye of Noon, thrice fairer than the light ;
 Thou dearest off-spring of my dying blood,
 And treasure of my soul, why hast thou stood
 Parching so long in those ambitious Beams ?
 Come, come, and cool thee in these silver † streams,
 Unshade thy face, cast back those golden Locks,
 And I will make thee * Mistress of my Flocks.

* *Thro' my merits, and thy Sanctification.* † *The Doctrine*
of the true Prophets. * *Teacher of my Congregation:*

[2.]

O Thou the Center of my choice desires,
 In whom I rest, in whom my Soul respire ;
 Thou art the flower of Beauty, and I prize thee
 Above the World, howe'r the World despise thee :
 The blind imagine all things black by kind,
 Thou art as beautiful, as they are blind :
 And as the fairest Troops of *Pharaoh's* Steeds
 Exceed the rest, so Thou the rest exceeds.

[3.]

THY * Cheeks (the garden where fresh Beauty
 Her choicest flowers) no adorning wants [plants
 There wants no relish of † Diviner Grace,
 To summ compleariness in so sweet a face ;
 Thy neck is without blemish, without blot,
 Than Pearls more orient, clear from stain or spot ;
 Thy Gems and Jewels full of curious Art.
 Imply the sacred treasures of thy heart.

* *Thy most visible parts.* † *Sanctification.*

[4.]

THE Sun-bright Glory of thy resounding Fame
 Adds Glory to the Glory of thy Name.

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The more's thy honour Love, the more thou striv'st
 To honour me; thou gainest what thou giv'st:
 My Father (whom our Contract hath made thine)
 Will give thee large endowments of * Divine,
 And everlasting Treasure; Thus by me
 Thou shalt be rich, that am thus rich in thee.

**The riches of his holy Spirit.*

BRIDE.

SONET III.

[1.]

OH, how my Soul is raviſht with the joys (voice!)
 That ſpring like *Fountains* from my true-Loves
 How cordial are his Lips! how ſweet his Tongue!
 Each word he breaths, is like a melodious Song;
 He abſent, ah! how is my glory dim!
 I have no beauty not deriv'd from Him;
 What e'r I have, from him alone I have,
 And he takes pleaſure in thoſe Gifts he gave.

[2.]

AS fragrant Myrrh, within, the boſom hid,
 Scents more delicious than (before) it did,
 And yet receives no ſweetneſs from that breaſt,
 That proves the ſweeter for ſo ſweet a Gueſt:
 Even ſo the favour of my deareſt Spouſe,
 Thus priz'd and placed in my heart, endows
 My ardent Soul with ſweetneſs, and inſpires
 With heavenly raviſhment, my rapt deſires.

[3.]

WH O ever ſmelt the breath of morning flowers,
 New ſweetned with the daſh of twilight ſhow-
 Of pounded Amber, or the ſlowring Thyme, (ers,
 Of purple Violets in their proudeſt prime,
 Or ſwelling Cluſters from the Cypreſs Tree?
 So ſweet's my Love; I, far more ſweet is he.

So

So fair, so sweet that Heavens bright eye is dim,
And Flowers have no scent compar'd with him.

BRIDE-GROOM.

SONET IV.

O Thou the joys of my sufficed heart, [art;
The more thou think'st me fair, the more thou
Look in the Crystal mirrours of mine eyes,
And view thy beauty, there thy beauty lies;
See there th' unmated Glory of thy Face,
Well mixt with spirit and Divineſt Grace;
The eyes of Doves are not so fair, * as thine;
O how those eyes inflame these eyes of mine!

* *The holy Prophets.*

BRIDE.

SONET V.

Most radiant and refulgent Lamp of Light,
Whose mid-day Beauty yet ne'r found anight,
'Tis thou, 'tis only thou art fair; from Thee
Reflect those * Rays that have enlign'd me,
And as bright *Cynthia's* borrow'd Beams do shine
From *Titan's* Glory, so do I from thine;
So daily flourishes our fresh delight,
I daily giving † and receiving light.

* *Thy holy Spirit.* † *In giving grace and receiving glory.*

[2.]

NOR does thy Glory shine to me alone:
What place wherein thy Glory hath not shone?
But O, how fragrant, with rich odour, smells
That * sacred house, where thou my true loved wells!
Nor is it strange: How can those places be
But fill'd with sweetness, if possess with thee!

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My heart's a Heaven, for thou art in that heart ;
 Thy presence makes a Heaven, where-e'r thou art.
** The Congregation of Saints.*

BRIDE-GROOM.

SONET VI.

THOU Sovereign Lady of my select desires,
 I, I am he, whom thy chaste Soul admires :
 The Rose for smell, the Lilly to the eye,
 Is not so sweet, is not so fair as I :
 My veiled Beauty's not the glorious prize
 Of * common sight : † within, my beauty lies :
 Yet ne'rtheless my Glory were but small,
 If I should want to honour thee withal.

** Not in outward glory. † Inward Graces.*

[2.]

NOR do I boast my excellence alone;
 But thine (dear Spouse) as whom the world
 So true to faith, so pure in love, as whom [hath none]
 Gives not a Bride, so fits so chaste a Groom :
 And as the fairest Lilly doth exceed
 The fruitless Bramble, or the foulest Weed,
 So far (my Love) doth thou exceed the rest,
 In perfect Beauty of a loyal Brest.

BRIDE.

SONET VII.

LOOK how the fruitful Tree (whose laden boughs
 With swelling pride, crown Autumns smiling
 Surpasses idle shrubs, even so in worth [brows]
 My love transcends the worthies of the Earth :
 He was my shore in shipwrack ; and my shelter,
 In storms ; my shade, when I began to swelter :
 If hungry, he was food ; and if oppress'd
 With wrongs, my Advocate ; with toil, my rest

[2.]

I Thirsted ; and full charged to the brink,
 He gave me * Bowls of Nectar for my Drink :
 And in his side he broacht me (for a sign
 Of dearest love) a Sacramental Wine ;
 He freely gave ; I freely drank my till ;
 The more I drank, the more remained still,
 Did ever Soldier to his Colours prove
 More chaste than I, to so entire a Love ?

* *The Holy Scriptures.*

[3.]

O How his Beauty sets my Soul on fire !
 My spirits languish with extream desire :
 Desires exceeding limits, are too lavish,
 And wanting means to be affected, ravish ;
 Then let thy * breath like flaggons of strong Wine,
 Relieve and comfort this poor heart of mine ;
 For I am sick, till time (that doth delay
 Our Marriage) bring our joyful Marriage Day.

* *Thy sweet Promises.*

[4.]

Till then, O let my dearest Lord, by whom
 These pleasing plaints of my sweet sorrows
 Perform his Vows, and with his due resort, [come
 Bless me ; to make the fullen time seem short :
 In his sweet Presence may I still be blest,
 Debarr'd from whom my Soul can find no rest.
 O let all times be prosp'rous, and all places
 Be witness to our undefil'd Embraces.

[5.]

ALL you, whose seeming favours have possess
 The true affection of a loyal brest,
 I charge you all by the true love you bear
 To friendship, or what else you count most dear ;
 * Disturb ye not my Love ; O do not 'rieve
 Him of his joys, that is so apt to grieve ;

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Dare not to break his quiet slumbers, lest
You rouse a raging Lion from his rest.

* *Vex not his Spirit with your sins.*

[6.]

HArk, hark, I hear that thrice celestial voice,
Wherein my Spirits, rapt with joys rejoice;
A voice that tells me, my Beloved's nigh;
I know the Musick by the Majesty.
Behold, he comes; 'Tis not my *blemisht face
Can slack the swiftnes of his winged pace;
Behold, he comes; His Trumpet doth proclaim,
He comes with speed; A truer Love ne'r came.

* *The imperfections of my present estate.*

[7]

BEhold the swiftnes of his nimble feet:
The Ro-buck and the Hart were ne'r so fleet;
The word I spake flew not so speedy from me,
As he, the treasure of my soul, comes to me:
He stands behind my wall, as if in doubt
Of welcome; Ah, this * wall debars him out,
O how injurious is the wall of sin,
That bars my Lover out, and bolts me in!

* *The weakness of my flesh.*

The BRIDE in the Person of the BRIDE-GROOM.

SONET VIII.

HArk, hark, methinks I hear my true Love say,
Break down that envious Bar, and come away;
Arise, my dearest Spouse) and dispossess
Thy soul of doubtful fears, nor over-press
Thy tender spirits, with the dull despair
Of thy demerits; (Love) thou art as fair,
As earth will suffer: Time will make thee clearer;
[dearer.
Come forth, my Love, than whom my life's not

Come.

[2.]

Come forth, my Joy, what bold affront of fear
 Can fright thy Soul, and I, thy Champion here?
 'Tis I that call, 'tis I, thy Bridegroom calls thee:
 Betide it me, what ever evil befalls thee:
 The winter of thy sharp affliction's gone:
 Why fear'st thou cold, and art so near the Sun?
 I am thy Sun, if thou be cold, draw nearer! [dearer:
 Come forth, my Love, than whom my life's not

[3.]

[thee,

Come forth, my Dear, the spring of joys invite
 The * flowers contend for beauty to delight
 Their sweet ambition's only, which might be [thee;
 Most Sweet, most Fair, because most like to thee:
 The † Birds (sweet Heralds of so sweet a Spring)
 Warble high notes, and *Hymeneans* sing:
 All sing with joy, t'enjoy so sweet a Hearer:
 Come forth, my Love, than whom my life's not
 * *The Elect.* † *Angels.* [dearer.

[4.]

[did plant

THE prosperous * Vine, which this dear hand
 Tenders due service to so sweet a Saint:
 Her hidden Clusters swell with sacred pride,
 To † kiss the lips of so, so fair a Bride;
 Masqu'd in their leaves, they lurk, fearing to be
 Descry'd by any, till first seen by thee:
 The Clouds are past, the Heaven cannot be clearer;

[dearer.

Come forth, dear Love) than whom my life's not
 * *The Congregation of the Faithful.* † *To offer up the*
fruits of obedience.

[5.]

[shifts,

MY Dove whom daily * dangers teach new
 That like a Dove dost haunt the secret cliffs
 Of solitary Rocks: Howe'r thou be
 Reserv'd from others, be not strange to me.

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Call me to rescue, and his brawny Arm
 Shall quell thy Foe, and fence thy soul from harm;
 Speak, Love: Thy voice is sweet; what if thy face
 Be drencht with tears? each tear's a several grace.

* *Persecutions.*

[6.]

ALL you that with prosperity and peace,
 To crown our Contract with a long increase
 Of future joys, O shield my simple Love
 From those that seek her ruine, and remove
 The base Opposers of her best designs;
 Destroy the Foxes, that destroy her Vines.
 Her Vines are fruitful, but her tender Grapes
 Are spoil'd by Foxes, clad in humane shapes

The BRIDE in her own Person.

SONET IX.

What greater joy can blefs my soul, than this.
 That my Beloved's mine, and I am his
 Our souls are knit, the world cannot untwine
 The joyful union of his heart, and mine;
 In him I live; in him my soul's possesst
 With heavenly solace, and eternal rest:
 Heaven only knows the blifs my soul enjoys.
 Fond earth's too dull to apprehend such joys,

[2]

THOU sweet perfection of my full delights,
 Till that bright * Day, devoted to the Rites
 Of our solemniz'd Nuptials, shall come,
 Come live with me, and make this heart thy home.
 Disdain me not: Although my face appear
 Deform'd and bloody, yet my heart is † clear:
 Make haste: Let not the swift-foot Ro-buck flee
 The following Hound so fast, as thou to me.

* *The Day of Judgment.* † *By Sanctification.*

[3.]

I Thought my Love had taken up his rest
 Within the * secret Cabin of my Breast,
 I thought the closed Curtains did immure
 His gentle slumbers, but was too secure :
 For (driven with love to the false Bed) I † slept,
 To view his slumbring beauty, as he slept,
 But he was gone, yet plainly there was seen
 The curious dint, where he had lately been.

* In my Soul. † By strict Examination.

[4.]

Impatient of his absence, thus bereaven
 Of him, than whom I had no other Heaven,
 I rav'd a while; not able to digest
 So great a loss, to lose so fair a Guest :
 I left no path untrac'd, no * place unsought ;
 No secret Cell unsearcht ; no way unthought ;
 I ask'd the shade, but shadows could not hide him.
 I ask'd the world, but all the world deny'd him.

* Among the wisest Worldlings.

[5.]

MY zealous Love, distemper'd with distraction,
 Made fierce with fear, unapt for satisfaction,
 Applies fresh fuel to my flaming fires,
 With Eagles wings supplies my quick desires :
 Up to the walls I trampled, where I spy'd
 The * City Watch, to whom with tears I cry'd,
 Ah gentle Watchmen, you aloft descry
 What's dark to us, did not my Love pass by ?

* The Ministers of the Word.

[6.]

[ground

AT length when dull despair had gain'd the
 Of tired hopes, my Faith fell in a frownd ;
 But he whose sympathizing heart did find
 The tyrant passion of my troubled mind,

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Forthwith appear'd : What Angels tongue can let
The world conceive our pleasures, when we met ?
And till the joys of our espoused hearts
Be made * compleat, the world ne'r more shall part's

* *At the Resurrection.*

BRIDE-GROOM:

SONET X.

NOW rests my Love : till now, her tender brest
Wanting her joy, could find no peace, no rest ;
I charge you all by the true love you bear
To friendship, or what else you count most dear,
Disturb her not, but let her sleep her fill,
I charge you all, upon your lives, be still :
O may that labouring Soul, that lives opprest
For me; in me, receive eternal rest.

[2.]

WHat curious face is this ? what mortal birth
Can shew a beauty, thus * unstain'd with
What glorious Angel wanders thus, alone, [earth ?
From earth's foul Dungeon, to my Father's Throne!
It is my Love; my Love that hath deny'd
The world for me ; It is my fairest Bride :
How fragrant is her breath ! How heavenly fair
Her Angel face ! each glorifying the Air.

* *Through sanctification by merits.*

BRIDE.

SONET XI.

O How I'm ravisht with * eternal bliss !
Who e'r thought Heaven a joy compar'd to
How do the pleasures of this glorious Face [thee ?
Add glory to the glory of this place ! [ours,
See how Kings Courts surmount poor Shepherds
So this, the pride of Solomon excels ;

Rich

Rich wreaths of glory crown his Royal Head,
And Troops of Angels wait upon his Bed.

* By Heavenly Contemplation.

[2.]

THE Court of Princely *Solomon* was guarded
With able men at Arms ; their faith rewarded
With fading honours, subject to the Fate
Of Fortune, and the jealous frowns of State :
But here th' harmonious Quire of heaven attend,
Whose prize is Glory, Glory without end,
Unmixt with doubtings, or degenerate fear !
A greater Prince, than *Solomon*, is here !

[3.]

THE Bridal Bed of Princely *Solomon*,
(Whose beauty amaz'd the greedy lookerson)
Which all the world admired to behold,
Was but of Cedar, and her Bed of Gold ;
Her Pillars Silver, and her Canopy
Of silks, but richly stain'd with purple dye :
Her Curtains wrought in works, works rarely red
By th' Needles art, such was the Bridal Bed.

[4.]

Such was the Bridal Bed, which Time or Age
Durst never warrant from th' opprobrious rage
Of envious Fate ; Earth's measure's but a minute ;
Earth fades ; all fades upon it ; all within it.
O, but the Glory of this Diviner Place
No Age can injure, nor yet Time deface :
Too weak an object, for weak eyes to 'bide,
Or tongues t' express : who ever saw't, but dy'd ?

[5.]

WH O e'r beheld the Royal Crown set on
The Nuptial Brows of Princely *Solomon* ?
His glorious pomp, whose honour did display
The noised triumphs of his Marriage day ?

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A greater Prince than *Solomon* is here,
The beauty of whose Nuptial shall appear
More glorious, far transcending his, as far
As Heavens bright lamp outshines th' obscurest Star.

BRIDE-GROOM.

SONET XII.

HOW orient is thy * Beauty ! How Divine !
How dark's the glory of the earth, to thine !
Thy veiled † eyes outshine the Heavens great light,
Unconquer'd by the shady Clouds of Night ;
Thy curious || Tresses dangle, all unbound,
With unaffected order to the ground :
How orient is thy Beauty ! How Divine !
How dark's the glory of the earth to thine !

* *Through the gifts of my Spirit.* † *The modesty and purity of thy Judgments.* || *Ornaments of necessary Ceremonies.*

[2.]

TH Y Ivory * Teeth in whiteness do out go
The Down of Swans, or winters driving Snow ;
Whose even proportions lively represent
Th' harmonious Musick of unite consent ;
Whose perfect whiteness Time could never blot ;
Nor Age (the Cancer of destruction) rot.
How often is thy Beauty ! How Divine !
How dark's the glory of the earth to thine !

* *Sincere Ministers.*

[3.]

TH E ruby portals of thy ballanc'd * words
Send forth a welcome relish, which affords)
A Heaven of blis, and makes the earth rejoice,
To hear the Accent of thy heavenly voice ;
The † maiden-blushes of thy Cheeks proclaim
A shame of guilt, but not a guilt of shame.
How orient is thy Beauty ! How Divine !
How dark's the glory of the earth to thine !

* *Doctrine of thy holy Prophets.* † *Modest graces of thy Spirit.*

Q

[4.]

[4.]

THY Neck (unbeautifi'd with borrowed Grace)
 Is whiter than the Lillies of thy face,
 If whiter may; for beauty and for power,
 'Tis like the Glory of *David's Princely Tower*:
 What Vassal Spirit could despair or faint,
 Finding protection from so sure a Saint?
 How orient is thy beauty how Divine!
 How dark's the glory of the earth to thine!

* *Magistrates.*

[5.]

THE dear-bought Fruit of that forbidden Tree
 Was not so dainty as the Apples be,
 These curious Apples of thy snowy * Breasts,
 Wherein a Paradise of pleasure rests;
 They breath such life into the raviht † Eye,
 That the inflam'd Beholder cannot || dye.
 How dark's the glory of the earth to thine!

* *The Old and New Testament.* † *The sanctified and
 zealous Reader.* || *The second death.*

[6.]

MY dearest Spouse, I'll * hye me to my home,
 And till that long expected † Day shall come,
 The light whereof shall chase the night that shroude
 Thy veiled beauty in these envious || Clouds;
 Till then, I go, and in my Throne, provide
 A glorious welcome for my fairest Bride;
 Chaplets of conqu'ring Palm, and Lawrel Boughs
 Shall crown thy Temples, and adorn thy Brows.

* *I will withdraw my bodily presence.* † *The Day of Judg-
 ment.* || *Infirmities of the flesh.*

[7.]

Would beauty fain be flatter'd with a grace
 She never had? May she behold thy face:
 Envy would hurt, had she no other task
 Than to behold this face without a mask;

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No spot, no venial blemish could she find,
To feed the Ermine of her rancorous mind ;
Thou art the flower of Beauties Crown, and they're
Much worse than soul, that think thee less than fair.

[8.]

Fear not (my Love) for when those sacred bands
Of wedlock shall conjoyn our promis'd hands,
I'll come and quit thee from this tedious * place,
Where thou art forc'd to sojourn for a space ;
No foreign angle of the utmost Lands,
No Seas Abyss shall hide thee from my hands;
No night shall shade thee from my curious eye,
I'll rouse the Graves, although grim Death stand by.

* This vale of misery.

[9]

Illustrious Beams shot from thy flaming * eye,
Made fierce with zeal, and sovereign Majesty
Have scorcht my soul, and like a fiery Dart
Transfixt the Center of my wounded heart ;
The Virgin sweetness of thy heavenly grace
Had made mine eyes glad Pris'ners to thy face ;
The beauty of thine eye-balls hath bereft
Me of my heart : O sweet, O sacred theft !

* The eye of faith.

[10.]

O Thou the dear Inflamer of mine eyes,
Life of my soul, and hearts eternal prize.
How delectable is thy Love ! How pure !
How apt to ravish, able to allure
A frozen Soul ; and with thy secret fire,
T'afflict dull spirits with extream desire !
How do thy joys (though in their greatest dearth)
Transcend the proudest pleasures of the Earth !

[11.]

[treasures

TH Y lips (my dearest Spouse) are the full
Of * sacred Poesie, whose heavenly measures
Ravish with joy the willing heart that hears,
But strikes a deafness in rebellious ears :

Q 2

Thy

Thy words, like milk and honey, do requite
The season'd Soul with profit and delight!
Heavens higher Palace, and these lower places
Of dungeon-earth are sweetned with thy Graces.

* Divine Harmony,

[12.]

MY Love is like a Garden, full of flowers,
Whose Sunny Banks, and choice of shady bow.
Give change of pleasures, pleasures wall'd about [ers
With armed Angels, to keep ruine out ;
And from her * Breasts († enclosed from the ill
Of looser eyes) pure || Crystal Drops distil:
The fruitful sweetnels of whose gentle showers
Enrich her flowers with beauty ; Banks with flowers.

* The two Testaments. † Riddles to prophane Readers.

|| Celestial Comforts.

[13.]

MY Love is like a Paradise beset [yet
With rarest gifts, whose fruits (but tender
The world ne'r tasted ; dainties far more rare
Than Edens tempting Apple, and more fair ;
Myrh, Aloes, Incense, and the Cypress Tree
Can boast no sweetnels, but is breath'd from thee:
Dainties for taste, and flowers for the smell
Spring all from thee, whose sweets all sweets excel.

BRIDE.

SONET. XIII.

O Thou (my Dear) whose sweets all sweets excel,
From whom my fruits receive their taste, their
How can my thriving * plants refuse to grow [smell.
Thus quickned with so sweet a † Sun as thou ?
How can my flowers, which thy Ewers nourish
With show'rs of living water, chuse but flourish ?
O, thou the spring, from whence these waters burst,
Did ever any taste thy streams, and thirst ?

* The faithful. † The Sun of Righteousness.

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[2.]

A M I a Garden? May my flowrs be
 So highly honour'd to be smelt by thee;
 Inspire them with thy sacred breath, and then
 Receive from them thy borrow'd breath, agen.
 Frequent thy Gardens, whose rare fruit invites
 Thy welcome presence, to his choice delights;
 Taste where thou list, and take thy full repast,
 Here's that will please thy smell, thine eye, thy taste

BRIDE-GROOM.

SONET XIV.

T Hou sacred Center of my soul, in whom
 I rest, behold thy wisht for Love is come
 Refresh't with thy delights, I have repast'd
 Upon thy * pleasures; my full soul hath tast'd
 Thy † rip'ned dainties, and hath freely been
 Pleas'd with those ‖ fruits, that are (as yet) but green:
 All you that love the honour of my Bride,
 Come taste her Vineyards, and be Deifi'd.

* Obedience. † Strong works of faith. ‖ The new fruits
 of the Spirit.

BRIDE.

SONET XV.

IT was a * night, a night as dark, as foul
 As that black Errour that entranc'd my soul,
 When as my best Beloved came and knockt
 At my dull † Gates, too too securely lockt:
 Unbolt (said he) these ‖ churlish doors (my Dove)
 Let not false slumbers bribe thee from thy Love;
 Hear him, that for thy gentle sake came hither,
 Long injur'd by this * nights ungentle weather,

* Too much severity. † My heart. ‖ The pleasures of the
 flesh. * Thy hard-hearted unkindness.

[2]

I Heard the voice, but the perfidious pleasure
Of my sweet slumbers could not find the leisure
To ope my drowzy doors; my spirit could speak
Words fair enough; but ah, my flesh was weak,
And fond excuses taught me to betray
My sacred Vows to a secure delay.
Perfidious slumbers, how have you the might
To blind true pleasures with a false delight!

[3.]

WHen as my Love, with oft repeated knocks
Could not avail, shaking his dewy locks,
Highly displeas'd, he could no longer 'bide
My slight neglect, but went away deni'd;
No sooner gone, but my dull soul discern'd
Her drowzy error; my griev'd spirit * yearn'd
To find him out; these seiled eyes that slept
So soundly fast, awak'd, much faster wept.

* *Repented.*

[4.]

THus rais'd and rous'd from my deceitful rest
I op'd my Doors, where my departed Guest
Had been; I thrust the churlish Portals from me,
That so deni'd my dearest Bridegroom to me;
But when I smelt of my returned hand,
My soul was rapt my powers all did stand
Amaz'd at the * sweetness they did find,
Which my neglected Love had left behind.

* *The sweetness of his Grace.*

[5.]

I Op'd my Door, my Myrrh-distilling Door,
But ah! my Guest was gone, had given me o'r:
What curious Pen, what Artist can define
A mateless sorrow? Such, ah, such was mine!
Doubts, and despair had of my life depriv'd me;
Had not strong hope of his return reviv'd me;

I

I thought, but he refused to appear ;
I call'd, but he would not be heard, nor hear,

[6.]

THUS with the tyranny of grief distraught,
I rang'd around, no place I left unsought,
No ear unask'd ; * the Watchmen of the City
† Wounded my Soul, without remorse or pity
To Virgin tears : They taught my feet to stray,
Whose steps were apt enough to lose their way ;
With taunts and scorns they checkt me, and derided
And call'd me Whore, because I walkt unguided.

* False Teachers, † With their false Doctrines.

[7.]

YOU hallowed Virgins, you, whose tender hearts
E'r felt th' Impression of * Loves secret Darts,
I charge you all by the dear Faith you owe
To Virgin pureness, and your Vestal vow ;
Commend me to my Love, if e'r you meet him,
O tell him that his love-sick Spouse doth greet him :
O let him know, I languish with desire
T' enjoy that heart that sets this heart on fire.

* Divine Love.

VIRGINS.

SONET XVI.

O Thou the fairest flower of mortal birth,
If such a beauty may be born of Earth,
Angel or Virgin, which ? or both in one,
Angel by beauty, Virgin by thy mone,
Say, who is He that may deserve these tears,
These precious drops ? who is't can stop his ears
At these fair lips ? Speak, Lady, speak at large,
Who is't for whom giv'st thou so strict a charge ?

SONET XVII.

MY Love is the perfection of delight,
 Roscs, and Doves are not so red, so white;
 Unpattern'd beauty summon'd every Grace
 To the composurc of so sweet a face;
 His Body is a Heaven, for in his breast
 The perfect Essence of a God doth rest;
 The brighter eye of Heaven did never shine
 Upon another Glory, so Divine.

[2.]

HIS * head is far more glorious to behold,
 Than fruitful Ophir's oft refined Gold,
 'Tis the rich Magazine of secret treasure,
 Whence Graces spring in unconfined measure;
 His curl'd and dandling Tresses do proclaim
 A Nazarite, on whom ne'r Razor came,
 Whose Raven-black colour gives a relish.
 To that which beauty did so much imbelish.
 * His Deity. † His Humanity.

[3.]

Like to the eyes of Doves are his fair † eyes,
 Wherein stern Justice, mixt with mercy, lies;
 His eyes are simple, yet Majestical,
 In motion nimble, and yet chaste withal,
 Flaming like fire, and yet burn they not,
 Unblemisht, undistained with a spot,
 Blazing with precious beams, and to behold
 Like to rich Diamonds in a frame of Gold.
 * His Judgments and care of his Church.

[4.]

His Cheeks are like to fruitful Beds o'r-grown
 With Aromatick Flowers newly blown,
 Whose odours, beauty, please the smell, the sight,
 And doubling pleasures double the delight :

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His * Lips are like a Cryſtal Spring, from whence
Flow ſweetned ſtreams of ſacred Eloquence,
Whoſe † Drops into the ear diſtill'd, do give
Life to the || Dead, true joys to * them that live.

* The diſcovery of him in his Word. † His Promiſes.
|| Thoſe that dye to ſin. * That live to righteousneſs.

[5.]

(the rings.

HIS * hands aae deckt with rings of † Gold,
With coſtly Jewels, fitting none but Kings;
Which (of themſelves though glorious, yet) receive
More glory from thoſe fingers, than they give;
His || Breasts like Ivory circled round about
With * veins, like Saphirs winding in and out,
Whoſe beauty is (though darkned from the eye)
Full of Divine and ſecret Maieſty.

* His actions. † With pureneſs. || His ſecret counſels.

* Inwardly glorious.

[6.]

HIS * Legs like pureſt marble, ſtrong and white,
Of curious ſhape (though quick) unapt for
His feet (as Gold that's oft refined) are, [flight :
Like his upright proceedings, pure and fair;
His † Poſt is Princely, and his Stature tall,
And, like the Cedar, ſtout yet ſweet withal:
O, who would not reſoſe his life, his bliſs,
Upon a Baſe ſo fair, ſo firm as this!

⌞ * His ways conſtant, firm, and pure. † His whole courage.

[7.]

HIS mouth! but ſtay, what need my lips be laſiſh
In choice of words, when one alone will raviſh?
But ſhall, in brief, my ruder tongue diſcover
The ſpeaking Image of my aſſent Lover?
Let then the curious hand of Art refine
The race of Vertues Moral, and Divine,
From whence, by Heaven let there extracted be
A perfect Quinteſſence; even ſuch is He.

SONET XVIII.

THrice fairer than the fairest, whose sad tears
 And smiling words have charm'd our eyes, our
 Say, whither is this prize of beauty gone, (ears,
 More fair than kind, to let thee weed alone?
 Thy tempting lips have wet our dull desire,
 And till we see him, we are all on fire:
 We'll find him out, if thou wilt be our Guide:
 The next way to the Bridegroom is the * Bride.
** The Church is the way to Christ.*

BRIDE.

SONET XIX.

IF errorr led not my dull thoughts amiss,
 My Genius tells me where my true Love is;
 He's busie labring on his * flowry Banks,
 † Inspiring sweetness, and ‖ receiving thanks,
 Watring those Plants whose tender roots are * dry,
 And pruning such whose crests aspire † too high,
 Transplanting, Grafting, Reaping Fruits from some,
 And covering others that are ‖ newly come.
** Congregation of the faithful. † Giving Graces. ‖ Receiving Glory. * Despairing Souls, † Not yet thoroughly humbled. ‖ Strengthening the weak in spirit.*

[2.]

WHat if the frailty of my feebler part
 Lockt up the Portals of my drowzy heart?
 He knows, the weakness of the flesh incumbers
 Th' unwilling spirit, with sense-bereaving slumbers
 My hopes assure me, in despite of this,
 That my Beloved's mine, and I am his:
 My hopes are firm (which time shall ne'r remove)
 That he is mine, by faith; I, his by love.

Bride-groom.

BRIDE-GROOM

SONET XX.

THY timely grief (my tears-baptized Love ;
Compels mine ears to hear thy tears to move)
Thy blubber'd beauty to mine eye appears
More bright than 'twas: such is the strength of tears
Beauty and Terroure meeting in thine eye,
Have made thy face the Throne of Majesty,
Whose awful Beams, the proudest heart will move
To love for fear, until it fear for love.

* *The force of repentance.*

[2.]

Represents those flames, that furnace from that eye,
They ravish with too bright a tyranny :
Thy fires are too too fierce : O turn them from me
They pierce my soul, and with their rays o'come me,
Thy curious † Tresses dangle, all unbound
With unaffected order, to the ground :
How orient is thy beauty ! How Divine !
How dark's the glory of the Earth to thine !

[3.]

THY Ivory * Teeth in whiteness do out-go
The Down of Swans, or winters driven Snow,
Whose even proportions lively represent
Th' harmonious musick of unite consent ;
Whose perfect whiteness time could never blot,
Nor Age (the envious Worm of ruine) rot :
How orient is thy beauty ! How Divine !
How dark's the glory of the earth to thine !

* *Sincere Ministers.*

[4.]

THY † Temples are the Temples of chaste love
Where beauty sacrific'd her milk-white Dove,

Upon

Upon whose Azure paths are always found
 The heaven-born Graces dancing in a round:
 Thy maiden || Blushes gently do proclaim
 A shame of guilt, but not a guilt of shame.
 How orient is thy Beauty! How Divine!
 How dark's the glory of the earth to thine!

† *Thy visible parts.* || *Modersty and Zeal.*

[5.]

YOU, you brave spirits, whose imperial hand
 Enforces what your looks cannot command,
 Bring forth your pamper'd Queens, the lustful prize,
 And curious wrecks of your imperious eyes;
 Surround the Circle of the earth, and levy
 The fairest Virgins in Loves fairest Bevy;
 Then take from each, to make one perfect grace,
 Yet would my Love outshine that borrow'd face.

[6.]

I Thou art she, corrivall'd with no other,
 Thou glorious Daughter of thy glorious Mother,
 The *New Jerusalem*, whose Virgin birth
 Shall deifie the * Virgins of the Earth;
 The Virgins of the Earth have seen thy beauty,
 And stood amaz'd, and in a prostrate duty,
 Have su'd to kiss thine hand, making thine eyes
 Their Lamps to light them, till the Bridegroom rise.

* *The pure in heart.*

[7.]

HArk how the Virgins, hallow'd with thy fire,
 And wonder-smitten with thy Beams, admire,
 Who, who is this (they say) whose Cheeks resemble
Aurora's blush, whose eyes Heavens light dissemble.
 Whose face is brighter than the silent Lamp
 That lights the Earth, to breath her nightly Damp:
 Upon whose brows sits dreadful Majesty,
 The frown whereof commands a Victory.

Fair

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[8.]

FAir Bride, why was thy troubled Soul dejected
 When I was absent? was my faith suspected,
 Which I so firmly plighted? Couldst thou think
 My love could shake, or such a vow could shrink?
 I did but walk among my tender Plants,
 To smell their odours,*and supply their wants,
 To see my stocks, so lately grafted, sprout,
 Or if my Vines began to burgeon out,

[9.]

THough gone was I, * my heart was in thy brest,
 (Altho' to thee perchance) an unknown Guest,
 'Twas that, that gave such wings to thy desire,
 T' enjoy my Love, and set thy soul on fire;
 But my return was quick, and with a mind
 More nimble (yet more constant) than the wind,
 I came, and as the winged shaft doth flie
 With undiscerned speed, even so did I.

* My spirit.

[10.]

Return (O then return) thou Child of Peace
 To thy first joys; O let thy tears surcease;
 Return thee to thy Love; let not the * night
 With flatt'ring † slumbers tempt thy true delight;

* Security. † Worldly pleasures.

Return thee to my bosom, let my brest
 Be still thy Tent; Take there eternal rest;
 Return, O Thou, in whose enchanted eye,
 Are Darts enough, to make an Army flie.

[11.]

FAir Daughter of the highest King, how sweet
 Are th' unaffected graces of thy * Feet!
 From every step, true Majesty did spring,
 Fitting the Daughter of so high a King:
 Thy Waste is circled with a † Virgins Zone,
 Imbellisht round with many a precious † Stone,

Wherein

Wherein thy curious Workman did fulfil
The utmost Glory of his Diviner Skill.

* Thy ways. † The Girdle of Truth. ‖ The precious
gifts of the Spirit.

[12.]

THY * Navil, where thy holy Embryon doth
Receive sweet nourishment, and heavenly growth
Is like a Crystal Spring, whose fresh supply
Of living Waters, Sun, nor Drought can dry:
Thy † fruitful Womb is like a winnow'd heap
Of purest Grain, which Heavens blest hand did reap,
With Lillies fenc'd; True Emblem of rare treasure,
Whose Grain denotes encrease; whose Lillies, plea-

* Whereby there is a receipt of spiritual Concepti- [sure-
ons. † Increase of the faithful.

[13.]

THY dainty * Breasts are like far Twins, both swelling
In equal Majesty; in hue excelling
The new fall'n Snow upon th'untrodden Mountains,
From whence there flows, as from exub'rous Foun-
Rivers of heavenly Nectar, to allay [tains,
The holy thirst of Souls: Thrice happy they,
And more than thrice, whose blest affections bring
Their thirsty Palates to so sweet a Spring.

* The Old and New Testament.

[14.]

THY * Neck doth represent an Ivory Tower,
In perfect pureness, and united Power,
Thine † Eyes (like Pools at a frequented Gate
For every Comer to draw Water at)
Are common treasures, and like Crystal Glasses,
Shew each his lively visage, as he passes,
Thy † Nose, the curious Organ of thy scent,
Wants nothing more, for use, for Ornament.

* Teachers. † Glorious in all parts.

T H Y

[15.]

THY Tires of Gold (enricht with glorious Gems,
Rare-Diamonds, and Princely Diadems)
Adorn thy Brows, and with their native worth
Advance thy glory, and set thy beauty forth ;
So perfect are thy Graces, so Divine,
And full of Heaven are those fair looks of thine,
That I'm inflamed with the double fire.
Of thy full beauty, and my fierce desire.

** The Ceremonies of the Church.*

[16.]

O Sacred Symmetry ! O rare connexion
Of many perfects, to make one perfection !
Of Heavenly Musick, where all parts do meet
In one sweet strain, to make one perfect sweet !
O glorious Member, whose each several feature
Divine, compose so, so Divine a Creature !
Fair soul, as all thy parts united be
Entire, so summ'd are all my joys in thee.

[17.]

THY curious Fabrick, and erected Stature
Is like the generous Palm, whose lofty nature
In spite of envious violence will aspire,
When most suppress'd, the more it mounts the higher :
Thy lovely Breasts (whose Beauty re-invites
My oft remembrance to her oft delights)
Are like the swelling Clusters of the Vine ;
So full of sweetness are those breasts of thine.

[18.]

ART thou my Palma ? My busie hand shall nourish
Thy fruitful roots, and make thy branches flourish.
Art thou my Vine ? my skilful arm shall dress
Thy * dying plants ; my living springs shall bless
Thy † infant Buds ; my blasting breath shall quell
‖ Presumptuous weeds, and make thy Clusters swell ;

And

And all that love thee, shall attain the favour
To taste thy sweetness, and to smell thy favour.

* Despairing souls. † Young Converts. ‖ Opposers of
the Truth.

[19.]

THose Oracles that from thy lips proceed
With sweet Evangelists, shall delight and feed
Th' attentive ear, and like the Trumpet's voice
Amaze faint hearts, but make brave spirits rejoice:
Thy breath, whose Dialect is most Divine,
Incends quick flames, where ember'd sparks but shine;
It strikes the Pleaders Rhet'rick with derision,
And makes the dullest Soul a Rhetorician.

BRIDE.

SONET XXI.

MY Faith, not merits, hath assur'd thee mine;
Thy Love, not my desert, hath made me thine;
Unworthy I, whose drowzy soul rejected
Thy precious favours, and (secure) neglected
Thy glorious presence, how am I become
A Bride befitting so Divine a Groom!
It is no merit, no desert of mine,
Thy love, thy love alone, hath made me thine.

[2.]

Since then the bounty of thy dear election
Hath styl'd me thine, O let the sweet reflection
Of thy illustrious Beams, my soul inspire,
And with thy Spirit inflame my hot desire;
Unite our Souls; O let thy Spirit rest
And make perpetual home within my Brest;
Instruct me so, that I may gain the Skill,
To suit my service to thy sacred Will.

[3.]

Come, come, (my Souls Preserver) thou that art
Th' united joys of my united heart,

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Come, let us visit, with the morning light
Our prosp'rous * Vines with mutual delight
Let's view those Grapes, whose clusters being † prese
Shall make rich Wines, to serve our Marriage Feast;
That by the thriving Plants it may appear,
Our joys perfecting Marriage draweth near.

* Congregation of the faithful. † By affliction.

[4.]

BEhold, my * new disclosed Flowers present
Before thy Gates, their tributary scent :
Reserve themselves for Garlands, that they may
Adorn the Bridegroom, on his Marriage Day.
My † Garden's full of || Trees, and every Tree
Laden with * Fruit, which I devote to thee ;
Eternal joys betide that happy Guest.

That tastes the dainties of the Bridegroom's Feast.

* Young Converts. † Assemblies. || Faithful. * Faith
and good Works.

[5.]

OWould to God mine eyes (these fainting eyes,
Whose eager appetite could ne'r devise
A dearer object) might but once behold
My Love (as I am) clad in fleshly mold,
That each may corporally converse with other,
As Friend with Friend, as Sister with her Brother !
O how mine eyes could welcome such a sight !
How would my Soul dissolve with o'r-delight !

[6]

Then should this hand conduct my fairest Spouse,
To taste a Banquet at my Mothers * House ;
Our fruitful Garden should present thine eyes
With sweet delights ; her Trees should sacrifice
Their early fruits to thee ; our tender Vine
Should chear thy Palate with her unprest Wine ;
Thy hand should teach my living Plants to thrive,
And such as are a dying to revive.

* The Universal Church.

Thers

[7.]

Then should my Soul enjoy within this Breass
 A holy Sabbath of eternal Rest;
 Then should my Cause, that suffers thro' despight
 Of errour and rude ignorance, have right;
 Then should these * streams, whose tides so often rise,
 Be ebb'd away from my suffused eyes;
 Then should my spirits fill'd with heavenly mirth,
 Triumph o'r Hell, and find a Heaven on Earth.

* *Tears and sorrows.*

[8.]

All you that with the bountiful encrease
 Of dearest Pleasures, and Divineſt Peace,
 I charge you all, (if ought my charge may move
 Your tender hearts) * not to disturb my Love;
 Vex not his gentle Spirit, nor bereave
 Him of his Joys, that is so apt to grieve;
 Dare not to break his quiet slumbers, lest
 You rouze a raging Lion from his rest.

* *Not to vex and grieve his holy Spirit.*

[9.]

Who ever lov'd, that ever lov'd, as I,
 That for his sake renounce my self, deny
 The Worlds best Joys, and have the world forgone?
 Who ever lov'd so dear as I have done?
 I sought my Love, and found him * lowly laid
 Beneath the Tree of Love, in whose sweet shade
 He rested; there his eye sent forth the fire
 That first inflam'd my amorous desire.

* *In humility.*

[10.]

My dearest Spouse, O seal me on thy heart
 So sure, that envious Earth may never part
 Our joined Souls; let not the world remove
 My chaste desires from so choice a Love;
 For, O, my Lov's not slight, her flames are serious,
 Was ever Death so pow'rful so imperious;

My

My jealous zeal is a consuming fire,
That burns my soul, thro fear and fierce desire.

[11.]

FIres may be quencht, and flames tho' ne'r so great
With many drops shall faint and lose their heat;
But these quick fires of Love, the more suppress,
The more they flame in my inflamed breast.
How dark is honour; how obscure and dim
Is Earths bright Glory, but compar'd with him!
How foul is beauty! what a toil is pleasure!
How poor is wealth! how base a thing is treasure!

[12.]

I Have a * Sister, which by thy Divine
And bounteous Grace, our Marriage shall make
She is mine own, mine only Sister, whom (thine.
My Mother bare, the youngest of her womb:
She's yet a † Child, her beauty may improve,
Her breasts are small, and yet too green for Love;
* *The Church of the Gentiles, then uncalled, † Uncall'd
to the truth.*

When time and years shall add perfection to her,
Say (dearest Love) what honour wilt thou do her?

BRIDE-GROOM.

SONET XXII.

IF she be fair, and with her beauty prove
As chaste, as loyal to her Virgin-Love,
As thou hast been; then in that high degree
I'll honour her, as I have honour'd thee:
Be she as constant to her Vestal Vow,
And true to her devoted faith, as thou;
I'll crown her head, and fill her hand with power,
And give a Kingdom to her for a Dower.

BRIDE.

BRIDE.

SONET XXIII.

When time shall ripen these her green desires,
 And holy Love shall breath her heavenly fires.
 Into her Virgin-breast, her heart shall be
 As true to Love, as I am true to thee :
 O when thy boundless bounty shall conjoin
 Her equal-glorious Majesty with mine,
 My joys are perfect, then in sacred Bands
 Wedlock shall couple our espoused hands.

BRIDE-GROOM.

SONET XXIV.

I Am thy Gard'ner, thou my fruitful Vine;
 Whose rip'ned Clusters swell with richest wine;
 The Vines of *Solomon* were not so fair,
 His Grapes were not so precious, as thine are;
 His Vines were subject to the vulgar will
 Of hired hands, and mercenary skill:
 Corrupted Carles were merry with his Vines,
 And at a price return'd their batter'd Wines.

[2.]

BUT mine's a Vineyard, which no ruder hand
 Shall touch subjected to my sole command;
 My self with this laborious Arm will dress it;
 My presence with a busie eye shall blest it;
 O Princely *Solomon*, thy thriving Vine
 Is not so fair, so bountiful as mine;
 Thy greedy sharers claim an earned hire,
 But mine's reserved to my self intire.

[3.]

O Thou that dwellest * where th' eternal Fame
 Of my renown so glorifies thy name;
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Illustrious Bride, in whose Celestial Tongue
 Are Sacred Spells t'inchant the ruder throng;
 O! let thy lips like a perpetual Story,
 Divulge my Graces, and declare my Glory;
 Direct those hearts that errour leads astray,
 Dissolve the † Wax, but make obdure the || Clay.

* In the great Congregation. † The Penitent. || The
 Presumptuous.

BRIDE.

SONET XXV.

Most glorious Love, and honourable Lord.
 My heart's the vowed servant of thy word.
 But I am weak, and as a tender Vine,
 Shall fall, unpropt by that dear hand of thine:
 Assist me therefore, that I may fulfil
 What thou command'st, and then command thy
 O leave thy Sacred Spirit in my breast, (will;
 As Earnest of an everlasting Rest.

The End.

SIONS

ELEGIES,

WEPT BY

Jeremiah

THE

PROPHET,

AND

PARAPHRAS'D

By FRANCIS QUARLES.

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They that be slain with the
sword are better then they
be slain with Hunger. Lam: 4



Even as Sodom and Gomorrah:
suffering vengeance of
Eternall fire. Iam: 7.



He hath hedged me about
that I cannot get out: he hath
made my Chain heaueie
Lament: 3. 7



For these things I weep, mine eye
runneth down with water,
Lament: 2. 6.



before Sions Elegies

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T O T H E R E A D E R :

IF the ruins of Troy, Rome, Thebes, or Carthage, have been thought a subject worthy the employment of more serious Pens, to entail the remembrance hereof to posterity, how much more worthy the pains of a livelier Pen than mine, is this ancient, most true, and never enough to be lamented Desolation, and Captivity of Jerusalem; Jerusalem, the holy City of God; Jerusalem, the Type of the Catholick Church?

After eighteen months Siege, in the eleventh year of Zedekiah, the ninth day of the fourth month, (which was the eighteenth year of Nebuchadonosor over Babylon) the Princes of Babylon surprized and took this brave City of Jerusalem: presently after which, Nabuzaradan the General of the Babylonian Army (commanded by Nebuchadonosor) spoiled the Temple, carried away the Vessels of Gold and Silver, that were consecrated to Gods service, and the great Laver given by King Solomon, and burned the Temple, the first day of the next month, which was one and twenty days after the surprizal; 470. years, six months, and ten days after the foundation thereof; 1062 years, six months, ten days after the departure

departure of the people out of Ægypt; 1950 years, six months, ten days, after the Deluge, and 3513 years, six months, ten days, after the Creation of Adam. Thus, and then was the City of Jerusalem taken, and for seventy years remained the Jews in this Captivity: And this, in brief, is the general occasion why, and the time when these Lamentations were composed. Reader, I tender to thy consideration two things: First, the Pen-man: Secondly, the Art and Method of this Threnodia. As for the first, it was penned by Jeremy the Prophet, the Son of Hilkiah, a Priest; and undoubtedly indicted by the Spirit of God; Some think it was written when the Prophet was in Prison: Others, when he was with Godoliah at Maspah: but whether at the one place, or the other, it is not much material to discourse.

Secondly, As touching the Art and Method, it is short and concise, as being most natural to so lamentable a Subject. Cicero says *Lamentationes debent esse concisæ & breves, quia cito lachryma exarescit, & difficile est auditores, aut lectores in illo affectu summæ commiserationis, diu tenere.* The Method is truly elegious, not bound to an ordinary set form, but wildly depending upon the sudden subject, that new griefs present, and indeed the deepest sorrows cannot be but distracted from all rules of method; the neglect of which is venial in such ejaculations as these, as which in all the Scriptures, there is none so copious, none so ardent; concerning which Greg. Nazianzen

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anzen confesses, *Threnos Jeremiae nunquam a se siccis oculis lectos esse.* Yet some think there is a Method kept, but too fine and intricate, for our gross apprehensions: Touching this point. Saint Ambrose Lib. 8. Epist. ad Just. says, *Demus eas secundum artem non scripsisse, at certe secundum gratiam scripsisse fatendum est, quæ omnem artem longe superat, and with this I rest.*

You shall observe, that the four first Chapters of these Lamentations carry a strict order in the Original, for every Verse throughout every Chapter begins with a several letter of the Hebrew Alphabet, except the third Chapter, wherein the first, and every third Verse only is tyed to a letter, and continues the Alphabet thro'; which form the Prophet used, partly for eloquence, partly for memory sake; meaning either literally thus, that it ought to be perfect as the Alphabet in memory, or Hieroglyphically, thus that, as the Alphabet is the Radix of all words, so the miseries of the Jews, were the combination of all miseries.

For the same causes, I likewise here in my Periphrase, have observed the same form, and continue the Alphabet in English, as the Prophet did in the Hebrew, desiring to be his shadow, as much as I can.

It appears by the strictness of the Order, that these Lamentations were Originally writ in Verse,

and as some think in Sapphicks, but many of our learned Neotericks deny, that any writings of the Jews carry, now, any direct or certain Laws of Poësie, though (they confess) some ruinous Accents, here and there discovered, makes them imagine, they writ some things in verse; but now, it seems that GOD, in dispersing them hath likewise dissolved, and struck dumb their Musick.

Farewel.

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To the true

THE ANTHROPOS, Jesus Christ,

THE

SAVIOUR of the WORLD:

*His Servant implores his favourable
assistance.*

THOU *Alpha* and *Omega*, before whom
Things *past* and *present*, and things yet to come,
Are all alike ; O prosper my designs,
And let thy Spirit enrich my feeble lines ;
Revive my passion ; let mine eye behold
Those sorrows present, which were wept of old :
Strike sad my soul, and give my Pen the Art
To move ; and me an understanding heart ;
O, let the accents of each word make known,
I mix the Tears of *Sion*, with mine own :
We are thy *Lambs*, O be thou still our *Lion*.
Preserve all such, as bear true hearts to *Sion*.

R 2

S I O N S

SIONS ELEGIES.

Threnodia I.

ELEG. I.

AH grief of Times! ah sable times of Grief,
 Whose torments find a voice, but no relief!
 Are these the buildings? these the Tower and State,
 That all th' amazing earth stood wondring at?
 Is this that City, whose eternal Glory
 Could find no period for her endless story?
 And is she come to this? Her buildings raz'd,
 Her Towers burnt? Her Glory thus defac'd?
 O sudden change! O world of Alterations!
 She, she that was the Prince, the Queen of Nations,
 See, how she lies, of strength, of all, bereav'd,
 Now paying Tribute, which she once receiv'd.

ELEG. II.

BEhold! her eyes, those glorious eyes that were
 Like two fair Suns in one celestial Sphere,
 Whose radiant Beams, did once, reflect so bright,
 Are now eclipsed, and have lost their light;
 And seem like Islands about which appears
 A troubled Ocean, with a Tide of Tears;

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Her servants Cities (that were once at hand,
And bow'd their servile necks to her command)
Stand all aloof, as strangers to her moan,
And give her leave to spend her tears alone;
Her neighbours flatter with a false relief,
And with a kiss betray her to her grief.

ELEG. III.

COMPAÏT around with Seas of briny tears,
Judah laments; distraught with double fears;
Even as the fearful Partridge, to excuse her
From the fierce Goshawk, that too close pursues her,
Falls in a Covert, and her self doth cover
From her unequal Foe, that sits above her:
Mean-while the treason of her quick Retrievers,
Discovers novel dangers, and delivers
Her to a second fear, whose double fright
Finds safety not in staying, nor in flight:
Even so is *Judah* vex'd, with change of woes,
Betwixt the home-bred, and her foreign Foes.

ELEG. IV.

DID not these sacred Causeys, that are leading
To *Sion*, late seem pav'd, with often treading?
Now secret Dens, for lurking Thieves to meet;
Unprest, unless by sacrilegious feet;
Sion, the Temple of the highest God
Stands desolate, her holy steps untrod;
Her Altars are defac'd, her Virgins-fires
Surcease, and with a stink her snuff expires;
Her Priests have chang'd their Hymns to sighs and
Her Virgins weep forth Rivers from their eyes [cries,
O *Sion*, thou that wert the Child of mirth,
Art now the scorn, and by-word of the Earth.

ELEG. V.

ENCREAS'd in power, and high Chevisance
Of Arms, the Tyrant Foe-men do advance
R 3 Their

Their crafty crests; he, he that was thy Father,
 And crown'd thee once with blessings, now doth gather
 His Troops to work thy end; him, who advanc'd thee
 To be *Earth's* Queen, thy sins have bent against thee:
 Strange spectacle of grief! Thy tender fry,
 Whom childhood taught no language but their cry,
 T' express their infant grief, these, wretched these,
 By force of childish tears, could not appease
 The ruthless sword, which deaf to all their cries,
 Did drive them captives from their Mothers eyes:

ELEG. VI.

FAir Virgin *Sion*, where, (ah) where are those
 Pure cheeks, wherein the Lilly and the Rose
 So much contended lately for the place,
 Till both compounded in thy glorious face?
 How hast thou blear'd those Sun-bright eyes of thine,
 Those beams, the royal Magazins of divine
 And sacred Majesty, from whose pure light
 The purblind worldlings did receive their sight?
 Thy fearful Princes leave their fenceless Towers,
 And fly like Harts before their swift pursuers:
 Like light-foot Harts they fly, not knowing where,
 Prickt on with Famine, and distracted Fear,

ELEG. VII.

GAI'd with her grief, *Jerusalem* recalls
 To mind her lost delights, her Festivals,
 Her peaceful freedom, and full joys; in vain
 Wishing what Earth cannot restore again;
 Succour she sought and begg'd, but none was there
 To give the Alms of one poor trickling tear;
 The scornful lips of her amazed Foes,
 Deride the grief of her disastrous woes;
 They laugh, and lay more ample torments on her,
 Disdain to look, and yet they gaze upon her
 Abuse her Altars, hate her Offerings,
 Profane her Sabbaths, and her holy Things.

ELEG.

ELEG. VIII.

Hadst thou, *Jerusalem*, O, had thy heart
 Been loyal to his Love, whose once thou wert,
 O, had the beams of thy unveiled eye
 Continu'd pure ; hadst thou been nice to try
 New pleasures, thus thy glory ne'r had wasted,
 Thy walls till now, like thy reproach, had lasted :
 Thy Lovers, whose false beauties did entice thee,
 Have seen thee naked, and do now despise thee ;
 Drunk with thy wanton pleasures, they are fled,
 And scorn the bounty of thy loathed bed ;
 Left to thy guilt (the servant of thy sin)
 Thou sham'st to show, what once thou gloriedst in.

ELEG. IX.

J*erusalem* is all infected over
 With Leprosie, whose filth no shade can cover,
 Pust up with pride, unmindful of her end,
 See how she lies, devoid of help, or friend.
 Great Lord of Lords (whose mercy far transcends
 Thy sacred Justice) whose full hand attends
 Thy cries of empty Ravens, bow down thine ears
 To wretched *Sion*, *Sion* drown'd in tears :
 Thy hand did plant her, (Lord) she is thy Vine,
 Confound her foes : They are her foes, and thine ;
 Shew wonted favour to thy holy Hill :
 Rebuild her Walls, and love thy *Sion* still.

ELEG. X.

Knees falsely bent to *Dagon*, now defile
 Her wasted Temple, rudely they despoil
 Th' abused Altars, and no hand relieves.
 Her House of Prayer, is turn'd a den of Thieves ;
 Her costly Robes, her sacred treasure stands
 A willing prey to sacrilegious hands ;

Her Priests are slain, and in a luke-warm flood;
Through every channel runs the Levites blood;
The hallowed Temple of the highest God,
Whose purer foot-steps were not to be trod.
With unprepared feet, before her eye
Is turn'd a Grove, for base Idolatry.

ELEG. XI.

LIngring with Death and Famine, *Judah* groans,
And to the Air breathes forth her Airy moans,
Her fainting eyes wax dim, her cheeks grow pale,
Her wandring steps despair to speed and fail,
She faint, and through her trembling lips half dead,
She whispers of the holy name of bread:
Great God, let thy offended wrath surcease,
Behold thy servants, send thy servants peace;
Behold thy vassals, groveling on the dust:
Be merciful (dear God) as well as just.
'Tis thou, 'tis thou alone, that sent this grief,
'Tis thou, 'tis thou alone can send relief.

ELEG. XII.

MY tongue's in labour with her painful birth,
That finds no passage: Lord, how strange a
Of word, concomitates a World of woes! [dearth
I neither can conceal, nor yet disclose:
You weary Pilgrims, you, whose change of Climes
Have taught you change of Fortune, and of Times,
Stay, stay your feeble steps, and cast your eyes
On me the Abstract of all miseries.
Say (Pilgrims) say, if e'r your eyes beheld
More true Iliades; more unparallel'd,
And mateless evils, which my offended God
Re-ulcerates with his enraged Rod.

ELEG XIII.

NO humane power could, no envious Art
Of mortal man, could thus subjeet my heart.
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My glowing heart, to these imperious fires :
 No earthly sorrow, but at length expires ;
 But these my Tyrant-torments do extend
 To infinites, not having ease, nor end ;
 Lo I, the Pris'ner of the highest God,
 Intrall'd to the vengeance of his Rod,
 Lie bound in fetters, that I cannot flee,
 Nor yet endure his deadly strokes nor die :
 My joys are turn'd to sorrows, backt with fears,
 And I (poor I) lie pickled up in tears.

ELEG. XIV.

O ! How unsufferable is the weight
 Of sin ! how miserable is their state,
 The silence of whose secret sin conceals
 The smart, till Justice to Revenge appeals !
 How ponderous are my crimes, whose ample scroul
 Weighs down the pillars of my broken Soul !
 Their sour, masqu'd with sweetness, over sway'd me,
 And with their smiling kisses, they betray'd me ;
 Betray'd me to my foes, and what is worse,
 Betray'd me to my self, and heavens curse,
 Betray'd my soul to an eternal grief,
 Devoid of hope, for e'r to find relief.

ELEG. XV.

PErplex'd with change of woes, where-e'r I turn
 My fainting eyes, they find fresh cause to mourn :
 My griefs move like the Planets, which appear
 Chang'd from their places, constant in their sphere :
 Behold, the earth-confounding arm of Heaven,
 Hath cow'd my valiant Captains, and hath driven
 Their scatter'd forces up and down the street,
 Like worried sheep, afraid of all they meet ;
 My younger men, the seed of propagation,
 Exile hath driven from my divided Nation ;
 My tender Virgins have not 'scap'd their rage ;
 Which neither had respect to youth, nor age.

ELEG. XVI.

QUICK change of torments! equal to those crimes
Which past unthought of in my prosp'rous times;
From hence proceed my griefs, (ah me!) from hence
My Spring tyde sorrows have their influence;
For these my soul dissolves, my eyes lament,
Spending those tears, whose store will ne'r bespent;
For these my fainting spirits droop and melt
In anguish, such as never Mortal felt;
Within the self-same flames, I freez, and fry,
I roar for help, and yet no help is nigh;
My Sons are lost, whose fortunes would relieve me;
And onely such triumph, that hourly grieve me.

ELEG. XVII

REnt from the glory of her lost renown,
Sion laments; Her lips, her lips o'rflown
With floods of tears) she prompteth how to break
New languages, instructs her tongue to speak
Elegious Dialects; She lowly bends
Her dusty knees upon the earth, extends
Her brawnless arms to them, whose ruthless eyes
Are red with laughing at her miseries;
Naked she lies, deform'd, and circumvented
With troops of fears, unpitied, unlamented,
A loathsom drain for filth, despis'd, forlorn,
The scorn of Nations, and the child of scorn.

ELEG. XVIII.

SOur wages issue from the sweets of sin,
Heavens hand is just, this treacherous heart hath
The Author of my woes: 'Tis I alone; [bin
My sorrows reap, what my foul sins have sown;
Often they cry'd to Heaven, e'r Heaven reply'd,
And vengeance ne'r had come, had they ne'r cry'd;

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All you that pass vouchsafe your gracious ears,
To hear these cries, your eyes, to view these tears
They are no heat-drops of an angry heart.
Or childish passion of an idle smart;
But they are Rivers springing from an eye,
Whose streams, no joy can stop, no grief draw dry.

ELEG. XIX.

Turn where I list, new cause of woe presents
My poor distracted soul with new laments;
Where shall I turn? shall I implore my friends?
Ah, summer friendship, with the Summer ends;
In vain to them my groans, in vain my tears,
For harvest friends can find no winter ears.
Or shall I call my sacred Priests for aid?
Alas! my pined Priests are all betray'd
To Death, and Famine; in the streets they cried
For bread, and whilst they sought for bread, they
Vengeance could never strike so hard a blow, (died.)
As when she sends an unlamented woe.

ELEG. XX.

Vouchsafe (great God) to turn thy tender eyes
On me poor wretch: Oh, let my midnight cries
(That never cease, if never stopt with tears)
Procure audience from thy gracious ears;
Behold thy creature, made by change of grief,
The barest wretch, that ever begg'd relief;
See, see, my soul is tortur'd on thy Rack,
My bowels tremble, and my heart-strings crack;
Abroad, the sword, with open ruin frights me;
At home, the secret hand of Famine smites me;
Strange fires of grief! How is my soul oppress'd,
That finds abroad no peace, at home no rest!

ELEG. XXI.

Where, where art thou, O sacred Lamb of peace,
That promis'd to the heavy laden, ease?
Thee

Thee, thee alone, my often bended knee
 Invokes, that have no other help, but thee:
 My foes (amazed at my hoarse complaining)
 Scoff at my oft repeated cries, disclaiming
 To lend their prosp'rous hand, they hiss and smile,
 Taking a pleasure to behold my spoil:
 Their hands delight to bruise my broken reeds,
 And still persist to prick that heart that bleeds:
 But there's a Day (if Prophets can divine)
 Shall scourge their sins, as they have scourg'd mine.

ELEG. XXII.

YOU noisome weeds, that lift your crests so high
 When better plants for want of moisture die;
 Think you to flourish ever? and (unspy'd)
 To shoot the flowers of your fruitless pride?
 If plants be crompt, because their fruits are small,
 Think you to thrive, that bear no fruit at all?
 Look down (great God) and from their places tear
 These weeds, that suck the juice, should make us bear:
 Undew'd with showers, let them see no Sun,
 But feel those Frosts, that thy poor plants have done.
 O cleanse thy Garden that the World may know
 We are the seed, that thy right hand did sow.

Threnodia II.

ELEG. I.

ALas! my torments, my distracted fears
 Have no commerce, with reasonable tears:
 How hath heavens absence darkned the renown
 Of *Sions* glory with one angry frown!
 How hath th' Almighty clouded those bright beams,
 And chang'd her beauties streamers, into streams!

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Sion, the glory of whose refulgent Fame
Gave earnest of an everlasting name,
Is now become an indigested Mass,
And ruin is, where that brave glory was.
How hath heaven struck her earth-admired name,
From th^e height of honour, to the depth of shame!

ELEG. II.

BEauty, nor strength of building could entice,
Or force revenge from her just enterprise;
Mercy hath stopt her Ears, and Justice hath
Pour'd out full Vials of her kindled wrath;
Impatient of delay, she hath struck down
The pride of *Sion*, kickt off *Judah's* Crown;
Her streets unpeopled, and dispers'd her powers,
And with the ground hath levell'd her high Towers;
Her Priests are slain: her captiv'd Princes are
Unransom'd Prisoners; Slaves her men of war;
Nothing remains of all her wonted glory,
But sad memorials of her tragick story.

ELEG. III.

Confused horror, and confounding shame,
Have blurr'd the beauty, and renowned name
Of righteous *Israel*; *Israel's* fruitful Land,
Entail'd by Heaven, with the usurping hand
Of uncontroled Gentiles, is laid waste,
And with the spoil of ruin is defac'd;
The angry mouth of Justice blows the fires
Of hasty vengeance, whose quick flames aspires
With fury to that place, which Heaven did sever,
For *Jacob*, and his holy seed for ever;
No part, no secret angle of the Land,
Which bears no mark of Heaven's enraged hand.

ELEG. IV.

DArts, thrild from Heaven, transfix my bleeding
And fill my soul with everlasting smart,
Whose fest'ring wound no fortune can secure;
Th' Almighty strikes but seldom, but strikes sure;
His sinewy arm hath drawn his steely bow,
And sent his forked shafts to overthrow

My

My pined Princes, and to ruinate
 The weakned Pillars of my wounded State :
 His hand hath scourg'd my dear delights, acquitted
 My soul, of all, wherein my soul delighted :
 I am the mirror of unmasked sin,
 To see her (dearly purchas'd) pleasures in.

ELEG. V.

EVEN as the Pilot, whose sharp Keel divides
 The encountring Waves of the *Sicilian* Tides,
 Toft on the lifts of death, striving to 'scape
 The danger of deep-mouth'd *Carybdis* rape;
 Rebuts on *Scylla*, with a forc'd career,
 And wrecks upon a less suspected fear :
 Even so poor I contriving to withstand
 My Foe-mans, fall into the Almighty's hand :
 So I, the child of mine, to avoid
 Less dangers, by a greater, am destroy'd ;
 How necessary, ah ! how sharp's his end,
 That neither hath his God nor Man, to Friend !

ELEG. VI.

FORGOTTEN *Sion* hangs her drooping head
 Upon her fainting breast ; Her soul is fed
 Withendless grief, whose torments had depriv'd her
 Long since, of life, had not new pains reviv'd her ;
Sion is like a Garden, whose defence
 Being broke, is left to the rude violence
 Of wastful Swine, full of neglected waste ;
 Nor having flower for smell, not herb for taste ;
 Heaven takes no pleasure in her holy Feasts ;
 Her idle Sabbaths, or burnt fat of Beasts ;
 Both State and Temple are despoil'd, and fleec't
 Of all their beauty ; without Prince, or Priest.

ELEG. VII.

GLORY, that once did Heavens bright Temple fill,
 Is now departed from that sacred Hill ;
 See, how the empty Altars stand disguis'd,
 Abus'd by Gentiles, and by Heaven despis'd ;
 That place wherein the Holy one hath taken
 So sweet delight, lies loathed and forsaken ;

That

That sacred place, wherein the precious Name
Of great *Jehovah* was preserv'd, the same
Is turn'd a Den for thieves; an open stage
For vice to act on; a defiled Cage
Of unclean birds: a house of privilege
For sin, and uncontrolled sacrilege.

ELEG. VIII.

HHeaven hath decreed; his angry breast doth boil;
His time's expired, and he's arm'd to spoil;
His secret Will adjourn'd the righteous doom
Of threatn'd *Sion*, and her time is come;
His hand is arm'd with thunder, from his eyes
A flame more quick, than sulph'rous *Etna*, flies;
Sion must fall: That hand which hath begun,
Can never rest, till the full work be done.
Her Walls are sunk, her Towers are overthrown,
Heaven will not leave a stone upon a stone;
Hence, hence the floods of roaring *Judah* rise,
Hence, *Sion* fills the Cisterns of her eyes,

ELEG. IX.

JOY is departed from the holy gates
Of dear *Jerusalem*, and peace retreats
From wast'd *Sion*; her high walls, that were
An armed proof against the brunt of fear,
Are shrunk for shame, if not withdrawn, for pity,
To see the ruine of so brave a City;
Her Kings, and out-law'd Princes live constrain'd
Hourly to hear the name of Heaven profan'd;
Manners and Laws, the life of government,
Are sent into eternal banishment;
Her Prophets cease to preach; they vow, unheard:
They howl to Heaven, but Heaven gives no regard,

ELEG. X.

KIng, Priest, and People all alike are clad
In weeds of Sackloth, taken from the sad
Wardrobe of sorrow, Prostrate on the earth,
They close their lips, their lips estrang'd to mirth:
Silent they sit, for dearth of speech affords
A sharper accent, for true grief than words:

The

The Father wants a Son, the Son a Mother;
 The Bride her Groom: the Brother wants a Brother;
 Some, Famine: Exile some, and some the Sword
 Hath slain: all want, when *Sion* wants her Lord:
 How art thou all in all! There's nothing scant
 (Great God) with thee; Without thee, all things want.

ELEG. XI.

Launch forth my soul into a sea of tears,
 Whose ballanc'd bulk no other Pilot steers
 Than raging sorrow, whose uncertain hand,
 Wanting her compass, strikes on every sand;
 Driven with a storm of sighs, she seeks the Haven
 Of Rest but like a *Noah's* wandring Raven,
 She scowers the Main: and, as a Sea-lost Rover,
 She roams, but can no land of peace discover:
 Mine eyes are faint with tears; tears have no end;
 The more are spent, the more remain to spend;
 What marble (ah!) what Adamantine eye,
 Can look on *Sions* ruine, and not cry?

ELEG. XII.

MY tongue! the tongues of Angels are too faint
 T' express the causes of my just complaint;
 See how the pale fac'd sucklings roar for food,
 And from their milkie's mothers breasts, draw blood;
 Children surcease their serious toyes, and plead
 With trickling tears, Ah mothers, give us bread!
 Such goodly Barns, and not one grain of Corn?
 Why did the Sword escap's? Why were we born
 To be devour'd and pin'd with famine? save us
 With quick relief, or take the lives you gave us:
 They cry'd for bread, that scarce had breath to cry,
 And wanting means to live, found means to dye.

ELEG. XIII.

NEver ah! never yet, did vengeance brand
 A State with deeper ruine, than thy Land;
 Dear *Sion*, how could mischief been more keen,
 Or struck thy glory with a sharper spleen?
 Whereto (*Jerusalem*) to what shall I
 Compare this thy unequall'd misery?

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Turn back to Ages past, search deepe Records :
 Theirs are, thine cannot be exprest in words.
 Would, would to God, my lives cheap price might be
 Esteem'd of value, but to ransom thee ;
 Would I could cure thy grief; but who is able
 To heal that wound, that is immedicable?

ELEG. XIV.

O *Sion*, had thy prosp'rous soul endur'd
 Thy Prophets scourge, thy joys had been secur'd
 But thou (ah thou) hast lent thine itching ear
 To such as claw'd, and only such wouldst hear ;
 Thy Prophets 'nointed with unhallow'd oyl,
 Rub'd where they should have launc't, and did be-
 Thy abused faith, their fawning lips did cry [guile
 Peace, peace, alas when there was no peace nigh ;
 They quilted silken Curtains for thy crimes,
 Bely'd thy God, and only pleas'd the times :
 Dear *Sion*, oh ! hadst thou but had the skill
 To stop thine ears, thou hadst been *Sion* still.

ELEG. XV.

People that travel through thy wasted land,
 Gaze on thy ruines, and amazed stand,
 They shake their spleenful heads, disdain, deride
 The sudden downfal of so fair a Pride,
 They clap their joyful hands, and fill their tongues
 With hisses, Ballads, and with Lyrick songs :
 Her torments give their empty lips new matter,
 And with their scornful fingers point they at her :
 Is this (say they) that place, whose wonted fame
 Made troubled earth to tremble at her name ?
 Is this that State ? Are these those goodly stations ?
 Is this that Mistress, and that Queen of Nations ?

ELEG. XVI.

Quench't are the dying embers of compassion,
 For empty sorrow finds no lamentation :
 When as thy Harvest flourisht with full ears,
 Thy slightest grief brought in a tyde of tears ;
 But now, alas ! thy Crop consum'd and gone,
 Thou art but food for beasts to trample on :

Thy

Thy servants glory in thy ruine, those
 That were thy private friends, are publick foes:
 Thus, thus (say they) we spit our ranc'rous spleen,
 And gnash our teeth upon the worlds fair Queen:
 Thrice welcome this (this long expected) day,
 That crowns our conquest, with so sweet a prey.

ELEG. XVII.

Rebellious *Judah*! Could thy flatt'ring crimes
 Secure thee from the dangers of the times,
 Or did thy Summer Prophets ere foresay
 These evils, or warn'd thee of a winters day?
 Did not those sweet lipp'd Oracles beguile
 Thy wanton ears, with news of Wine and Oyl?
 But Heaven is just: what his deep counsel will'd,
 His Prophets told, and Justice hath fulfill'd:
 He hath destroy'd; no secret place so void,
 No fort so sure, that Heaven hath not destroy'd:
 'Thou land of *Judah*! how's thy sacred Throne
 Become a stage, for Heathens to trample on!

ELEG. XVIII.

SEE, see, th' accursed *Gentiles* do inherit
 The land of promise; where Heavens sacred
 Built Temples for his everlasting Name, [spirit
 There, there th' usurping *Pagans* do proclaim
 Their Idle Idols, unto whom they gave
 That stol'n honour which Heavens Lord should have:
 Wink *Sion*; O let not those eyes be stain'd
 With Heavens dishonour, see not Heaven profan'd:
 Close, close thine eyes, or if they needs must be
 Open, like flood-gates, to let water flee,
 Yet let the violence of their flowing streams
 Obscure thine open eyes, and mask their beams.

ELEG. XIX.

TRust not thy eye-lids, lest a flattering sleep
 Bribe them to rest, and they forget to weep:
 Pour out thy heart, thy heart dissolv'd in tears,
 Weep forth thy plaints in the Almighty's ears:
 O let thy cries, thy cries to heaven address,
 Disturb the silence of thy midnight rest;

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Prefer the sad petitions of thy soul
 To Heaven, ne'r close thy lips, till Heaven condole:
 Confounded *Sion*, and her wounded weal;
 That God that smit, oh move that God to heal!
 Oh, let thy tongue ne'r cease to call, thine eye
 To weep, thy pensive heart ne'r cease to crie!

ELEG. XX.

Vouchsafe, O thou eternal Lord of pity,
 To look on *Sion*, and thy Dearest City
 Confus'd *Jerusalem*, for thy *David's* sake,
 And for that promise which thy self did make
 To halting *Israel*; lo, thy hand hath forc'd
 Mothers (whom lawless famine hath divorc'd
 From dear affection) to devour the blooms,
 And buds, that burthen'd from their painful wombs:
 Thy sacred Priests and Prophets, that while-e'r
 Did hourly whisper in thy neighb'ring ear,
 Are faln before the sacrilegious Sword,
 Even where, even whilst they did unfold thy Word.

ELEG. XXI.

Wounded, and wasted by th' eternal hand
 Of Heaven, I grovel on the ground; my land
 Is turn'd a *Golgotha*; before mine eye,
 Unsepulcher'd, my murdered people lie:
 My dead lie rudely scatter'd on the stones;
 My Causies all are pav'd with dead mens bones;
 The fierce destroyer doth alike forbear
 The Maidens trembling, and the Matrons tear;
 Th' imperial sword spares neither fool nor wise,
 The old man's pleading, nor the infants cries.
 Vengeance is deaf and blind, and she respects
 Not young, nor old, nor wise, nor fool, nor sex.

ELEG. XXII.

Years, heavy laden with their months, retire;
 Months gone, their date of numbered days,
 The days full houred, to their period tend; [expire;
 And hours, chac'd with lightfoot-minutes, end;
 Yet my undated evils, no time will minish,
 Tho' years and months, tho' days and hours finish:

Fears flock about me, as invited guests
 Before the Portals at proclaimed feasts; [fall;
 Where Heav'n hath breath'd, that man, that state must
 Heaven wants no thunderbolts to strike withal:
 I am the subject of that angry breath,
 My sons are slain, and I am mark'd for death.

Threnodia III.

ELEG. I.

ALL you, whose unprepared lips did taste
 The tedious Cup of sharp affliction, cast
 Your wondring eyes on me, that have drunk up
 Those dregs, whereof you only kiss the Cup;
 I am the man, 'gainst whom th' Eternal hath
 Discharg'd the louder volly of his wrath:
 I am the man, on whom the brow of night
 Hath scowl'd, unworthy to behold the light;
 I am the man, in whom th' Almighty shows
 The dire example of unpatern'd woes:
 I am that Pris'ner, ransom cannot free;
 I am that man, and I am only he.

ELEG. II.

Bondage hath forc'd my servile neck to fail
 Beneath her load; Afflictions nimble flail
 Hath thresh'd my soul upon a floor of stones,
 And quasht the marrow of my broken bones;
 Th' assembled powers of heaven enrag'd, are eager
 To root me out; heavens soldiers do beleager;
 My worried soul, my soul unapt for fleeing,
 That yields, o'rburthen'd with her tedious being;
 The Almighty hand hath clouded all my light,
 And clad my soul with a perpetual light,
 A night of torments, and eternal sorrow,
 Like that of death, that never finds a morrow.

ELEG.

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ELEG. III.

CHain'd to the brazen pillars of my woes,
 I strive in vain. No mortal hand can loose
 What Heaven hath bound; my soul is wall'd about,
 That hope cannot get in, nor fear get out:
 When e'r my wav'ring hopes to Heaven address
 The feeble voice of my extream distress,
 He stops his tired ears, without regard
 Of Suit, or Suitor, leaves my prayers unheard;
 Before my faint and stumbling feet he lays
 Blocks, to disturb my best advised ways:
 I seek my peace, but seek my peace in vain;
 For every way's a trap; each path's a train.

ELEG. IV.

Disturbed Lions are appeas'd with blood,
 And ravenous Bears are mild, not wanting
 But Heaven, ah! Heaven will not implored be: [food,
 Lions and Bears are not so fierce as he:
 His direful vengeance (which no mean confines)
 Hast crost the thriving of my best designs:
 His hand hath spoil'd me; that e'r while advanc'd me,
 Brought in my foes, possess'd my friends against me:
 His Bow is bent, his forked Rovers fly
 Like darted hail-stones from the darkned sky,
 Shot from a hand that cannot err, they be
 Transfix'd in no other mark, but me.

ELEG. V.

EXil'd from Heaven I wander to and fro,
 And seek for streams, as Stags new stricken do,
 And like a wandering Hart I flee the Hounds
 With arrows deeply fix'd in my wounds,
 My deadly hunters with a winged pace,
 Prick forwards, and pursue their wary chace,
 They whoop, they hollow me, deride and flout me,
 That flee from death, yet carry death about me:
 Excess of torments hath my soul deceiv'd
 Of all her joyes, of all her powers bereav'd:
 O curious grief, that hast my soul brim fill'd
 With thousand deaths, and yet my soul not kill'd!

ELEG. VI.

Follow'd with troops of fears, I flie in vain,
 For change of places breeds new change of pain.
 The base condition of my low estate,
 My exalted foes disdain and wonder at :
 Turn where I list, these, these my wretched eyes,
 They find no objects, but new miseries ;
 My soul, accusom'd to so long increase
 Of pains, forgets that she had ever peace :
 Thus, thus perplext, thus with my griefs distracted
 What shall I do ? Heavens powers are compacted
 To work my eternal ruine ; To what friend
 Shall I make moan, when Heaven conspires my end ?

ELEG. VII.

[left

Great God ! what help (ah me ! what hope is
 To him, that of thy presence is bereft ?
 Absented from thy favour, what remains,
 But sense and sad remembrance of my pains ?
 Yet hath affliction opn'd my dull ear,
 And taught me what in weal I ne're could hear :
 Her scourge hath tutor'd me with sharp corrections,
 And swag'd the swelling of my proud affections ;
 Till now I slumbered in a prosp'rous dream,
 From whence awak'd, my griefs are more extream ;
 Hopes newly quickned, have my soul assur'd ;
 That griefs discover'd, are one half recur'd.

ELEG. VIII.

HAD not the milder hand of mercy broke
 The furious violence of that fatal stroke
 Offended Justice struck, we had been quite
 Lost in the shadows of eternal night :
 Thy mercy, Lord, is like the morning Sun,
 Whose beams undo, what fable night hath done ;
 Or like a stream, the current of whose course
 Restrain'd a while, runs with a swifter force ;
 Oh, let me swelter in those sacred beams,
 And after bath me in these silver streams ;
 To thee alone my sorrows shall appeal ;
 Hath earth a wound, too hard for Heaven to heal ?

ELEG.

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ELEG. IX.

IN thee (dear Lord) my pensive soul respire,
 Thou art the fulness of my choice desires;
 Thou art that sacred spring, whose waters burst
 In streams to him, that seeks with holy thirst;
 Thrice happy man, thrice happy thirst to bring
 The fainting soul to so, so sweet a spring;
 Thrice happy he, whose well resolved brest
 Expects no other aid, no other rest;
 Thrice happy he, whose downy age had been
 Reclaim'd by scourges from the prime of sin,
 And early season'd with the taste of Truth,
 Remembers his Creator in his youth.

ELEG. X.

Knowledge concomitates Heavens painful rod,
 Teaches the soul to know her self, her God,
 Unseals the eye of faith, presents a morrow
 Of joy, within the sablest night of sorrow;
 The afflicted soul abounds in barest need,
 Sucks purest honey from the foulest weed,
 Detests that good, which pamper'd reason likes,
 Welcomes the stroke, kisses the hand that strikes;
 In roughest tides his shell-prepared brest
 Untoucht with danger, finds a haven of rest;
 Hath all in all, when most of all bereaven;
 In earth, a hell, in hell he finds a Heaven.

ELEG. XI.

Labour perfected with the evening ends;
 The lamp of Heaven (his course fulfill'd) de-
 Can works of nature seek, and find a rest; [scends;
 And shall the torments of a troubled brest,
 Impos'd by natures all-commanding God,
 Ne'r know an end, ne'r find a period?
 Dear soul despair not, whet thy dull belief
 With hope; Heavens mercy will o'rcome thy grief;
 From thee, not him proceeds thy punishment,
 He's slow to wrath, and speedy to relent:
 Thou burn'st like gold, consumest not like fewel;
 O, wrong not Heaven, to think that Heaven is cruel.

ELEG. XII.

[course

Mountains shall move, the Sun his circling
 Shall stop; tridented *Neptune* shall divorce
 Th' embracing floods from their beloved Isles,
 Ere Heaven forget his servant, and recoiles,
 From his eternal vow: Those, those that bruise
 His broken Reeds, or secretly abuse,
 The doubtful title of a rightful cause,
 Or with false bribes, adulterate the Laws
 That should be chaste, these the Almighty hath
 Branded for subjects of a future wrath:
 Oh may the just man know, th' Eternal hastens
 His plagues for tryals, loves the child he chastens.

ELEG. XIII.

NO mortal power, nor supernal might,
 Not *Lucifer*, nor no infernal spright,
 Nor all together join'd in one commission
 Can think or act without divine permission;
 Man wills, heaven breaths success, or not, upon it;
 What good, what evil befalls, but heaven hath done it?
 Upon his right hand health, and honours stand,
 And flaming scourges on the other hand:
 Since then the states of good or evil depend
 Upon his will (fond mortal) thou attend
 Upon his wisdom; why should living dust
 Complain of Heaven, because that heaven is just?

ELEG. XIV.

O Let the ballance of our even-poss'd hearts
 Weigh our afflictions with our just deserts,
 And ease our heavy scale; Double the grains
 We take from sin, heaven taketh from our pains;
 O let thy lowly bended eyes not fear
 Th' Almighty's frowns, nor husband one poor tear;
 Be prodigal in sighs, and let thy tongue,
 Thy tongue estrang'd to Heaven, cry all night long;
 My soul thou leav'it what thy Creator did
 Will thee to do, hast done, what he forbid;
 This, this hath made so great a strangeness be
 (If not divorce) betwixt thy God and thee.

ELEG.

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ELEG. XV.

Prepar'd to vengeance, and resolv'd to spoil,
 Thy hand (just God) hath taken in thy toyl
 Our wounded souls, that Arm which hath forgot
 His wonted mercy, kills, and spareth not;
 Our crimes have set a bar betwixt thy grace
 And us; thou hast eclips'd thy glorious face,
 Hast stop't thy gracious ear, lest prayers inforce
 Thy tender heart to pity and remorse;
 See, see great God, what thy dear hand hath done;
 We lie like dross, when all the gold is gone
 Contemn'd, despis'd, and like to Atones die,
 Before the Sun, the scorn of every eye.

ELEG. XVI.

Quotidian fevers of reproach and shame,
 Have chill'd our honour and renowned Name.
 We are become the by-word and the scorn
 Of Heaven and earth; of Heaven and earth forlorn;
 Our captiv'd souls are compass'd round about,
 Within, with troops of fears, of foes without;
 Without, within, distress; and in conclusion,
 We are the hapless children of confusion;
 Oh how mine eyes, the rivers of mine eyes
 O'flow these barren lips, that can devise
 No dialect, that can express or borrow
 Sufficient metaphors, to shew my sorrow!

ELEG. XVII.

Rivers of marish tears have overflown
 My blubber'd cheeks; my tongue can find
 So sharp as silence, to bewail that woe, [no tone
 Whose flowing Tides an ebb could never know:
 Weep on (mine eyes) mine eyes shall never cease;
 Speak on (my tongue) forget to hold thy peace;
 Cease not thy tears; close not thy lips so long,
 Till Heaven shall wipe thine eyes, and hear thy tongue:
 Whose heart of brass, what Adamantine brest
 Can know the torments of my soul, and rest?
 What stupid brain (ah me!) what marble eye
 Can see these, these my ruins, and not grieve?

ELEG. XVIII.

SO hath the Fowler with his slie deceits,
 Beguil'd the harmless Bird ; so with false baits,
 The treacherous Angler strikes his nibbling prey ;
 Even so my foes my guiltless soul betray ;
 So have my fierce pursuers, with close wiles
 Intrall'd me, and gloried in my spoils ;
 Where undermining plots could not prevail,
 Their mischief did with strength of arm assail ;
 Thus in afflictions troubled billows tost,
 I live ; but 'tis a life worse had then lost :
 Thus, thus o'rwhelm'd, my secret soul doth cry,
 I am destroy'd, and there's no helper nigh.

ELEG. XIX.

THou great Creator, whose diviner breath
 Preserves thy creature, joy'st not in his death,
 Look down from thy eternal Throne, that art
 The only Rock of a despairing heart ;
 Look down from Heaven (O thou) whose tender
 Once heard the trickling of one single tear [ear
 How art thou now estranged from his cry,
 That sends forth Rivers from his fruitful eye ?
 How often hast thou with a gentle arm,
 Rais'd me from death, and bid me fear no harm ?
 What strange disaster caus'd this sudden change ?
 How wert thou once so near, and now so strange !

ELEG. XX.

VAnquisht by such as thirsted for my life,
 And brought my soul into a legal strife,
 How oft hast thou (just God) maintain'd my cause,
 And crost the sentence of their bloody Laws ?
 Be still my God, be still that God thou wert ;
 Look on thy mercy, not on my desert ;
 Be thou my Judge betwixt my foes and me ;
 The Advocate betwixt my soul and thee ;
 'Gainst thee (great Lord) their arm they have advanc'd ;
 And dealt that blow to thee, that thus hath glanc'd
 Upon my soul ; smite those that have smit thee,
 And for thy sake, discharg'd their spleen at me.

ELEG.

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ELEG. XXI.

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WHat squint-ey'd scorn, what flout, what wry-
That sullen pride ere took acquaintance of,
Hath 'scap'd the fury of my foemans tongue,
To do my simple innocency wrong?
What day, what hour, nay, what shorter season
Hath kept my soul secure from the treason
Of their corrupted counsels, which dispend
Dayes, nights, and hours, to conspire my end?
My sorrows are their songs and, as slight fables
Fill up the silence of their wanton tables.
Look down (just God) and with thy power divine
Behold my foes; they be thy foes, and mine.

ELEG. XXII.

YET sleeps thy vengeance? Can thy Justice be
So slow to them, and, yet so sharp to me?
Dismount (just Judge) from thy tribunal Throne,
And pay thy foemen the deserved loan
Of their unjust designs; make fierce thy hand,
And scourge thou them, as they scourged my land.
Break thou their Adamantine hearts and pound them
To dust, and with thy final curse confound them.
Let horror seize their souls, O may they be
The scorn of Nations, that have scorned thee!
O may they live distressed, and dye bereaven
Of earths delights, and of the joyes of Heaven!

Threnodia IV.

ELEG. I.

ALas, what alterations! Ah, how strange
Amazement flows from such an uncouth
Ambitious ruine! Could thy razing hand (change!
Find ne'r a subject but the Holy Land;
Thou sacrilegious ruine to attempt
The house of God; was not heaven's house exempt

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From

From thy accursed Rape? ah me! behold,
Sion whose payment of refulgent gold
 So lately did reflect, so bright, so pure,
 How dim, how drowsie now (ah!) how obscure!
 Her sacred stones lie scatter'd in the street,
 For, stumbling blocks before the Levites feet.

ELEG. II.

BEhold her Princes, whose victorious brows
 Fame oft had crowned with her Lawrel bows
 See how they hide their shame-confounding crests,
 And hang their heads upon their fainting breasts;
 Behold her Captains, and brave men at Arms,
 Whose spirits fired at Wars loud alarms,
 Like worried sheep how flee they at the noise
 Of Drums, and startle at the Trumpets voice!
 They faint, and like amazed Lions show
 Their fearful heels if Chaunticleere but crow;
 How are the pillars (*Sion*) of thy state
 Transform'd to clay, and burnisht gold so late!

ELEG. III.

CAN furious Dragons hear their helpless brood
 Cry out, and fill their hungry lips with food?
 Hath Nature taught fierce Tygers to apply
 The breast unto their younglings empty cry;
 Have savage beasts time, place, and natures helps
 To feed and foster up their idle whelps:
 And shall the tender Babes of *Sion* cry,
 And pine for food, and yet their mothers by?
 Dragons, and Tygers, and all savage beasts
 Can feed their young, but *Sion* hath no breasts:
 Distressed *Sion*, more unhappy far,
 Than Dragons, savage-Beasts, or Tygers are!

ELEG. IV.

DEath thou pursuest, if from death thou flee
 Or if thou turn'st thy flight, death follows
 Thy staff of life is broke; for want of bread, [thee:
 Thy City pines, and half thy land is dead;
 The son t'his father weeps, makes fruitless moan;
 The father weeps upon his weeping son:

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The brother calls upon his pined brother :
 And both come crying to their hungry mother ;
 The empty Babe, instead of milk, draws down
 His Nurseries tears, well mingled with his own ; [thee,
 Nor change of place, nor time with help supplies
 Abroad the Sword, Famine at home destroys thee.

ELEG. V.

EXcess and Surfeit now have left thy Coast
 The lavish guest now wants his greedy Host,
 No wanton Cook prepares his poynant meat,
 To teach a satiate palate how to eat ;
 Now *Bacchus* pines, and shakes his feeble knees,
 And pamper'd *Envy* looks, as plump as *Hee's* ;
 Discolour'd *Ceres*, that was once so fair,
 Hath lost her beauty, sing'd her golden hair ;
 Thy Princes mourn in rags ; ashamed t' unfold
 Their leaden spirits in a case of gold ?
 From place to place thy Statesmen wandring are,
 On every dunghil lies a man of war.

ELEG. VI.

Foul *Sodom* and incestuous *Gomorrah*
 Had my destruction, but ne'r my sorrow :
 Vengeance had mercy there, her hand did send
 A sharp beginning, but a sudden end ;
 Justice was mild, and with her hasty flashes
 They fell, and sweetly slept in peaceful ashes ;
 They felt no rage of an insulting foe,
 Nor Famines pinching fury, as I do ;
 They had no sacred Temple to defile ;
 Or if they had, they would have helpt to spoil ;
 They dy'd but once, but I poor wretched I,
 Die many deaths, and yet 'have more to die.

ELEG. VII.

[Cow,

Gold from the Mint, Milk from the uberous
 Was ne'r so pure in substance, nor in show,
 As were my *Nazarites*, whose inward graces
 Adorn'd the outward lustre of their faces ;
 Their faces robb'd the Lilly, and the Rose,
 Of red and white ; more fair, more sweet than those.

Their bodies were the Magazines of perfection,
 Their skins unblemish'd, were of pure complexion
 Through which their Sapphire-colour'd veins describe
 The Azure beauty of their naked pride;
 The flaming Carbuncle was not so bright,
 Nor yet the rare discolour'd Crysolite.

ELEG. VIII.

HOW are my sacred *Nizarites* (that were
 The blazing planets of my glorious sphere)
 Obscur'd and darkned in afflictions cloud?
 Astonisht at their own disguise, they shroud
 Their foul transformed shapes in the dull shade
 Of sullen darkness, of themselves afraid;
 See how the brother gazes on the brother,
 And both affrighted, start, and flie each other:
 Black as their fates, they cross the streets unken'd,
 The Sire, his Son! the friend disclaims his friend:
 They, they that were the flowers of my land,
 Like withered weeds and blasted Hemlock stand.

ELEG. IX.

Impetuous Famine, Sister to the Sword;
 Left hand of death, Child of th' infernal Lord,
 Thou torturer of Mankind, that with one stroke,
 Subject'st the world to thy imperious yoke:
 What pleasure tak'st thou in the tedious breath
 Of pined mortals, or their lingring death?
 The Sword, thy generous brother's not so cruel,
 He kills but once, fights in a noble Duel,
 But thou (malicious Fury) dost extend
 Thy spleen to all, whose death can find no end;
 Alas! my hapless weal can want no woe,
 That feels the rage of Sword, and Famine too.

ELEG. X.

Kind is that death, whose weapons do but kill,
 But we are often slain, yet dying still;
 Our torments are too gentle; yet too rough
 They gripe too hard, because not hard enough:
 My people tear their trembling flesh for food,
 And from their ragged wounds they suck forth blood:
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The father dies, and leaves his pined Coarse,
 To enrich his heir with meat; the hungry Nurse
 Broyes her starv'd suckling on the hasty coles,
 Devours one half and hides the rest in holes.
 O Tyrant famine! that compell'st the Mother
 To kill one hungry Child to feed another!

ELEG. XI.

Lament, O sad Jerusalem, lament;
 O weep, if all thy tears be yet unspent,
 Weep (wasted Judah) let no drop be kept
 Unshed, let not one tear be left unwept;
 For angry Heaven hath nothing left undone,
 To bring thy Ruines to perfection;
 No curse, no plague the fierce Almighty hath
 Kept back, to sum the total of his wrath:
 Thy City burns, thy Sion is despoil'd;
 Thy wives are Ravish'd, and thy maids defil'd;
 Famine at home, the Sword abroad destroys thee:
 Thou cry'st to heav'n, and heav'n his ear denies thee.

ELEG. XII.

MAY thy dull senses (O unhappy Nation,
 Possess'd with nothing now but desolation!)
 Collect their scatter'd forces, and behold
 Thy novel fortunes ballanc'd with the old,
 Couldst thou, O could thy prosp'rous heart conceive
 That mortal pow'r, or art of State could reive
 Thy illustrious Empire of her sacred glory,
 And make her Ruines the Threnodian story
 Of these sad times, and ages yet to be?
 Envy could pine, but never hope to see
 Thy buildings crush'd, and all that glory ended,
 Which man so fortifi'd, and Heaven defended.

ELEG. XIII.

NE'r had the splendor of thy bright Renown
 Been thus extinguish'd (Judah;) Thy fast Crown
 Had ne'r been spurn'd from thy Imperial brow,
 Plenty had nurs'd thy soul, thy peaceful plow
 Had fill'd thy fruitful Quarters with increase,
 Hadst thou but known thy self, and loved Peace;

But thou hast broke that sacred truth, concluded
 Berwixt thy God, and thee; vainly deluded
 Thy self with thine own strength, with deadly feud
 Thy furious Priests and Prophets have pursu'd
 The mourning Saints of *Sion*, and did slay
 All such as were more-just, more-pure, than they.

ELEG. XIV.

O How the Priests of *Sion*, whose pure light
 Should shine to such as grope in Errors night;
 And blaze like lamps before the darkned eye
 Of ignorance, to raise up those that lie
 In dull despair, and guide those feet that stray,
 Ay me! how blind, how dark, how dull are they!
 Fear, Rage, and Fury drives them through the street;
 And, like to madmen, stab at all they meet;
 They wear the purple Livery of Death,
 And live themselves, by drawing others breath:
 Say (wasted *Sion*) could Revenge behold
 So foul an acted Scene as this, and hold;

ELEG. XV.

Prophets, and sacred Priests, whose tongues while
 Did often whisper in th' Eternal's ear, [e'r.
 Disclos'd his Oracles, found ready passage
 'Twixt God and man to carry heavens Embassage,
 Are now the subjects of deserved scorn,
 Of God forsaken, and of man forlorn;
 Accursed *Gentiles* are asham'd to know,
 What *Sion* Priests are not asham'd to do;
 They see and blush and blushing flee away;
 Fearing to touch things so defil'd as they;
 They hate the filth of their abomination, [nation.
 And chase them forth from their new conquer'd

ELEG. XVI.

Quite banisht from the joys of earth, and smiles
 Of Heaven, and deeply buried in her spoils;
 Poor *Judah* lies; unpitied, disrespected;
 Exil'd the world of God, of man rejected;
 Like blasted ears among the fruitful Wheat,
 She comes disperst, and hath no certain seat:

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Her servile necks subjected to the yoke
 Of bondage, open to th' impartial stroke
 Of conquering *Gentiles*, whose afflicting hand
 Smites every nook of her disguised land;
 Of Youth respectless, not regarding Years,
 Nor Sex, nor Tribe; like scourging Prince and Peers,

ELEG. XVII.

Rent and reposed from Imperial state, [await
 By heavens high hand, on heaven we must
 To him that struck, our sorrows must appeal;
 Where heaven hath smit, no hand of man can heal.
 In vain our wounds expected mans relief,
 For disappointed hopes renew a grief:
Egypt oppress us in our fathers loyns;
 What hope's in *Egypt*? nay if *Egypt* joins
 Her force with *Judab*, our united powers
 Could ne'r prevail 'gainst such a foe as ours.
Egypt that once did feel heav'n's scourge for grieving
 His flock, would now re-find it for relieving.

ELEG. XVIII.

SO the quick-scented Beagles in a view,
 O'r hill and dale the fleeting chase pursue,
 As swift-foot death and ruine follow me,
 That flees, afraid, yet knows not where to flee:
 Flee to the Fields? There with the Sword I meet;
 And, like a watch, death stands in every street;
 No cover hides from death; no shade, no Cells
 So dark wherein not death and horror dwells;
 Our days are numbered, and our number's done,
 The empty hour-glass of our glory's run,
 Our sins are summ'd, and so extream's the score,
 That heaven could not do less, nor hell do more.

ELEG. XIX.

TO what a downfal are our fortunes come,
 Subjected to the sufference of a doom,
 Whose lingring torments hell could not conspire
 More sharp! than which hell needs no other fire:
 How nimble are our Fo-men to betray
 Our souls? Eagles are not so swift as they:

Where shall we flee? or where shall find
 A place for harbour? Ah, what prosp'rous wind
 Will lend a gale, whose bounty ne'r shall cease,
 Till we be landed on the Isle of peace?
 My Foes more fierce than empty Lions are:
 For hungry Lions, woo'd with tears, will spare.

ELEG. XX.

U Surping *Gentiles* rudely have engross'd
 Into their hands, those fortunes we have lost,
 Devour the fruits that purer hands did plant,
 Are plump and pamp'ed with that Bread we want;
 And (what is worse than death) a Tyrant treads
 Upon our Throne; *Pagans* adorn their heads
 With our lost Crowns; their powers have disjointed
 The Members of our State, and heavens Anointed
 Their hands have crush'd, and raviſht from his throne
 And made a slave for slaves to tread upon:
 Needs muſt that flock be scattered and accurs'd,
 Where wolves have dar'd to ſeize the ſhepherd firſt.

ELEG. XXI.

W AX fat with laughing (*Edom*;) with glad eyes
 Behold the fulneſs of our miſeries;
 Triumph (thou Type of Antichriſt) and feed
 Thy ſoul with joy, to ſee thy brothers ſeed,
 Ruin'd; and rent, and rooted from the earth,
 Make haſte and ſolace thee with early mirth:
 But there's a time ſhall teach thee how to weep
 As many tears as I; thy lips as deep
 Shall drink in ſorrows Cup, as mine have done
 Till then chear up thy ſpirits, and laugh on:
 Offended Juſtice often ſtrikes by turns:
Edom, beware, for thy next neighbour burns.

ELEG. XXII.

Y E drooping Sons of *Sion*, O ariſe,
 And ſhut the flood-gates of your flowing eyes,
 Surceaſe your ſorrows, and your joys attend,
 For heaven hath ſpoke it, and your griefs ſhall end:
 Believe it *Sion*; ſeek no curious ſign,
 And wait heaven's pleaſure, as heav'n waited thine;
 And

And thou triumphing Edom, that dost lie
 In Beds of Roses, thou whose prosp'rous eye
 Did smile, to see the gates of Sion fall,
 Shalt be subjected to the self-same thrall;
 Sion, that weeps, shall smile; and Edoms eye,
 That smiles so fast, as fast shall shortly cry.

The Prophet *Jeremy*, his Prayer for the distressed People of *Je-* *rusalem* and *Sion*.

GREAT God, before whose all-discerning eye
 The secret corners of mans heart do lie
 As open as his actions, which no cloud
 Of secrecy can shade, no shade can shroud:
 Behold the tears, O hearken to the cries
 Of thy poor Sion; wipe her weeping eyes,
 Bind up her bleeding wounds, O thou that art
 The best Chirurgeon for a broken heart:
 See how the barbarous Gentiles have intruded
 Into the land of promise, and excluded
 Those rightful owners from their just possessions,
 That wander now, full laden with oppressions;
 Our fathers (ah !) their savage hands have slain,
 Whose deaths our widow-mothers weep in vain;
 Our Springs, whose Crystal plenty once disburst
 Their bounteous favours to quench every thirst:
 Our liberal Woods, whose palsie shaken tops
 To every stranger bow'd their yielding tops,
 Are sold to us that have no price to pay,
 But sweat and toil, the sorrows of the day:

Oppressors

Oppressors trample on our servile necks :
 We never cease to groan, nor they to vex :
 Famine and death have taught our hands t' extend
 To Ashur, and our feeble knees to bend
 To churlish Pharoë : Want of bread compels
 Thy Servants to beg alms of Infidels :
 Our wretched fathers sin'd, and yet they sleep
 In peace, and have left us their sons to weep :
 We, we extracted from their sinful loins,
 Are guilty of their sins ; their Ossa joins
 To our high Pelion ; Ah ! their crimes do stand
 More firmly entail'd to us, than our land :
 We are the slaves of servants, and the scorn
 Of slaves, of all forsaken and forlorn ;
 Hunger hath forc'd us to acquire our food ;
 With deepest danger of our dearest blood :
 Our skins are wrinkled, and the fruitless ploughs
 Of Want have fallow'd up our barren brows :
 Within that Sion, which thy hands did build,
 Our Wives were ravish'd, and our maids desfil'd :
 Our savage Foe extends his barbarous Rage
 To all, not sparing Sex, nor Youth, nor Age :
 They hung our Princes on the shameful Trees
 Of death ; respect no Persons, no Degrees :
 Our Elders are despised, whose grey hairs
 Are but the Index of their dotting years ;
 Our flowering youth are forced to fulfil
 Their painful tasks in the laborious Mill ;
 Our children faint beneath their loads, and cry,
 Opprest with burdens, under which they lie :
 Sages are banish'd from judicial Courts,
 And youth takes no delight in youthful sports :
 Our joys are gone, and promise no returning,
 Our pleasure's turn'd to pain, our mirth to mourning,
 Our hand hath lost his Sword, our head his Crown !
 Our Church her glory ; our weal her high renown.
 Lord, we have sin'd, and these our sins have brought
 This world of grief (O purchase dearly bought !)
 From hence our sorrows, and from hence our fears
 Proceed ; for this our eyes are blind with tears :

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The Prophets Prayer.

409.

But that (ay that) which my poor heart doth count
Her sharpest torture, is thy sacred Mount,
Sacred Mount Sion, Sion that divine
Seat of thy glory's raz'd ; her tender Vine,
Laden with swelling Clusters, is destroy'd,
And Foxes now that once thy Lambs enjoy'd
But thou (O thou Eternal God) whose Throne
Is permanent, whose glory's ever one,
Unapt for change, abiding still the same,
Though earth consume, and Heaven dissolve her frame.
Why dost thou (ah !) why dost thou thus absent
Thy glorious face ? Oh, wherefore hast thou rent
Thy mercy from us ? O ! when wilt thou be
Aton'd to them, that have no trust but thee ?
Restore us (Lord) and let our souls possess
Our wanted peace ; O, let thy hand redress
Our wasted fortunes ; let thine eye behold
Thy scattered Flock, and drive them to their Fold :
Can't thou reject that People, which thy hand
Hath chose, and planted in the promis'd land ?
O thou (the spring of mercy) wilt thou send
No ease to our afflictions, no end.

The END.

A N
A L P H A B E T
O F
E L E G I E E S,
U P O N

The much and truly lamented Death
of that famous for Learning, Piety,
and true Friendship.

D^r. A I L M E R:

A great Favourer, and fast Friend to the
Muses, and late Arch-Deacon of *London*.

Imprinted in his heart that ever loves his
M E M O R T.

Written by *FRANCIS QUARLES*.

Cum privilegio { *Am* } oris.
 { *Dol* }

Dignum laude virum Musa vetat mori.

Readers.

GIve me leave to perform a necessary duty, which my affection owes to the blessed memory of that Reverend Prelate, my much honoured Friend, Dr. Ailmer: He was one, whose life and death made as full and perfect a Story of worth and goodness, as earth would suffer; and whose pregnant virtues deserve as faithful a Register, as earth can keep: In whose happy remembrance, I have here trusted these Elegies to time and your favours: had he been a lamp to light me alone, my private griefs had been sufficient; but being a Sun, whose beams reflected on all, all have an interest in his memory; to which end I recommend these memorials to the publick, in testimony of my undissembled Affection, and true Piety that I owe to so great an example of Virtue and Learning.

FRAN. QUARLES;

Funeral Elegies.

ELEG. I.

[near.

ALL you whose eyes would learn to weep, draw
 And hear, what none, without full tears, can hear.
 Come marble eyes, as marble as your hearts,
 I'll teach you, how to weep a tear in parts;
 And you false eyes, that never yet let fall
 A tear in earnest, come, and now you shall
 Send forth salt fountains of the truest grief,
 That ever sought to language for relief:
 But you, you tender eyes, that cannot bear
 An Elegy, wept forth without a tear,
 I warn you hence; or, at the most, pass by,
 Least while you stay, you soon dissolve, and die.

ELEG. II.

BUT stay, (sad *Genius*) how do griefs transport
 Thy exil'd senses? is there no resort
 To fork'd *Parnassus* sacred Mount? No word,
 No thought of *Helicon*? No Muse implor'd?
 I did invoke, but there was none reply'd;
 The nine were silent, since *Mecenas* dy'd;
 They have forsaken their old spring, 'tis said,
 They haunt a new one, which their tears have made;
 Should I molest them with my loss? 'Tis known,
 They find enough to re-lament their own:
 I crave no aid, no Deity to infuse
 New matter: Ah! True sorrow needs no Muse.

ELEG. III.

[steeds,

CALL back (bright *Phæbus*) your sky-wandering
 Your day is tedious, and our sorrow needs
 No Sun: when our sad souls have lost their light,
 Why should our eyes not find perpetual night?
 Go to the nether World, and let your Rayes
 Shine there: Bestow on them our share of dayes;
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But say not, why: lest when report shall show
Such cause of grief, they fall a grieving too,
And pray the absence of you, restless wain,
Which then must be return'd on us again.
Dear *Phabus* grant my suit; if thou deny't,
My tears shall blind me, and so make a night.

ELEG. IV.

[please

DEath, art thou grown so nice? can nothing
Thy curious palate, but such Cares, as these?
Or hath thy ravenous stomach been o'rprest
With common diet at thy last great feast? 1625.
Or hast thou fed so near, that there is none
Now left but delicacies to feed upon?
Or was this dish so tempting that no power
Was left in thee to stay another hour?
Or didst thou feed by chance, and not observ'd
What food it was, but took as fortune carv'd?
'Tis done: Be it our fortunes act or thine,
It fed the one, whose want made millions pine.

ELEG. V.

ENvy now burst with joy, and let thine eyes
Strut forth with fatness; let thy Collops rise
Pampred and plump; feed full for many years
Upon our loss: be drunken with our tears:
For he is dead, whose Soul did never cease
To cross and violate your malicious peace;
He's dead, but in his death hath over-thrown
More vices, than his happy life had done:
In life, he taught to die; and he did give,
In death a great example how to live:
Though he be gone, his fame is left behind:
Now leave thy laughing, Envy, and be pin'd.

ELEG. VI.

Farewel those eyes, whose gentle smiles forsook
No misery, taught Charity how to look:
Farewel those chearful eyes, that did e'rwhile,
Teach succour'd misery how to bless a smile:
Farewel those eyes, whose mixt aspect, of late,
Did reconcile humility and state:

Farewel

Farewel those eyes, that to their joyful guest
 Proclaim'd their ordinary fare a feast ;
 Farewel those eyes, the load-stars, late, whereby
 The Graces sail'd secure, from eye to eye:
 Farewel dear eyes, bright Lamps ; O who can tell
 Your glorious welcom, or our sad farewell !

ELEG. VII.

GO glorious Saint ! I knew 'twas not a shrine
 Of flesh, could lodge so pure a soul as thine ;
 I saw it labour (in a holy scorn
 Of living dust and ashes) to be sworn
 A Heavenly Quirister : It sigh'd and groan'd
 To be dissolv'd from mortals, and enthron'd
 Among his fellow-Angels, there to sing
 Perpetual Anthems to his heavenly King :
 He was a stranger to his house of Clay ;
 Scarce own'd it, but that necessary stay,
 Miscall'd it his ; and on'y zeal did make
 Him love the building for the builders sake.

ELEG. VIII.

HAD Virtue, Learning, the Diviner Arts,
 Wit, Judgment, Wisdom (or what other parts
 That make perfection, and return the mind
 As great as earth can suffer) been confin'd
 To earth, had they the Patent to abide
 Secure from change, our *Ailmer* ne'r had dy'd :
 Fond earth, forbear, and let thy childish eyes
 Ne'r weep for him, thou ne'r knew'st how to prize
 Shed not a tear, blind earth : for it appears,
 Thou never lov'dst our *Ailmer*, by thy tears :
 Or if thy floods must needs o'rflo'w their brim,
 Lament, lament thy blindness, and not him.

ELEG. IX.

I Wondred not to hear so brave an end,
 Because, I knew, who made it, could contend
 With death, and conquer, and in open chace
 Would spit defiance in his conquered face :
 And did : Dauntless he trod him underneath,
 To shew the weakness of unarmed death:

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Nay, had report, or niggard fame deny'd
 His name, it had been known, 'twas *Ailmer* dy'd,
 It was no wonder, to hear Rumour tell,
 That he which dy'd so oft, once dy'd so well:
 Great Lord of life, how hath thy dying breath
 Mademan, whom death had conquer'd, conquer death!

ELEG. X.

[Main

Knowledge (the depth of whose unbounded
 Hath been the wreck of many a curious brain,
 And from her (yet unreconciled) Schools
 Hath fill'd us with so many learned fools)
 Hath tutour'd thee with Rules that cannot err,
 And taught thee how to know thy self, and her:
 Furnisht thy nimble soul in height of measure,
 With human riches and divinest treasure,
 From whence, as from a sacred-spring; did flow
 Fresh Oracles, to let the hearer know
 A way to glory, and to let him see,
 The way to glory, is to study thee.

ELEG. XI.

Look how the body of heavens greater light
 Enriches each beholder with his bright
 And glorious Rayes, until the envious West
 Too greedy to enjoy so fair a guest,
 Calls him to bed, where ravisht from our sight,
 He leaves us to the solemn frowns of night:
 Even so our Sun in his harmonious sphere
 Enlightned every eye, rapt every ear,
 Till in the early Sun-set of his years
 He dy'd, and left us that survive, in tears:
 And (like the Sun) in spight of death, and fate,
 He seemed greatest in his lowest state.

ELEG. XII.

Molest me not, full sighs and flowing tears,
 You storms and showers of nature stop your ears;
 Fond flesh and blood, against the strong temptation
 Of fullen grief, and sense-bereaving passion,
 Cease to lament; Let not thy slow-pac'd numbers
 Disturb his rest, that so, so sweetly slumbers,
 The

The Child of Vertue, is asleep, not dead;
 He dies alone, whom death hath conquered;
 Why should we shed a tear for him? or why
 Lament we, whom we rather should envy?
 He lives, he lives a life shall never tast
 A change, so long as Crowns of glory last.

ELEG. XIII.

NO, no, he is not dead, The mouth of Fame,
 Honours shrill Herald, would preserve his name;
 And make it live in spight of death and dust,
 Were there no other Heaven, no other trust;
 He is not dead, the sacred Nine deny,
 The soul that merits fame, should ever die,
 He lives; and when the latest breath of fame,
 Shall want her Trump, to glorifie a name,
 He shall survive, and these self-closed eyes,
 That now lie slumbring in the dust shall rise;
 And fill'd with endless glory, shall enjoy
 The perfect vision of eternal joy.

ELEG. XIV.

O But the dregs of flesh and blood! how close
 They grapple with my soul, and interpose
 Her higher thoughts; which, yet but young of wing,
 They cause to stoop and strike at every thing
 Passion presents before their weakned eye,
 Judgment and better Reason standing by!
 I must lament, Nature commands it so:
 The more I strive with tears, the more they flow;
 These eyes have just, nay, double cause of moan,
 They weep the common loss, they weep their own.
 He sleeps indeed, then give me leave to weep
 Tears fully answerable to his sleep.

ELEG. XV.

Pardon my tears, if they be too too free,
 And if thou canst not weep, I'll pardon thee,
 Dull Stoick; if thou laugh to hear his death,
 I'll weep, that thou wert born to spend that breath
 Thou dry-brain'd Portick, whose Athenian brest
 (Transcending passion) never was oppress

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With grief; O had your flinty Seft but loft
So rare a prize, as we lament and boast,
Your hearts had crost your Tenet, and disburst
As many drops as we have done, or burst;
No marvel that your marble brains could cross
Her laws, that never gave you such a loss.

ELEG. XVI.

Quick-soul'd *Pythagoras*, O thou that wert
So many men, and didst so often revert
From shades of death (if we may trust to fame)
With loss of nothing but thy buried name;
Hadst thou but liv'd in this our *Ailmer's* time,
Thou would'st have dy'd once more to live in him;
Or had our *Ailmer* in those days of thine
But dy'd, and left so glorious, so divine
A soul as his, how would thy hasty brest
Have gasp'd to entertain so fair a guest:
Which if obtained had (no doubt) supply'd thee
With that immortal state thy *Syre* deny'd thee

ELEG. XVII.

RAre soul, that now sit'st crowned in that Quire
Of endless joy, fill'd with celestial fire:
Pardon my tears, that in their passion would
Recal thee from thy Kingdom, if they could;
Pardon, O pardon my distracted zeal;
Which, if condemn'd by Reason, must appeal
To thee, whose now lamented death, whose end
Confirm'd the dear affections of a friend;
Permit me then to offer at thy Herse
These fruitless tears, which if they prove too fierce,
O pardon, you that know the price of friends;
For tears are just; that nature recommends

ELEG. XVIII.

SO may the fair aspect of pleased Heaven
Conform my Noon of days and crown their even;
So may the gladder smiles of earth present
My fortunes with the height of joys content;
As I lament with unaffected breath,
Our loss (dear *Ailmer*) in thy happy death.

May

May the false tear, that's forc'd, or fides by Art,
That hath no warrant from the soul, the heart,
Or that exceeds not natures faint commission,
Or dares (unvented) come to composition :
O, may that tear in stricter judgment rise
Against those false, those faint, those flattering eyes.

ELEG. XIX.

Thus to the World, and to the spacious ears
Of fame, I blazon my unboasted tears:
Thus to thy sacred Dust, thy Urn, thy Herse
I consecrate my sighs, my tears, my Verse;
Thus to thy soul, thy name, thy just desert
I offer up my joy, my love, my heart :
That earth may know, and every ear that hears,
True worth and grief were parents to my tears:
That earth may know thy Dust, thy Urn, thy Herse,
Brought forth and bred my sighs, my tears, my Verse;
And that thy soul, thy name, thy just desert,
Invites, incites my joy, my love, my heart.

ELEG. XX.

Unconstant earth ! Why do not mortals cease
To build their hopes upon so short a Lease ?
Uncertain Lease, whose term but once begun
Tells never, when it ends, till it be done :
We dote upon thy smiles, not knowing why :
And whiles we but prepare to live, we die :
We spring, like flowers for a days delight,
At noon we flourish, and we fade at night :
We toyl for Kingdoms, conquer Crowns, and then
We that were gods but now, now less than men :
If Wisdom, Learning, Knowledge cannot dwell
Secure from change, vain Bubble Earth, farewell.

ELEG. XXI.

Wouldst thou, when Death had, done, deserve a
Should stain the memory of great Pompey's
Conquer thy self, example be thy guide [glory
Dye just, as our self-conquering Ailmer dy'd.

Wouldst

[crowns

Wouldst thou subdue more Kingdoms, gain more
Than that brave Hero *Cæsar* conquer'd Towns ?
Then conquer death ; example be thy guide ;
Dye just, as our death-conquering *Ailmer* dy'd.
But wouldst thou win more worlds, than he had done
Kingdoms, that all the Earth had over-run ?
Then conquer Heaven ; example be thy guide ;
Dye just, as our Heaven-conquering *Ailmer* dy'd.

E L E G. XXII.

YEars, fully laden with their months, attend
Th' expired times acquittance, and so end :
Months gone, their dates of numbred days, require
Bright *Cynthia*'s full discharge, and to expire :
Days deeply ag'd with hours, lose their light
And having run their stage, conclude with night
And hours, chac'd with light-foot minutes flie,
Tending their labour to a new supply ;
Yet *Ailmer*'s glory never shall diminish,
Tho' years and months, tho' days and hours finish :
Yet *Ailmer*'s joys for ever shall attend,
Tho' years and months, tho' days and hours end.

F I N I S

Doloris nullus.

HIS

H-I-S.

E P I T A P H.

ASK you why so many a tear
Burst forth? I'll tell you in your ear:
Compel me not to speak aloud,
Death would then be too too proud;
Eyes that cannot vie a tear,
Forbear to ask, you may not hear;
Gentle hearts that overflow,
Have only privilege to know!
In these sacred ashes, then,
Know (Reader) that a man of men
Lies covered: Fame and lasting glory
Make dear mention of his story;
Nature when she gave him birth,
Op'd her treasure to the Earth,
Put forth the model of true merit,
Quickned with a higher spirit:
Rare was his life; his latest breath
Saw, and scorn'd, and conquer'd death:
Thankless Reader, never more
Urge a why, when tears run o'r:
When you saw so high a Tide,
You might have known, 'twas *Silmer* dy'd.

Obiit Jan. vi. M DC XXV.

Vivet post funera Virtus.

AN

A N

E L E G Y

Upon the *Reverend, Learned,*
Dr. WILSON,
 OF THE
 R O L L S.

I.

I Cannot hold, my day grows dark and dull;
 My troubled Air is damp, my Clouds are full:
 The Winds are still, my stormy sighs are spent;
 I must pour down, my Soul must burst or vent:
 No Azure dapples my be-darkned Skies;
 My passion has no *April* in her eyes:
 I cannot spend in mists: I cannot mizzle:
 My fluent brains are too severe to drizzle
 Slight drops: my prompted fancy cannot showre.

II. And shine within an hour,

YET those that weep on trust, that feed their ears
 With sad Reports, and ground their inborn tears
 On babbling time, whose wisdoms are perplex
 To draw forth learned Comments from the Text
 Of unknown worth, that use t'embalm the dead
 With drops of Course, and Art (drops lively shed
 From copied passion) O let such perfume
 Suspicious lines with skill; whilst I presume
 On strength of Nature; Sorrow can infuse

III. A spirit without a Muse.

I Need no Art to set a needless gloss
 Upon true grief, or beautifie a loss
 With rak'd invention; my rude Pen forbears
 To burnish sorrow, or to polish tears,

T

No

No far-fetch'd Metaphor shall smooth or slick
 My ruffled strain no strict review shall lick
 My rugged lines; our slow-pac'd feet shall tread
 A careless garb, and being sadly Jaded,
 Shall blunder on, like those whose steps are turning

IV. To the sad house of mourning.

Come Reader, come, Put off thy common weed,
 And dress thy soul in Sables; come and feed
 Thy lungs with lib'ral sighs, and drench thine eyes
 With holy water; let thy fountains rise
 And fill thy sanguine Cisterns to the brim:
 Spread forth thy widened arms, and learn to swim
 In thine own tears, or else their hasty streams
 May chance to overwhelm thee in th' extreams
 Of boistrous passion; Passion has no bounds;

V. It conquers or compounds,

This day our darkned Hemisphere has lost
 A glorious Star, whose brightness did almost
 Appear another Sun, whose heaven-bred Rayes
 Shot forth such flames at darkness, that our dayes,
 Unsoild with shades, did seem to overthrow
 Hell-gates, and make another Heaven below:
 But now our Heaven is clouded, our bright Star
 Is ravish'd hence, our *Israel's* Western Car
 Hath lost a wheel; and we have chang'd our light

VI. To shades, our day to night.

This day a Star is fal'n, whose golden head
 Gilt every eye with flame, whose lustre led
 The wandring Wisemen of the World to see
 The sacred object of a bended knee:
 That Star, by whose fair conduct we address
 To view that Babe, new-born in every breast:
 That gracious Star which glorified our sphere;
 That fill'd each eye with object, every ear
 With Oracle; That Star has lost her light,

VII. And cloath'd our eyes with night.

This day a Pillar's fain, that did support
 The holy Rafter of fair *Sion's* Court;
 A great Coloss, whose marble-shoulders bore
 So large a share, that even the sacred floor

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Did startle, and her consecrated wall
 Did shake and tremble at the sudden fall :
 Our Pillar's down, that Pillar which became
 By day, our *Israel's* cloud ; by night, her flame :
 What eye that loves our *Sion* can behold
 Such Ruines, and yet hold ?

VIII.

Great pale-fac'd Tyrant, child of man's transgress-
 O could thy cruelty find no expression [non.
 More mild, than this ? In such a time to bear
 A shepherd hence, and the bold Wolf so near ?
 What arm shall rescue us ? what Crook shall guide us ?
 What hand shall fold us ? or what Cave shall hide us
 O, what heroick heart will interpose
 Betwixt our lives, and our blood thirsty foes !
 Great pale-fac'd Tyrant, 'tis our shepherds heart
 That bleeds ; but ours, that smarts

IX.

BUT what can tears avail ? Or what Relief
 Can sad complaint expect ! Can whining grief
 Unlock the brazen gates of grisly death,
 And warm his ashes with a second breath ?
 Husband thy sighs, hoard up thy fluent tears
 For thine own use : Thy well-examin'd years
 Will find a just occasion to dispend
 More drops, than thy poor stock can recommend ;
 Leave him to rest ; his blest estate appears
 No subject for thy tears.

Glorious Soul, and lay thy Temples down
 In *Abraham's* bosom, in the sacred Doun
 Of soft Eternity ; be full possesst
 With holy armfuls of Angel-like Rest :
 Put on thy Milk-white Robe, and take the prize
 Of promis'd glory ; let the gladder eyes
 Of smooth-fac'd Cherubims, enrich'd with smiles,
 Dart beams of everlasting joy ; the whiles
 Poor we transform our tears into a trust,
 To spring a Phoenix from a Phoenix dust.

Merces peccati mors est ; & janua vite

MILDREIADOS:

TO THE

Blessed Memory of that fair Manuscript of
Virtue, and unblemisht HONOUR,

MILDRED, Lady LUCKYN,

The late WIFE of

Sir WILLIAM LUCKYN,

Of little Waltham in the County of Essex, Bar.

Daughter to Sir Gamaliel Capel of Rockwood-
Hall in the said County, Knight.

Collected by
CONJECTURE AND WHICH

By FRANCIS QUARLES.

TO MY

Honourable and dear Friend

Sir WILLIAM LUCKYN, Bar.

SIR,

TO whom can these Leaves owe themselves, but
you? whose the Author is; and to whom the
blessed life and death of this Sainted Lady hath
been, and is (to my knowledge) a religious and
continued meditation. She was yours: and the terms
whereon you parted with her, was no ill bargain.
Having a double interest (and, in that, a treble
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The DEDICATION.

blessing) for more than twelve years, could you expect less than to lose the Principal? But Almighty GOD hath shewn himself so gracious a Dealer, that we look for extraordinary Penny-worths at his bountiful Hand. Your wisdom knows practically that our Affections must keep silence, when his Will's the Speaker: He knew her fitter for Heaven, than Earth, and therefore transplanted her. He found her full ripe and therefore gathered her. I present what here is to you, wherein you shall receive but the self-same by Number, and by Measure, which, before you had by Weight. Be pleased to accept it from the hand of him that makes a Relique of her memory, And is.

Your most affectionate

Friend to serve you,

FRA. QUARLES.

T 2

AN

A N

ELEGY.

I.

ARE all Quills dead? Or be they buried deep
 In black-mouth'd *Lethe's* bottomless abyss?
 How come our Poets, that were wont to keep
 Sorrows sad Vigils strictly, so remiss?
 Are they grown dull or drowzy? Can soft sleep
 Charm them at such a needful time, as this?
 Or has dumb grief found out a newer fashion
 To character her thoughts, and cloath her passion,
 Than eye bedawbing tears, and printed lamentation?

II.

BE what I will be, Reader, I must pay
 My vows to Vertues Altar, must be bold:
 To scorn example, and to tread that way
 Which blunt affection leads; or new, or old,
 I value not: I have a word to say,
 That all the World must hear: I cannot hold.
 Great Spirit of truth, if this Threnodian story
 Intend her honour with thy loss of glory,
 Strike dumb these lips, strike dead these knees that

III.

[fall before ye.

COME sweet insufer of Diviner strains, [flow
 From whom the streams of hallowed passion
 Dart thy bright beams into my ravish'd brains:
 Enlarge my straitned thoughts that they may show
 To all the World, from Princes down to Swains,
 What heav'nly Powers, and warbling Angels know;
 Guide thou my hand, inspire my Quill and me
 With truth and art; thou knowst those tears that
 Dropt for the death of Saints are consecrated to thee. [be

IV.

Disturb me not you loads of flesh and blood,
 You natural Parents of unnatural passion;
 Sink not mine eyes in that tempestuous flood,
 Which

Which hurries faith from her appointed station ;
 Hence lumpish grief, that only serves to brood
 The mungrel whelps of dunghil contemplation ;
 Hence all that's earthly ; O, my soul refine
 Thy drossy thoughts (or be no thoughts of mine)
 And like our subject prove no less, than all divine.

V.

EVEN such, was she ; her richly furnish'd brest,
 Was a fair Temple ; and her heart, a shrine,
 Guarded with troops of Angels, where did rest
 A glory nine times greater than the Nine ;
 Her soul was fill'd with Heav'n, and full possess'd
 With heav'nly Raptures ; She was all Divine :
 She was a harmony, where ev'ry part
 Was sung by graces, so compos'd by art,
 It rous'd up ev'ry ear, it ravish'd ev'ry heart.

VI.

FOR ever blasted be those narrow eyes
 That look askint upon this holy shrine ;
 Thrice be those lips accurs'd that dare disguise
 The sacred Temple of the glorious Trine ;
 Still may those ears be fed with jars and lies,
 That cannot relish Musick so Divine ;
 Who ere thou be, that dare attempt to spot
 So pure a name, O may it prove thy lot,
 For ever to be known the thing that she was not.

VII

[spent

GUSH forth mine eyes, and when your floods be
 Borrow new tydes from passions Oratory ;
 Take streams on trust, until your flood-gates vent
 The common stock, and weep an Allegory ;
 If hearts turn stones, make very stones relent,
 And help to bear the burthen of thy story :
 O, here's a Subject that shall force and tear
 The Portals of an Adamantine ear ; tear.
 Yet sooner break a heart, perchance, than broach a

VIII.

HAD she been only that which serves to raise
 The name of woman to a common height :
 Had she been only that, which now adays,

With

With some allowance makes perfection weight
 She had deserv'd her share of common praise,
 Perchance, and had been priz'd above her Rate.
 But she was All, her substance had no scum;
 She was a perfect Quintessence, in whom
 All others Items met, and made one total sum.

IX.

IN Birth, her Blood was Noble ; In her life,
 Severely Pious ; sweet in Conversation ;
 A happy Parent, and a loyal Wife ;
 In words, discreet ; Divine in Contemplation :
 Slow to admit, apt to compose a strife :
 Secret in alms, and full of mild compassion ;
 Potent and free in *Canan's* Oratory ;
 In life and death a rare selected story ;
 In life, a Saint in Grace ; in death, a Saint in Glory.

X.

Knowledge that often puffs the spongy brain,
 Gave her the treasure of a lowly brest ;
 Wisdom, that once abus'd, turns trap and train,
 Built in her simple heart the Turtles nest ;
 Riches that cloath the brow with proud disdain,
 Made her appear far lesser than the least ; [which
 She had true Knowledge, wisdom, wealth, in
 Sh' enjoy'd her God, his glory was her pitch ;
 True Knowledge made her Wife ; true Wisdom

XI.

[made her Rich,

Ladies, let not your emulous stomachs swell
 To hear perfection crown'd : There may ac-
 Some honour to your names : If you excel, [crue
Joves Bird hath fruitful wings, which daily mue
 More sprightly Quills than ours ; dye you as well,
 (Heav'n grant ye may) they'll do no less for you :
 Till then expect it not, know half your glory
 Shines at your death ; but dead, they will restore
 From your forgotten dust, and write your perfect [ye

XII.

[story.

MA Y this rare pattern dwell before your eye,
 When time shall please t' unclasp your fleshy
 Her holy death will teach ye all to die, [Cage
 And

And scorn the malice of Infernal Rage ;
 She dy'd at half her days ; and know ye, why ?
 She was a Rule propos'd to Youth, to Age ;
 She was a Light, that glorified your days ;
 Obscur'd, alone, by our inferior praise ;
 The virtue of the world was but her Periphrase.

XIII.

NOW blow thy Trump, and see if Envy durst
 Presume to snarle, or vent her frothy gall.
 Fame blow aloud : Let envy snarle her worst ;
 Do ; let her fret, and fume, and foam, and fall
 Stark mad : Blow louder, till the Bedlam burst,
 And stink ; and taint her news-corrupting Hall.
 Blow fame and spare not : If some base-bred tongue
 That wants a name to lose, should chance to wrong
 Thy honour'd Trumpets breath, then make thy

XIV.

(blast more strong.

O But this Light is out ; what wakeful eye
 E'r mark'd the progress of the Queen of Light,
 Rob'd with full glory in her *Austrian* sky,

Which at length in her young noon of night,
 A swarth tempestuous Cloud doth rise, and rise,
 And hides her lustre from our darkned sight :

Even so too early death (that has no ears
 Open to suits) in her scarce noon of years,
 Dash'd out our light, and left the tempest in our

XV.

[tears.

Parents of humane lives are short, and drawn
 Without a clause, and with a secret date ;
 Our day is spent, before it scarcely dawn,
 Each Urn's appointed, come it soon or late ;
 The course-friend Lockrom, and the white skin
 Are both subjected to the self same fate : [Lawn
 Fate throws at all : Death sips of ev'ry blood,
 Had she but slain the bad, and spar'd the good,
 Our Quill had spar'd this Ink, our Eyes had spar'd

XVI.

[this flood.

Quick-finger'd Death's impartial and lets flie
 Her shafts at all ; but aims with fouler spite
 At fairer Marks ; She, now and then, shoots by

And

And hits a fool ; but levels at the white,
 She often pricks the Eagle in the eye,
 And spares the carcass of the flagging Kite ; [lives
 Queens drop away, when blew-leg'd *Maukin*
 Drones thrive when Bees are burnt in their hives
 And Courtly *Mildred* dies, when Country *Madge*
 XVII. [survives.

Retract that word, false Quill : O let mine eyes
 Redeem that language with a thousand tears :
 Our *Mildred* is not dead : How passion lies !

How ill that sound does relish in these ears !
 Can she be dead, whose conqu'ring soul defies
 The bands of death ; and worse than death, the
 No, no, she sits enthron'd, and smiles to see [fears?
 Our childish passions ; she triumphs, while we
 In sorrow, blaze her death, that death and sorrow
 XVIII. [free.

Sweet soul forgive the Treason of my Pen,
 Which makes thy State the subject of a tear,
 And with false whining kills thee once agen ;

Forgive our folly, or disdain to hear :

Thou art an Angel, we alas, but men,

Our words are non-sense in thy purer ear :

We crawl below, while thou sit'st crown'd above
 Fill'd with the peace of Heav'n's Tri-une Je-
 Yet in our childish tears accept our childish [hove ;
 XIX. [love.

Thou sit'st attended with those heavenly bands,
 That bring our tydings to th' Eternal Throne:
 Thy blood-washt soul, now views and understands
 That glorious One in Three, that Three in One :
 To th' safe protection of whose sacred hands,
 Thy gasping lips convey'd their latest groan :
 Thou seest those glorious Persons, whereunto
 Thy dying breath did tender and best owe
 The care of thy dear Spouse, and Babes, and th' Infant
 XX. [too.

Undoubted peace, and sempiternal joy
 Rests thy fair soul in everlasting blis ;
 Compar'd to thine, how I condemn this Toy,

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This life, and all this silly World calls, This!
 At all adventures, may those hands convey
 My soul (which carried thine) where thy soul is:
 Blest heir of life, if such a thing could be,
 That heavens pearl Portals should be clos'd to
 What should become of man! what should [thee,
 XXI. [become of me!

Wordscall in words! O from this fruitful Theam,
 As from a Spring, flouds issue forth; and
 And swell into a Sea: Stream joins with stream [meet,
 Our weary numbers have regain'd new feet,
 And bring in stuff more fit to load a Ream,
 Than to be lodg'd within a slender sheet:

The thirsty soul, whose trembling fingers touch
 The swelling Bowl, may soon transgress, and
 That ne'r can speak enough, may eas'ly speak [such
 XXII. too much.

YET one word more, and then my Quill and I
 Will wooe *Apollo*, and beg leave to play:
 Youth, learn to live; and deeper Age, to dye;
 This heav'n-sled Saint hath scor'd ye, both, the
 Your Rule's above, but your Example's by; [way;
 Heav'n sets not earth such Copies every day.

Her virtues be your guide; They lie before
 So shall ye add more honour to her story, [ye;
 And gain your selves a Crown: and gain her
 (Crown more Glory.

THE END.

HER

EPITAPH.

*We boast no Virtues, and we beg no Tears;
O Reader; if thou hast but Eyes and Ears,
It is enough; But tell me, Why
Thou com'st to gaze: Is it to pry
Into our Cost, or borrow
A Copy of our Sorrow?
Or dost thou come
To learn to dye,
Not knowing whom
To Practise by?
If this be thy desire
Then draw thee one step nigher;
Here lies a President; a Rarer
Earth never shew'd; nor Heav'n a fairer
She was—But room forbids to tell thee what;
Summ all perfection up, and She was That.*

Esse sui voluit Monumentum & Pignus Amoris.

[.

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